
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA000 057 938 3

JESTC



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/historicalaccoun00jacoiala



J. Clark Sc. Castle yard Holborn.

His Grace

JOHN *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

William Morley 1722
Albert Forbes Sieveking F.S.A. 1902

Curtis. AN Pissington 1749.

Hiſtorical Account OF THE LIVES AND WRITINGS OF Our moſt Conſiderable ENGLISH POETS, whether Epick, Lyrick, Elegiack, Epigramatiſts, &c.



LONDON,
Printed for E. CURLL in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.
M.DCC.XX.

AN

Hiſtorical Account

OF THE

LIVES

AND

WRITINGS

OF

Our moſt Conſiderable ENGLISH
POETS, whether Epick, Lyrick,
Elegiack, Epigrammatick &c.

LONDON,
Printed for E. Curll in Pater-Noſter-Row.
MDCCXX.

PR
501
J15h
v.2

TO

His GRACE

JOHN

Duke of *Buckingham-shire*, Marquiſs of *Normanby*, Earl of *Mulgrave*, &c. and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

MY LORD,

IT is an equal Honour and Pleaſure to me, that I have this Opportunity of Preſenting to Your GRACE, the Lives of our

905872

moſt conſiderable *Engliſh* Poets. As the firſt Volume of this Work is dedicated to my Lord *Lanſdown*, the only Nobleman now living, who has written in the Dramatick way; ſo this Performance has a ſort of Right to be Protected by Your Grace, the Nobleman now living who has moſt Excell'd in the other Parts of Poetry. I except the two excellent Tragedies of *Cæſar* and *Brutus*, as to the Dramatick, becauſe Your Grace has not beeen pleaſed to publiſh them.

To

To this I may add further, that if all the Poets, whose Writings I have enumerated, many whereof have long since separately implor'd Your Protection, were yet living, they would approve my Choice in Addressing to Your Grace, as to the most proper Patron for a Work of this Nature: They would all jointly and unanimously trust the Decision of their Fame to Your Grace's Judgment; and *Chaucer*, *Spenser*, and *Milton* would stand by the Determination of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

You have Flouriſh'd, my Lord, in the Court of our *Engliſh Auguſtus*, and, in the Progreſs of Poetry, come neareſt to a *Horace* and a *Virgil* of any of your Time: A maſterly Genius and great Excellency are unqueſtionably Your Grace's Talents. As a Poet and Critick, whoever has a true Taſte of polite Literature, muſt own You have always Excell'd: This is univerſally allow'd by Perſons of very different Principles, from the Great Earl of *Roſcommon*, to the loweſt Judge: And as Your Grace's Iſſue, the

Noble

Noble Marquiſs of *Normanby*, bleſs'd with Life, will tranſmit Your Virtues to Poſterity, ſo will Your Works, the Offspring of Your Mind make Your Memory Immortal.

As to the other Great Qualities and Endowments of Your Grace's Mind, our Higheſt Court of Judicature receives Honour from Your being a Member of it: How often has Your Grace's Eloquence prevail'd in that Auguſt Aſſembly, and Your ſin-

gle Oration influenc'd, in an *Engliſh* as CICERO in a *Romiſh* Senate? And Your Grace has not only Adorn'd the important Station of Preſident of the Council, at an extraordinary Juncture more than uſually Honourable, but alſo very much ſupported the Dignity of the Great Offices of Lord Steward and Chamberlain of the Houſhold; and by Your Government in the latter, the *Engliſh* Theatre truly Flouriſh'd.

Hap-

Happily have you ſhin'd in the Court and in the Camp; Your Grace's excellent Behaviour, True Magnanimity, Princely Preſence, magnificent Oeconomy, and uncommon Judgment of Men and Things, have gain'd You the greateſt Reputation in both: The memorable Engagement at *Soldbay*, during our Wars with *Holland*, has recorded Your Grace's Valour; the Politeſt Court that *England* has known hath paid You the greateſt Reſpect as a Man of Gallan-

try

try: In the late Reigns none was more justly acknowledg'd to be a foremost Statesman, and equal to the sublimest Employments, than His Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM; and in the present times You are deservedly admir'd as a most accomplish'd Courtier.

These Great Virtues and Excellencies eminently belonging to Your Grace, difficult is the Task in an Address of this kind, and as They have long since been better describ'd by the Pens of those Gentlemen

of

of whose Lives and Writings this Work is compos'd, I humbly hope You will pardon the Defects, and Receive the willing Endeavours of him who is,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient, and

Most Devoted

Humble Servant,

G. J.

PREFACE.

I *Have little more to obſerve, by way of Preface to this Second Volume of* The Lives and Characters of the *Engliſh* Poets, *than to inform the Reader, that as it has been a Work of greater Labour and Difficulty than the Firſt, ſo greater Aſſiſtances have been given with relation to the Living Authors.*

By the Encouragement of ſeveral very eminent Perſonages, particularly of a Nobleman of the firſt Rank, and the celebrated Mr. Prior, *I have done my utmoſt for the Honour of our* Engliſh *Poets: And as a Demonſtration of Impartiality in my Characters of their Talents, in many Places I have inſerted Specimens of their Works, that*

that the Reader may himself judge of the Abilities of the several Authors, by Proofs from what themselves have Written. Besides, by this means the Publick will have an agreeable Entertainment, and the Satisfaction of observing the Progress and Improvement of our English *Poetry.*

As a faithful Register of Facts, I have every where adventur'd to tell Truth, in the most favourable Sense, as well of the Authors, as of their Writings; tho' probably I may have mentioned some Pieces, not worthy a particular Notice, and I may have omitted others which deserve Place in a Treatise of this Nature; but I hope all Objections of this kind will vanish, when the infinite Number of Poems extant is well consider'd; so that the best Care and greatest Diligence may look over some Things, tho' not very material to the Subject.

If one considerable Character happens to resemble another in the following Work, where there are so many, 'tis no more than what is natural to expect; and it would be

as

as injudicious to pretend to make that a Fault, as in a flouriſhing Garden, where all ſorts of Fruits are brought to Maturity, it would be ridiculous to call a Peach by any other Name, on account of the Quantity of that kind of Fruit; 'twould be highly abſurd to wrong it with the Name of an Apple or Crab, or, on the contrary, to give a Crab the Denomination of a Peach or a Nectorine.

This Work has been delay'd ſome time for Memoirs from Perſons at a Diſtance, and who could not be immediately adviſ'd of the Undertaking; but I hope the Advantage my Performance has by this means receiv'd, will attone for the Delay in its Publication; and as ſome Gentlemen were late in communicating their Accounts, ſo that the Preſs had gone thro' that Part of the firſt Alphabet which ſhould have related to them, I hope if they find themſelves in the ſecond Alphabet at the end of the Book, they will at leaſt be pleaſed with their Company.

The following Introductory Essay is chiefly taken from Rapin, *and the Writings of Mr.* Dryden, *the Duke of* Buckingham, *Sir* William Temple, *and others, whose Judgments may be looked upon as Authentick. There are some Observations of my own, with several Allusions and Similes; and, I presume, tho' many ingenious Gentlemen may be acquainted with the greatest part of what I have mention'd therein, yet, by the Method I have pursued, in reducing the whole to so small an Extent, it will be of use to those very Persons, and, in general, acceptable to the Publick.*

AN Introductory ESSAY, ON The RISE, PROGRESS, BEAUTY, &c. of all Sorts of POETRY.

AS to the Rise and Antiquity of Poetry, we, in many Places, read that *Orpheus* and *Eumolphus* were famous for their Poems before the *Trojan* War; and those who date Poetry only from that time, are so far from being in the right, that the best Opinions make it as old as the World it self.

It is generally affirm'd, that Poesy was the most antient of all artificial Literature, especially amongst the *Grecians: Pherecides* was the first who writ Prose in the *Greek* Language, and he liv'd about the time of *Cyrus*, which was some Hundreds of Years after *Homer* and *Hesiod*; and *Strabo* undertakes to prove, that Prose is only an Imitation of Poesy.

The first Specimen of Poetry was shewn in Hymns and Prayers to the Deity, and began in

Wild Notes, before the Invention of Feet and Measures: That Poesy is still most sublime and lasting, where the Subjects and Ideas are Religious, without which the Dignity Essential cannot be supported. And if we consider Poetry in her first Institution, e'er she became a Prostitute to Lust, Flattery, and Ambition, we shall find her giving Laws to Religion, Politicks, and Manners.

In her Custody was that Fountain, whence all the profitable Rules for the Oeconomy of Life were to be drawn: The greatest Princes form'd their Courts to hers; nor was the Divine Mistress less courteously receiv'd in the Camp. Hence Mighty Generals had the best Instructions both for their Conduct and Valour, and were encourag'd by the Records of Antiquity, faithfully preserv'd by some Poet's Hand, to signalize themselves in such famous Acts, as should render them worthy the like Praise of Posterity.

From this it is that *Alexander*, *Scipio*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Augustus*, and other great Personages, in the earliest of Times, have been affected therewith: And by this the Heroes of all Ages have been immortaliz'd; whereas without it perhaps we should hardly have known there had been any such Men, at least very obscurely: And indeed Poetry of all Arts is the most perfect; for the Perfection of other Arts is limited, but this of Poesy has no Bounds: So that 'tis no wonder that many Persons should find such charming Emotions, upon reading *Virgil*, and the rest of the antient Poets; and that the Passions should be extremely touch'd at the Tragedies of *Shakespear*, and some other of our Dramatick Poets, both Antient and Modern.

The Power of Poetry is universally known and acknowledged, and sufficiently justifies the Foundation of those Opinions of old, which deriv'd it from

from Divine Inſpiration. And, according to *Oldham*, in his *Imitation of* Horace's *Art of Poetry*:

Hence Poets have been held a ſacred Name——

And in another Place:

Verſe was the Language of the Gods of old,
In which their ſacred Oracles were told.

But of late, I think, it has been moſt commonly quite another ſort of Language.

The great Heights and Excellency both of Poetry and Muſick, in the Opinion of ſome of our beſt Authors, fell with the *Roman* Learning and Empire, and have never ſince recover'd the Admiration and Applauſes that before attended them: This is moſt certainly true in general; but as we have had ſome Muſicians of great Eminence ſince that time, ſo have we likewiſe produc'd ſome few Poets which have preſerv'd the Dignity of Poeſy, and amongſt theſe *Spenſer* and *Milton* are the chief and deſervedly eſteem'd.

This Divine Art of Poetry has lately ſo much ſuffer'd in its Reputation, by the Performances of ſome who have thought themſelves inſpir'd, and whoſe Readers too have many of them thought the ſame, that the beſt Judges come ſtrongly prejudic'd againſt any thing of this kind, as generally expecting nothing but Froth and Emptineſs: And as the Poets, and their Productions, now are vaſtly more numerous than they were in former Ages, it is not to be admir'd that they are leſs regarded; for Poems, like beautiful Women, are undoubtedly moſt valu'd, where there is the greateſt Scarcity.

Tho' one thing may be allow'd with a great deal of Juſtice, as an Excuſe for ſome of our mo-

dern Performances in Poetry, (*viz.*) the Misfortunes of many of our Authors for want of the Encouragement of ſome Noble *Mecænas*; a deteſtable Fate generally attends this Divine Gift; and there is nothing that repuires ſo much Serenity and Chearfulneſs of Spirit as Poetry. The Mind muſt not be overcaſt with the Clouds of Melancholy and Sorrow; it muſt be fill'd with bright and delightful Ideas, when it undertakes to communicate Delight to others. And the Dejection of Spirit of *Ovid* is eaſily ſeen thro' the Stile of his *De Triſtibus*, which he wrote in his Baniſhment; there being very little remains of that Genius,

Quem nec Jovis Ira, nec Ignes, &c.——

Art and Nature mutually aſſiſt each other in the Compoſition of a Poet; tho' Art, I take it, leſs contributes to his Perfection than Nature. One may be an Orator, ſays *Rapin*, without the natural Gift of Eloquence, becauſe Art may ſupply that Defect; but no Man can be a Poet without a Genius; the want of which no Art or Induſtry is capable to repair. And this Genius is that Celeſtial Fire, intended by the Fable, which enlarges and heightens the Soul, and makes it expreſs Things in the moſt lofty Stile, and with the greateſt Elevation.

This Expreſſion or Language in Poetry ought to have five Qualities; to be apt, clear, natural, ſplendid, and numerous: It muſt be apt, ſo as to have nothing that is impure or barbarous; it muſt be clear, that it may be intelligible; it is to be natural, according to the Rules of Decorum and good Senſe, for all ſtrain'd and extraordinary Expreſſions are inſupportable to true Poeſy; it muſt be lofty and ſplendid, for the common and ordinary Terms are not proper for a Poet. And the

Lan-

Language is to be numerous to uphold that Greatneſs and Majeſty, which ought to reign thtoughout in Poeſy.

Theſe are the Qualities neceſſary in Poetical Language, and which make Poetry truly harmonious; and when theſe are obſerv'd, a Poetick Licence is, in other reſpects, very allowable. It is, as *Dryden* obſerves, that Birthright which is deriv'd to Poets from their Great Forefathers, even from *Homer* down to *Ben.* The boldeſt Strokes of Poetry, when they are manag'd artfully, are thoſe which moſt delight the Reader: There is ſomething in the Genius of Poetry, too Libertine to be confin'd to many Rules; and whoever goes about to ſubject it to ſuch Conſtraints, oftentimes loſes both its Spirit and Grace.

But however the Poet's Fancy and Wit ſhould be kept within due Bounds; and there is not a greater Hinderance to the Epick or Heroick Poem, than a Wit too vaſt; for ſuch will make nothing exact in theſe kind of Works, whoſe chief Perfection is the Juſtneſs. The greater the Wit is, and the more Strength and Vigour that the Imagination has to form Ideas in Poetry, the more Diſcretion and Judgment is requiſite to moderate that Heat, and govern its natural Fury: Like luxuriant Plants, it requires a great deal of Pruning. And in Poetry it is equally happy to forbear ſpeaking all one thinks, and to leave ſomething for others to employ their Thoughts upon; as in Proſpects thoſe are beſt and moſt pleaſing, which leave us room to gueſs more than the Eye can diſcover.

For an Author to leave a thing when it is well, to ſtop regularly where he ought to ſtop, ſhews an accompliſh'd Genius; but very few beſides *Homer* and *Virgil* have been Maſters of this Diſcretion For want of this Judgment, in our amorous Poems.

Obscenity has oftentimes prevail'd: Tho' it is not in this Sense that Poetry is always said to be a kind of Painting; it is not the Picture of the Poet, but of Things and Persons imagin'd by him. He may be in his own Practice and Disposition a Philosopher, says *Cowley*, and yet speak sometimes with the Softness of an amorous *Sappho*.

This, I think, is generally allow'd; and as a Painter draws Faces by their Features, so the Poet represents the Minds of Men by their Manners, the most Sovereign Rule for treating of which, is to copy them after Nature; to exhibit every Person in his proper Character. And the Passions give no less Grace to Poetry, than the Manners, for they are, as it were, the Soul and Life of it, when the Poet has found the Art to make them move by their natural Springs; but both these are extremely difficult to be describ'd.

Of all sorts of Poetry, the *Epick Poem* is the most noble; it is the greatest Work that human Wit is capable of, and proper only for the sublimest Subjects: It requires a vast Capacity, all the Elevation of the most exalted Genius, a great Fancy, Heat of Imagination, and Sobriety of Reason: A Judgment solid, and Discernment exquisite. The Images must be strong and lively, and the Frame or Fabrick ought to have something both sublime and just, amazing and agreeable. There must be a great Agitation of Mind to invent, a great Calm to judge and correct; and to work up this Metal into an excellent Figure, there should be employ'd the Fire, the Hammer, the Chissel, and the File.

Next to the Epick Poem, is the *Pindarick Ode*, which ought likewise to have much Nobleness of Thought, Elevation and Transport: And it requires, to sustain all the Majesty of its Character, an exalted

Wit, a daring Fancy, and an Expression noble and sparkling, yet pure and correct. It allows, (in the *English* Language,) more Latitude than any other Poem; but the Ear must preside and direct the Judgment to the Choice of Numbers; Without the Nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarick Verse can never be compleat; the Cadency of one Line ought to be a Rule for that of the next; and the Sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows, without leaping from one Extreme into another. This Poem has been introduc'd into our Language by the happy Genius of Mr. *Cowley*, and is fit for great and noble Subjects, such as are boundless as its own Numbers.

Satire is very different from either of th Poems aforemention'd, the chief Design of it being to find fault: And this is the easiest kind of Wit. A little Wit, and a great deal of Ill-Nature, will qualify a Man for a Satirist; but the greatest Instance of Wit and Judgment is to Commend well. The Sharpness of Satire oftentimes proceeds not so much from Wit as from Choler; and human Frailty must be nicely unfolded, to distinguish a Satirist from a Scold. *Rapin* remarks, that the principal end of Satire, is to instruct the People by discrediting Vice, and making it ridiculous; and the sporting of Wit has frequently a greater Effect than the strongest Reasoning and most sententious Discourses: But it is very often like a Sword in the Hands of a Madman, who runs a-tilt at all manner of Persons: And that sort of Satire which we call Lampoon, wherein the weaker Sex is the most ordinary Theme, is a very dangerous and unlawful Weapon. Amongst the Antients, *Horace*, exercis'd his Censure in Jest and Merriment; and *Juvenale* wrote his Satire in a more serious Strain.

The *Elegy* (says *Rapin*) by the quality of its Nature, is destin'd to Tears and Complaints; and therefore ought to be of a doleful Character, which it always bore in its first Institution. But afterwards it was used in Subjects of Tenderness, as in Love-Matters, and the like. The *Latins* have been more successful in this Poem than the *Greeks*; and, amongst them those who have writ Elegy best, are *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and *Ovid*. This Poem should not only have every Couplet fill'd with Fancy, but have an exact Coherence, and rise Step by Step to the most elevated height of Poetry, otherwise 'tis only Epigram.

Epigram is the least considerable of all the Works in Verse that Antiquity hath produc'd; and yet it has its Beauty, which consists either in a delicate Turn upon some sharp Hit of Fancy or Wit, or upon some lucky word. The *Greek* Epigram runs upon the Turn of a Thought that is natural, but fine and subtle. And the *Latin* Epigram endeavours to surprize the Mind by some nipping word, which is call'd a Point; but this latter is esteem'd a false Taste: And *Catullus*'s closing a natural Thought within a delicate Turn of Words, and the Simplicity of a very soft Expression, is by most Persons judg'd preferable to *Martial*. This sort of Poetry does not generally reach above the Stature of two, four, or six Lines, tho' some of *Martial*'s best Pieces are longer; and an Epigram, unless it be admirable, is little worth.

After Epigram, I am to examine into the Nature of *Pastoral* and Songs. Pastoral was the most antient kind of Poetry; and first began among Shepherds as they fed their Flocks. It being an Image o the Life of Shepherds, the matter is low: Its Business is to describe the Loves, the Sports, the Disputes, the Intrigues, the Passions, the Adventures,

tures, and all the little Affairs of Shepherds; so that its Character ought to be simple, the Wit easy, and the Expression common. The Manners are to be innocent, the Language pure, the Verse flowing, and it must have nothing exquisite, unless it be in Pastoral Elegy. The Models to be propos'd to write well in this sort of Poetry, are *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

Songs, and all small Works of Poetry, require that they be natural and delicate. A word may be delicate several ways; either by a subtle Equivocation, which contains in it a Mystery; or by a hidden Meaning, which speaks all out, while it pretends to say nothing; or by some fierce and bold Stroke under modest Terms; or by something brisk and pleasant under a serious Air; or by some fine Thoughts, under a simple and homely Expression. In this Poem the Thoughts are to be easy, the Fancy high, and the Words, tho' hard wrought, should seem to fall by Chance, which is a Beauty in all Poetry.

I shall finish my short Essay with Burlesque Poetry, Translations, and Criticism. As to *Burlesque Poetry*, the Grace and Beauties of it chiefly consist in a Disproportion between the Stile in which we speak of a thing, and its true Idea; but good Sense and Manners ought to be preserv'd, or it sinks to Buffoonry. What has corrupted our modern Poesy is that Ridicule which we find in this sort of Writing, as if nothing pleas'd but what provokes our Laughter. This Custom of Raillery and Ridiculing is very pernicious, not only to all Poetry, but indeed to all Virtue; and 'tis a very poor, tho' common Pretence to Merit, to make it appear by the Errors of others.

A *Translator* of Poetry, ought to be a nice Critick in his Mother-Tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign Language. Neither is it sufficient

cient that he be able to judge of Words and Stile; but he must be a Master of them too and Poetical Numbers: He must perfectly understand his Author's Tongue, and absolutely command his own. He is to keep still a foot and entire the Author's true genuine Sense, with the main Design he drives at, and to maintain the Character of his Author; but it is not a Translator's Business alone to translate Language into Language, but Poesy into Poesy; and there are certain Graces and Happinesses peculiar to every Language, that give Life and Energy to the words, without which there will remain nothing but a *Caput Mortuum*.

In respect to *Criticism*, the Office of a Critick, in former times, consisted in a Defence of Poetry; it was the Business of Criticks to illustrate obscure Beauties; to place some Passages in a better Light, to redeem others from malicious Interpretations: To help out an Author's Modesty, and shield him from the Ill-Nature of those Persons who unjustly set up for Censors; but in this Age they, for the most part, think it their principal Business to find fault. Criticism, as 'twas first instituted by *Aristotle*, was meant a Standard of judging well. The chiefest part of which is to observe those Excellencies, which should delight a reasonable Reader. If the Design, the Conduct, the Thoughts, and the Expressions of a Poem, be generally such as proceed from a true Genius of Poetry; the Critick ought to pass his Judgment in favour of the Author. 'Tis malicious to cavil at small Failings, from which the Greatest stand not exempted. And *Horace* gives it as a Rule,

——*Non ubi plura nitent in Carmina, paucis*
Offendi Maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.——

THE

THE NAMES OF THE AUTHORS.

A.

ALleyn (Charles) pag. 1
Addiſon (Joſeph *(Eſq;)* 243
Amhurſt (Nicholas.) 287
Atterbury (*Dr.* Francis) *Biſhop of* Rocheſter. 2
Ayloffe (John.) 3

B.

BAſton (Robert.) 4
Beaumont (*Sir* John.) ibid.
Beaumont (Francis.) 5
Beaumont (*Dr.*) 7
Beckingham (Charles.) 288
Birkenhead (*Sir* John.) 8
Blackmore (*Sir* Richard.) 9
Blaunpain (Michael.) 11
Bowden (*Mr.*) 289
Bowles (William.) 12
Boyle (Charles) *Eſq;* 292
Bradſhaw (Henry) 13
Breton (Nicholas.) ibid.
Broome (Alexander.) 14
Broome (John.) 15
Brown (Tom.) ibid.
Budgel (Euſtace) *Eſq;* 289
Bulkley (John) *Eſq;* 325

Butler

Butler (Samuel) 19
Buckeridge (Bainbrig) *Esq;* 21

C.

CArew (Thomas) *Esq;* 22
Cavendish (William) *Duke of* Devonshire. 23
Causton (Peter.) 289
Centlivre (*Mrs.*) 290
CHAUCER. 26
Cheek (Thomas) *Esq;* 30
Chetwood (*Dr.*) 31
Churchyard (Tho.) ib.
Chudleigh (*Lady.*) 290
Chute (*Mr.*) ibid.
Cleave (Charles.) 291
Cleveland (John.) 33
Cob (Samuel) 36
Codrington (*Col.*) 291
Congreve (William.) *Esq;* 248
Corbet (*Dr.* Richard) *Bishop of* Oxford. 37
Cowley (Abraham) *Esq;* 250
Crashaw (Richard.) 38
Creech (Thomas.) ibid.
Crisp (Henry.) 292
Crompton (Hugh.) 39
Croxal (*Mr.*) 40
Cutts (*Lord.*) 292

D.

DAniel (Samuel.) 253
Daniel (*Reverend Mr.*) 293
Davis (*Sir* John.) 41
Dawes (*Sir* William) *Archbishop of* York. ib.
Denham (*Sir* John.) 254
Dennis (John.) 257
Diaper (*Mr.*) 43
Dillon (Wentworth) *Earl of* Roscomon. ibid.
Donne (*Dr.* John.) 46
Drayton (Michael.) 49
Dryden (John) *Esq;* 261
Duke (*Mr.*) 50

E.

ESsebie (Alexander.) 51
Etherege (*Sir* George.) 265
Eusden (*Mr.*) 51
Exeter (Joseph *of.*) 53

F.

FAbian (Robert.) 53
Farquhar (George.) 294
Fairfax (Edmond.) 54

Fenton

Fenton *(Mr.)* 55
Finch *(Mrs.)* ibid.
Flatman (Thomas) *Esq;* 56
Fletcher (Phineas.) ibid.
Fletcher (Giles.) 57
Fletcher (George.) ibid.
France (Abraham.) ibid.
Fowke *(Mrs.)* 326

G.

GArdiner *(Mr.)* 295
Garth *(Sir* Samuel. 58
Gay (John.) 60
Glocester (Robert *of.)* 62
Godolphin (Sidney) *late Earl of.* 63
Gold (Robert.) 65
Gower *(Sir* John.) 66
Gower (John.) 68
Granville (George) *Lord* Lansdown. 266
Griffin (Lewis.) 296

H.

HAmond (Anthony) *Esq;* 326
Hampden (John) *Esq;* 297
Harcourt (Simon) *Esq;* ibid.
Harding (John) *Esq;* 68
Harrington *(Sir* John.) 70
Harrison (William) *Esq;* ibid.
Harvey (Stephen) *Esq;* 71
Havillan. 72
Henley (John.) ibid.
Herbert (George.) 73
Hermit (Richard *the.)* 74
Higgins (John.) ibid.
Hill (Aron.) 298
Holdsworth (Edward.) ibid.
Hopkins (Charles.) 75
How (John) *Esq;* 298
Howard (Henry) *Earl of* Surrey. 76
Howard (*Sir* Robert.) 79
Hughes (John) *Esq;* 80 327
Hughes Jabez. 85

J.

JAckson *(Mr.)* 300
Jacob *(Mr.)* 299
Jefferies *(Lord.)* 315
Johnson (Ben.) 272

K.

KEnn *(Dr.) Bishop of* Bath *and* Wells, *depriv'd.* 301

King

King (*Dr.* Henry) *Bishop of* Chichester. . . 86
King (*Dr.* William.) 87

L.

LEland (John.) 89
Lilly (William.) ib.
Lodge (*Dr.* Thomas.) 91
Lovelace (*Colonel.*) 92
Luellin (Martin.) ibid.
Lydgate (John.) 93

M.

MAnwaring (Arthur) *Esq;* 95
Manning (*Mr.*) 302
Marvel (Andrew) *Esq:* 98
Milton (John.) 100
Molesworth (*Mrs.*) 106
Montague (Charles) *Earl of* Halifax. 109
More (*Sir* Thomas.) 114

N.

NEquam (Alexander.) 116
Newcomb (Thomas.) 118
Nevil (*Mr.*) 302
Norris (John.) ibid.

O.

OLdham (John.) 120
Oldmixon (John.) 303
Otway (Thomas.) 275
Overbury (*Sir* Thomas.) 125
Owen (John.) 127

P.

PAck (*Major.*) 128
Paris (Matthew.) 131
Parnel (*Mr.*) 132
Patrick (*Dr.*) 327
Paul (William.) 303
Philips (Edward.) 133
Philips (John.) ibid.
Philips (John.) 134
Philips (Ambrose.) 139
Pomfret (*Mr.*) 140, 328
Pope (Alexander.) 145
Pope (*Dr.* Walter.) 304
Prior (Matthew) *Esq;* 152
Purney (*Mr.*) 304

Q.

QUarles (Francis.) *Esq;* 166
Quarles (John.) 167

R.

R.

RAmsey (William.) 168
Randolph (Thomas.) 169
Ratcliff (*Captain.*) 170
Reynardson (*Mr.*) 171
Reynolds (*Mr.*) 304
Ridout [*Mr.*] 305
Russel [David.] ibid.
Rowe [Nicholas] *Esq*; 276

S.

SAcheverell [*Dr.*] 171
Sackville [Charles Cranfield] *Earl of* Dorset *and* Middlesex. 173
Sandys [George] *Esq*; 175
St. John [Henry] *Lord* Bollingbroke. 306
Savill [Henry] *Esq*: ib.
Scroop [*Sir* Car.] 176
Sewell [George.] 177, 328
Shakespear [William.] 280
Sheffield [John] *Duke of* Buckinghamshire, *&c.* 179
Shepherd [*Sir* Fleetwood. 184
Shippen [William] *Esq*; 306
Sidley [*Sir* Charles.] 184
Sidney [*Sir* Philip.] 186
Singer [*Mrs.*] 189
Skelton [John.] 190
Smalridge [*Dr.* George] *Bishop of* Bristol. 192
Somers [John] *Lord.* 193
Speed [*Dr.*] 307
Sprat [*Dr.* Thomas] *Bishop of* Rochester. 194
SPENSER. 195.
Stafford [*Mr.*] 204
Stanley [Thomas] *Esq*; ibid.
Stepney [George] *Esq*; 205
Steele [*Sir* Richard.] 207
Stonestreet [*Mr.*] 308
Suckling [*Sir* John.] 208
Swift [*Dr.*] ibid.
Sylvester John.] 209

T.

TAteham [John.] 210
Tate [*Mr.*] 282
Taylor [John.] 210
Theobald [Lewis.] 211
Tickell [Thomas] *Esq*; 212
Toland [*Mr.*] 308
Tooke [Charles.] ibid.
Trapp [Joseph.] 213

Tuſſer (Thomas.) 215
Tutchin (John) *Eſq*; 309
Tye (*Dr.* Chriſtopher.) 216

V.

Villers (George) *late Duke of* Buckingham. 216

W.

Waldren (*Mr.*) 219
Waller (Edmund *Eſq*; 220
Walſh (William) *Eſq*; 223
Ward (James) 225
Ward (Edward.) ibid.
Ward (Thomas.) 310
Warner (William.) 226
Watts (*Mr.*) 227
Welſted (*Mr.*) ibid.
Wharton (*Sir* George.) 228
Wharton (*Mrs.*) 310
Wiat (*Sir* Thomas.) 229
Wilmot (John) *Earl of* Rocheſter. 230
Withers (George.) 236
Wooſley (Robert) *Eſq*; 237
Wotton (*Sir* Henry.) 310
Wycherley (William) *Eſq*; 284

Y.

Yalden (*Dr.* Thomas.) 238
Young (*Dr.* Edward.) 241

THE

THE LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF THE *ENGLISH* POETS.

A.

Mr. CHARLES ALEYN.

A Poet, who flouriſh'd in the Reign of the Glorious Queen *Elizabeth*, and of her Succeſſor King *James* I. He had a great Genius for Poetry, having writ two Pieces very much applauded in thoſe Days.

I. *The Life of King* Henry *the Seventh, with the Battel of* Boſworth; in Heroick Verſe.

II. *The Battle of* Creſſy *and* Poictiers.

That he was Maſter of good Thoughts in his Writings, appears by the following Couplet from his Life of King *Henry:*

Man and Money, a mutual Falſhood ſhow,
Man makes falſe Money, Money makes Man ſo.

And in his Battle of *Creſſy*, are theſe Lines:

They ſwell with Love who are with Valour fill'd,
And Venus' *Doves may in a Head-piece build.*

FRANCIS ATTERBURY *D. D.* Dean of *Weſtminſter* and Biſhop *of Rocheſter.*

THIS excellent Prelate, is the Son of the Reverend Dr. ATTERBURY, late Rector of *Milton*, near *Newport-Pagnel* in *Buckinghamſhire*. He was bred at *Weſtminſter*-School, and from thence elected (with the faireſt Promiſes of the Great Man he has ſince made) to *Chriſt-Church* College in *Oxford*, where he accompliſh'd himſelf in the moſt Polite Literature, and gain'd the greateſt Reputation as an Orator and Divine. He was very much Courted and Admir'd by the politeſt Perſons of the Univerſity on Account of his uncommon Abilities. His firſt Preferments were thoſe of Lecturer of St. *Brides*, and Preacher of *Bridewell*, *London*. Afterwards he was Chaplain to the *Rolls*; then Canon Reſidentiary of *Exeter*, and Arch-Deacon of *Totneſs*: After this he was Dean of *Carliſle*, and preferr'd to the Deanery of *Chriſt-Church*, in *Oxford*; and in the Year 1713. he was made Dean of *Weſtminſter*, and Biſhop of *Rocheſter*. In his younger Years, before he had any Dignity confer'd on him in the Church, he wrote

ſeveral

several fine Pieces of Latin Poetry, amongst which, his elegant Translation of Mr. DRYDEN's *Absalom* and *Achitophel* is deservedly celebrated.

Among his English Performances, the following Epigram on a Lady's Fan, is worthy of the highest esteem.

Flavia *the least and slightest Toy*
Can with resistless Art employ:
This Fan, *in meaner Hands would prove*
An Engine of small Force in Love;
Yet she with graceful Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton Motion so,
That it Wounds more than Cupid's *Bow;*
Gives Coolness *to the Matchless Dame,*
To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.

Captain JOHN AYLOFFE.

THIS Gentleman was Educated at *Trinity-College* in *Cambridge*. He was a Man of Wit and Humour, which carried his Inclinations to *Poetry*. He has publish'd several valuable small Pieces in the *Miscellanies*, among which, one intitled, MARVEL's *Ghost*, is very much admir'd.

B.

Mr. Robert Baston.

THIS Poet was born at, or near, the Town o *Nottingham*. He was bred a *Carmelite* Friar, at *Scarborough* in *Yorkſhire*, and ſo great was his Fame in Poetry, that King *Edward* the Second, in his Scotiſh Expedition, thought him worthy to Immortalize his Heroick Actions; But the Chance of War at length giving the Advantage to *Robert Bruce*, who then laid claim to the Crown of *Scotland*, he was oblig'd by Torments to Change his Note. He wrote one Poem, *viz.*

De Bello Strivilenſi, which was publiſh'd in a Volume of other Poems on various Subjects.

Sir John Beaumont, *Baronet.*

AN excellent Poet, who liv'd in the Reign of King *Richard* the Third; when, (ſuch is the Cataſtrophe of ſome of our *Engliſh* Monarchs) two hopeful Princes were inhumanly murther'd by the Uſurper *Richard*; but the Tragedy of his Reign was compleated in his own ignominious Death, at the Battle of *Boſworth*. Sir *John* was juſtly ſtil'd one of the Chief of the great Souls of Poetical Numbers; He was fill'd with *Phœbean* Fire; and he wrote, beſides

wrote of

ſides ſeveral other Pieces, *A Poem on* Boſworth *Field*, which the following Lines demonſtrate to be an admirable Performance.

Here valiant Oxford, *and fierce* Norfolk *meet*;
And with their Spears each other rudely greet:
About the Air the ſhining Pieces play,
Then on their Swords their Noble Hands they lay.
And Norfolk *firſt a Blow directly guides,*
To Oxford's *Head, which from his Helmet ſlides*
Upon his Arm, and biting through the Steel,
Inflicts a Wound, which Vere *diſdain's to feel.*
But lifts his Faulcheon with a threat'ning Grace,
And hews the Beaver off from Howard's *Face*;
This being done, he with compaſſion charm'd
Retires, aſham'd to ſtrike a Man diſarm'd.
But ſtrait a deadly Shaft ſent from a Bow,
Whoſe Maſter, tho' far off, the Duke could know:
Untimely brought this Combat to an end,
And pierc'd the Brains of Richard's *conſtant Friend.*
When Oxford *ſaw him ſink, his noble Soul,*
Was full of Grief, which made him thus condole.
Farewel, true Knight, to whom no coſtly Grave
Can give due Honour, would my Tears might ſave
Thoſe Streams of Blood, deſerving to be ſpilt
In better Service, had not Richard's *Guilt*
Such heavy Weight upon his Fortune laid,
Thy Glorious Vertues had his Sins outweigh'd.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, *Gent.*

THE Volume of Poems, Printed in the Year, 1653. written by this Great young Man, are for Performances of that time very entertaining, and carry with them a Strength of

Judgment as well as Wit: I must confess I was well pleas'd in perusing them very lately, and I doubt not but a particular Account of them will be acceptable to the publick. They are as follow,

I. SALMACIS *and* HERMAPHRODITUS: *Or, the Hermaphrodite.* This is taken from *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, our Author thus Describes the Nymph.

So fair she was, of such a pleasing Grace,
So strait a Body, and so sweet a Face;
So soft a Hand, so white a lovely Breast,
So fair a Cheek, so well in all the rest;
That Jupiter *would Revel in her Bower,*
Were he to cast again, his Golden shower.

II. *The Remedy of Love.*
III. *Elegies on the Lady* Markham, *&c.*
IV. *The Charm.*
V. *The Glance.*
VI. *The Indifferent.*
VII. *The Examination of his Mistress.*
VIII. *To the Mutable Fair.*
IX. *Of Loving at First Sight.*
X. *Eternity of Love.* Some of these small Pieces, are Sonnets, in one of which, is this Stanza.

Like a Ring without a Finger
Or a Bell without a Ringer;
Like a Ship which ne'er is Rig'd
Or a Mine that's never Digg'd;
Like a Wound without a Tent,
Or Civet Box which has no Scent;
Just such as these may she be said
That Lives, ne'er Loves, but dies a Maid.

My.

Mr. *Beaumont* likewise writ a Poem call'd the *Honest Man's Fortune*. *A Letter to* BEN. JOHNSON. and, *The Good Fellow*; *A Song on Ale*.

The Reverend Dr. JOSEPH BEAUMONT.

THIS Learned Person was King's Professor of Divinity, and Master of St. *Peter's* College in *Cambridge*. He has given the Publick an invaluable Work, intitled, PSYCHÉ or *Loves Mystery*, in Twenty Four Cantos: Displaying the *Intercourse* betwixt *Christ* and the *Soul*. *Folio*.

The Occasion and Design of this celebrated Piece, the Author thus recites in his Preface, "The Turbulence of these Times * having deprived me of "my wonted Accommodations of Study, I delibe- "rated, *for the avoiding of meer Idleness*, what Task "I might safelieſt presume upon, without the Soci- "ety of Books: and concluded *upon Composing* this "*Poem*. In which I endeavour to represent a *Soul* "led by Divine *Grace*, and her *Guardian Angel*, (in "fervent *Devotion*,) through the difficult Tempta- "tions and Assaults of *Lust*, of *Pride*, of *Heresy*, of "*Persecution*, and of *Spiritual Dereliction*, to a holy "and happy *Departure* from *Temporal Life*, to Hea- "venly *Felicity*: Displaying by the way, the *Magna-* "*lia Christi*, his *Incarnation* and *Nativity*, his *Flight* "*into Ægipt*, his *Fasting* and *Temptation*, his chief "*Miracles*, his being *Sold* and *Betrayed*, his *Institu-* "*tion of the Holy Eucharist*, his *Passion*, his *Resurrecti-* "*on* and *Ascension*; which were his mighty Testi- "monies of his *Love* to the *Soul*. My desire is, That "this *Book* may prompt *better Wits* to believe, that "a *Divine Theme* is as capable and happy a Subject

* The Grand Rebellion.

" of *Poetical Ornament*, as any *Pagan* or *Human De-*
" *vice* whatsoever. Which if I can obtain, and (in-
" to the Bargain,) Charm my Readers into any *true*
" *Degree of Devotion*, I shall be bold to hope that I
" have partly reached my *proposed Mark*, and not
" continued *meerly Idle*.

A Second Edition of this *Poem*, carefully Corrected throughout, by the Author, with the Addition of Four new Cantos never before Printed, was Publish'd at *Cambridge*, in the Year 1702. by his Son *Charles Beaumont*, M. A. Fellow of St. *Peter*'s College, to which Society, he informs us; " his *Father*
" left by Will, all his *Latin* Works, both *Critical*
" and *Polemical*, which not having sufficient leisure,
" nor Health of Body, to revise and examine, ac-
" cording to his wonted Modesty, strictly forbad
" the Printing any of them. To this Edition, the
" Reverend Dr. *Samuel Woodford*, has prefixed a
" long and Ingenious Copy of Verses made in Me-
" mory of the Deceas'd Author.

Sir JOHN BERKENHEAD.

THE stedfast Adherence of this Gentleman to the *Royal Cause*, procur'd him the Title of the *Loyal Poet*. And tho' the Reward of his Loyalty was the most severe Imprisonment, yet his Principles were immoveable, in all Changes of Fortune.

Among his other Pieces, the Poem Intitled MERCURIUS AULICUS, will do him Immortal Honour, which a Writer of that time thus justly celebrates,

Whilst

Whilſt Lawrel Sprigs, *another's Head ſhall Crown,*
Thou,' the whole Grove, may'ſt challenge as thy own.

This worthy Patriot liv'd to ſee the RESTAURATION, and had not only that Happineſs, but likewiſe, to be a Spectator of the deſerv'd Execution of ſome of thoſe Rebels who had ſo baſely conſpir'd to take away his Life, and whom he had ſo truly delineated in his admirable Poem above-mention'd.

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, *Knt. M.D.*

THIS Gentleman, now Living, is Deſcended from a good Family in *Dorſetſhire*, but was born at *Corſham* in *Wiltſhire*. He is the Son of Mr. *Robert Blackmore*, an Atorney at Law, who Educated him firſt at a Country School; from whence in the Thirteenth Year of his Age, he was remov'd to *Weſtminſter*, and in a ſhort time after ſent to the Univerſity of *Oxford*, and enter'd a Commoner of St. *Edmond's Hall*; where he continu'd upwards of thirteen Years. He then Travell'd into *Italy*, and at the Univerſity of *Padua* took his Doctor's Degree in Phyſick; and having ſeen a great part of *France*, *Germany* and the *Low Countries*, after he had been abroad two years and a half, he return'd to *England*. Coming to *London*, he enter'd upon the practice of Phyſick, and not long after, he was choſen Fellow of the Royal College of *Phyſicians* by the Charter of King *James* the ſecond. He was ſworn *Phyſician* in Ordinary to King *William*, in 1697. was honour'd by

by that Prince with a Gold Medal and Chain, and was likewise Knighted by him. Upon Queen *Anne*'s Accession to the Throne, he was appointed one of her *Physician*'s, and continued so for some time. Sir *Richard* is an Excellent *Physician*, and a good *Poet*: A Man of great Learning, good Manners, and extensive Humanity, he has oblig'd the World with the following Pieces.

I. *Prince* ARTHUR. *An Heroick Poem*, in Ten Books. *Folio*, printed first 1695, afterwards in *Duodecimo*, 1715.

II. *King* ARTHUR. *An Heroick Poem*, in Twelve Books. *Fol.* Printed 1697. This *Poem* is Corrected and Revised for another Impression.

III. *A Paraphrase on* JOB, and *the Songs of* MOSES, DEBORAH, &c. *Fol.* first printed 1700. afterwards in *Duodecimo*, 1716.

IV. *A Satire upon Wit*. Folio, 1700. This Piece made a great noise, and rouz'd the spleen of the Modern Writers.

V. *A Hymn to the Light of the World*, with the CARTONS *of* RAPHAEL URBIN. *Fol.* Printed in the Year 1703.

VI. ELIZA. *An Heroick Poem*, in Ten Books. *Folio*, 1705. This Piece is likewise Corrected and Revis'd for another Impression.

VII. *Advice to the Poets*. A Poem on the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Victories. Fol. 1706.

VIII. *The Kit-Cats, A Poem*. Fol. 1708.

IX. *Instructions to* VANDERBANK. *A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets*. Fol. 1709.

X. *The Nature of Man. A Poem*, in Three Books. *8vo*, 1711.

XI. CRE-

XI. CREATION, *A Philosophical Poem.* Demonstrating the Existence and Providence of a God, in Seven Books, 8*vo.* First printed 1712. and printed twice since in *Duodecimo.*

Mr. *Dennis* speaking of this Piece, * says, "We have lately been Entertain'd and Instructed by an "Admirable Philosophical Poem, which has e-"quall'd that of *Lucretius*, in the Beauty of it's Ver-"sification, and infinitely surpass'd it, in the Solidity and Strength of it's Reasoning.

XII. *Essays upon several Subjects.* in Two Volumes, 8*vo.* Printed in 1716 and 1717. In the Year 1718 was printed, *A Collection of Poems on various Subjects.* Containing all the small Pieces above-mention'd, with several never before Publish'd, *viz.* 1. CREMES. *A Satire*, written in the late Reign. 2. *The Story of Don* CARLOS *Prince of Spain.* 3. *An Ode to the Creator.* 4. *A Hymn to the sacred Spirit.* 5. *On Repentance.* 6. *On Retirement, &c.* Sir *Richard* has now by him in Manuscript, ready for the Press.

I. ÆLFRED. An Heroick Poem in Twelve Books.

II. *A New Version of the* PSALMS.

Mr. MICHAEL BLAUNPAIN.

A Gentleman born in *Cornwal*, who for the Defence of his Native Country was Styl'd the *Cornish Poet.* He was some time at *Oxford*, but going into *France*, he Compleated his Studies at *Paris. Camden* often quotes him in his *Remains*, which shews he was a Person of no inconsiderable Fame;

* See his Remarks upon Mr. *Pope's* HOMER.

and

and when *Cornwal* was traduc'd by *Henry* of *Normandy*, chief *Poet* to King *Henry* the Third, as a contemptable and unprofitable Country, he answer'd him in a *Latin Poem* wherein are these Lines, which I give you as a Specimen of his Works.

opes

Non opus est ut opus numerē quibus est opulenta,
Et per quas inopes sustentat non ope lenta,
Piscibus & Stanno nusquam tam fertilis ora.

And he Concludes with this Exhortation to his Countrymen.

Quid nos deterret? Si firmiter in pede stemus,
Fraus in nos superat, nihil est quod non superemus.

All of them thus Translated.

We need not number up her wealthy store,
Wherewith this helpful Land relieves her poor,
No Sea so full of Fish, of Tin, no shore.

What should us fright, if firmly we do stand?
Bar Fraud, and then no Force can us command.

Mr. William Bowles.

THIS Gentleman was Fellow of *King*'s College, in *Cambridge*, where he wrote the following *Poems* and *Translations*.

I. *A Poem on the Death of King* Charles the Second.

II. *Phar-*

II. PHARMACEUTRIA, *or the Inchantress.* From *Theocritus.*

III. *The Reapers. The Tenth Idyllium of Theocritus.*

IV. *The Complaint of* ARIADNE. Out of *Catullus.*

V. PROTEUS, being the fourth Eclogue of *Sannazarius.*

VI. SAPPHOS's *Ode*, from *Longinus.*

Mr. HENRY BRADSHAW.

THIS Poet Mr. *Winstanly* tells us, flourish'd according to some Accounts, about the Year 1346. And by others, not 'till above a Century after. He was born in the City of *Chester*, and bred a *Benedictine Monk*, in the Monastery of St. *Werburg*. *Bale* gives him great Commendation, and speaking of that Age, says, He was the *Diamond in the Ring*. He wrote a *Poem* call'd,

The Life of St. Werburg; esteem'd an Excellent Chronicle, tho' he follow'd therein those Authors who think it the greatest Glory of a Nation to fetch their Original from Times out of Mind.

Mr. NICHOLAS BRETON.

A Writer of Pastoral-Sonnets, and Madrigals, in which kind of Poesie we may easily conclude he excell'd; his Works being collected with those of several other Contemporary Emulators of *Spenser*

Spenser and Sir *Philip Sidney*, in a Volume of Odes of the chief Sonneteers of that Age. He wrote also the two following *Poems*.

I. *Wits private Wealth.*

II. *The Courtier and the Countryman.* In this last, speaking of Vertue, he has these Lines:

There is a secret few do know,
And doth in special places grow,
A rich Man's Praise, a poor Man's Wealth,
A weak Man's Strength, a sick Man's Health,
A Lady's Beauty, a Lord's Bliss,
A matchless Jewel where it is;
And makes, where it is truly seen,
A Gracious King, and Glorious Queen.

Mr. Alexander Broome.

AUTHOR of most of the *Songs* which on the side of the Royalists, came forth during the time of the Rump, and *Oliver*'s Usurpation. He wrote in a Jovial Strain, and his performances were often Sung by the Sons of *Mirth* and *Bacchus*. One of his Songs begins thus:

Come, come, let us Drink,
'Tis in vain for to Think,
Like Fools on Grief or Sadness;
Let our Money now fly,
And our Sorrows shall die,
All Worldly Care is Madness.

The Reverend Mr. JOHN BROOME.

A Young Gentleman now living, Educated at St. *John's* College in *Cambridge*, Author of ſeveral good Copies of Verſes in *Miſcellanies*, *viz.*

I. *Courage in Love.*

II. *Poverty and Poetry.*

III. *The Speech of the Goddeſs Philoſophy.* From *Boetius.*

IV. ORPHEUS. From *Boetius.*

V. *A Paraphraſe on part of the* 68th *Pſalm.*

VI. ASTROPHEL *and* DAPHNIS. A Paſtoral.

VII. *The Coy.* A Sonnet.

Mr. THOMAS BROWN.

THIS Poet, for Humour excell'd all of his Time, and many of his Writings, particularly his Dialogues, are Originals, which few Perſons can Copy. He was the Son of a conſiderable Farmer of *Shifnel* in *Shropſhire*; and Educated at *Newport* School, in that County, under the Reverend and Learned Dr *Edwards*, a Gentleman who has Qualified a great many Perſonages of Diſtinction for the Univerſity, particularly the Lord Chancellor *Parker*, the Lord *Gore* and others. Here he attain'd a perfect knowledge in the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, and his Exerciſes were generally ſo Excellently perform'd, that his Maſter was ſurpriz'd and fill'd with Admiration,

ration. From *Newport* School he remov'd to *Christ-Church* College, in *Oxford*, and Distinguish'd himself there for his great Learning, ready Wit, and uncommon Genius: But the Disadvantages of a narrow Fortune, and some little Irregularities would not suffer him to continue long at the University. Upon his coming to *London*, he soon became acquainted with the Wits of the Town; for he was a Facetious and Excellent Companion, tho' withal sometimes very Satirical, and what is too common with Great Wits, his best Friends could not escape his Lampoons. Towards the latter part of his Life, I am inform'd he was in favour with the Earl of *Dorset*, who invited him to Dinner on a *Christmas-Day*, with Mr. *Dryden* and some other Gentlemen famous for Learning and Ingenuity (according to his Lordship's usual Custom) when Mr *Brown*, to his agreeable surprize found a Bank Note of 50 *l.* under his Plate, and Mr. *Dryden* at the same time was presented with another of an 100 *l.* Actions of this Nature, were very common and peculiar to this Great and Generous Spirited Nobleman. Mr. *Brown* wrote a great many pieces in Verse and Prose, but the latter are most Numerous and indeed the best part of his Works. The first piece which made him known to the Town, was an Account of the Conversion of Mr. *Bayes*, in a Dialogue, which met with very great Applause. The chief Beauty of his Writings is *Humorous Satire*, with an agreeable mixture of Wit and Learning; but he has not always the greatest Delicacy. The most considerable of his Poems are.

I. *The* Beauties. *To* Armida.

II. *A Satire against Woman.* To a Lady who let a fine Gentlemen die for Love of her.

III. *A Satire upon Marriage.*

VI. *A*

IV. *A Satire upon the French King*, on the Peace of *Reſwick*. Being committed to Priſon for this Piece, he wrote a famous Petition to the Lords of the Council, which procured his Enlargement.

V. *A Satire upon an Ignorant Quack.*

VI. *The Temperate Epicure*, written in *French* by *Monſieur De la Fontaine*, imitated in *Engliſh.*

VII. *The Highlander.* A Satire, which ends with this judicious and ſevere Simile,

So Rogues miſtaking Scandal to be Fame,
Deem that their Honour others think their Shame.

VIII. *A Cure for Cuckoldom. A Tale from* Boccace.

IX. *An Elegy in Memory of the Gallant Lord Viſcount* DUNDEE.

X. *The Mourning Poet in Confinement.* Calculated for the *Meridian* of the *King's-Bench*, *Marſhalſea*, and the *Fleet.*

XI. *A Match for the Devil.*

XII. *The Libertine.*

XIII. *Friendſhip.* A Poem.

XIV. *On Flowers in a Ladies Boſom.* Wherein are the following Lines.

Behold the Promis'd Land where Pleaſures flow !
See how the Milk-white Hills do gently riſe,
And beat the Silken Skies ;
Behold the Valley ſpread with Flow'rs below !
Other Diſcoveries Fate let me not ſhare ;
As I find out may I Inhabit there.
Tell, tell me why, thou fruitful Virgin Breaſt,
Why ſhould ſo good a ſoil lie unpoſſeſt ?

Surely some Champion in the Cause of Love,
Has Languish'd here----more weary of the fight,
Than Vanquish'd quite;
While the soft God took pity from above,
And thinking to Reward his service well,
Bid him grow there, where he so nobly fell.

There are several other small Pieces of Poetry among his Works; *viz.* Translations from *Ovid*, *Horace*, *Martial*'s Epigrams, Fables, *&c. Soteria Ormondiana*; an admirable *Latin* Poem, upon *The Recovery of the Duke of* Ormond: Some Satirical pieces on Sir *Richard Blackmore*, and others; wherein he has carried his Reflections to a very great height. His whole Works, consisting of Dialogues, Essays, Declamations, Satires, Letters from *The Dead to the Living*, Translations, Amusements, *&c.* Are printed in Four Volumes, 12*mo.*

He died in the Year 1704. And lies Interred in the Cloyster of *Westminster-Abbey*, near the Remains of Mrs. *Behn*, with whom he was very intimate in his Life time: And Dr. *Drake* wrote the following Inscription for a Monument which was intended to have been Erected to his Memory.

Juxta depositæ sunt Reliquiæ
THOMÆ BROWN,
Poetæ inter celeberrimos non postremi,
Quorum pleriſque Ingenio, cum non cederet
Varia Eruditione longe, præstitit.
Viventi Natura multum indulsit,
Fortuna parum.
Livore & Injuriis Malevolorum, quos Vivens expertus est,
Ipsa nec mors eripuit.
Luxuriantis reus Ingenii,
Scurrorum Juridice pœnas dedit,

Non

Non quod Merito, sed quod impune.
Dialogorum Conditor miras,
Lepidissimos complures reliquit salibus, facetiisque refertos.
Quin & Poematia & Epistolas;
Leviuscula quidem, sed quæ Indolem Authoris redoleant.
Pari Musarum Indulgentia
Tam Latiis, quam Britannis familiaris:
Hunc fructum retulit unicum
Cultor sororum egregius;
Quod ob earum fautoribus honeste repositus
Inter Concelebres requiescat.
Agro Staffordiensi oriundus, obiit. 16 Die Junii An. 1704.
Abi Lector, Ingenio assequere, Fortuna anteverte.

Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

AUTHOR of the Inimitable *Hudibras*, was born at *Strensham* in *Worcestershire*, in the Year 1612. His Father was a Farmer, who had some small Estate of his own, but Rented a much greater of the Lord of the Manor. He Educated his Son at the Free School of *Worcester*, where he became an Excellent Scholar, and afterwards was some little time at the University of *Cambridge*; but was never Matriculated into that University, his Father's Abilities not being sufficient to bear the charge of an Academical Education; so that our Author returned soon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. *Jeffreys* of *Earl's-Croom*, an Eminent Justice of the Peace for that County, with whom he lived some Years in an easy and no contemptible Service. He was after this, Recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, *Eli-*

zabeth Countess of *Kent*, where he had not only the opportunity of Consulting the most valuable Books, but Conversing also with the great Mr. *Selden*. But his *Loyal Poem*, he Composed in the Service of Sir *Samuel Luke*, of *Bedfordshire*, a Commander under *Oliver Cromwell*, where he had an opportunity of knowing those Living Characters of Rebellion, Nonsense and Hypocrisy, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work. Upon the Restauration of King *Charles* the Second, tho' his Poem did the greatest Service to the Royal Cause, and Intitled him to the best Preferment, yet he was neglected, and the more so on Account of his great Modesty: but at length *Richard* Earl of *Carbury*, Lord President of the Principality of *Wales*, made him his Secretary, and also Steward of *Ludlow-Castle*. About this time he Married one Mrs. *Herbert*, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, who had a plentiful Fortune, but being put out on ill Securities, most of it was unfortunately lost. He is reported to have been Secretary to the Duke of *Buckingham*, when he was Chancellor of *Cambridge*, but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain the Duke had a great kindness for him, and was often a Benefactor. But no Man was a more Generous Friend to him than that *Macenas*, the late Earl of *Dorset*. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteness of his Wit, and easiness of his Conversation, had rendered him most acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided Multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wisely chose such only, whom his discerning Judgment could distinguish, (as Mr. *Cowley* excellently expresseth it)

From the Great Vulgar or the Small.

And having thus lived to a good Old Age, admired by all, tho' Personally known to few, he departed this Life, in the Year 1680. And was Buried at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. *Longville*, at the West

West End of the Church-Yard of St. *Paul's Covent-Garden*, where he lies without any Memorial, and it is a National Scandal upon us that (as Sir *Samuel Garth* has remarked upon another occasion *) "There now wants a poor Square Foot of Stone, "to show where the Ashes of one of the greatest "Poets that ever was upon Earth, are deposited.

For as Mr. *Dennis* † has judiciously observed, "Mr. *Butler* was a whole Species of Poets in One, "admirable in a Manner in which no one else has "been tolerable: A Manner which began and en-"ded in him; in which he knew no Guide, and "has found no Followers.

In Justice to the Publick, it is thought proper in this Place to declare, that all the Manuscripts Mr. *Butler* left behind him are now in the Custody of Mr. *Longville*, (among which, the most Considerable, is one intitled, *The History of Learning* Written after the Manner of *Hudibras*) and that not one Line of those Poems lately published under his Name is Genuine.

BAINBRIGG BUCKERIDGE, *Esq;*

A Gentleman now living, bred at *Oxford*, and designed for the Study of Physick: but his Genius leading him to Drawing and Painting, he Travelled in his Younger Years; and in *Holland*, and other foreign Parts, made some Progress in that curious Art, which has been his chief Amusement in a Country Retirement; and next to that, his Inclinations have led him to Poetry. In the late Reign, he had some Employments under his Grace the Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, with whom he has al-

* Preface to *Ovid's Metamorph.*

† See, his Remarks upon Mr. *Pope's Homer.* p. 6.

ways been in favour. He has writ the following Poems

I. A Letter to *Signior Verrio*, at *Hampton-Court*, upon a Sketch drawn by him of the Battle of *Blenheim*, designed to have been Painted at the Duke of *Marlborough*'s House in *Woodstock-Park*.

II. To Sir *Godfrey Kneller* upon the Death of Mr. *Drydon*, Printed among others, upon that Occasion.

III. To the Duke of *Buckingham*, upon his House and Collection of Pictures in St. *James*'s *Park*, wherein he pays this just Compliment to his Grace.

Under this Roof Parnassus' *Sons shall meet,*
And ev'ry Science all her Sisters greet.

IV. To a Lady of Quality upon her intended Voyage into *Turkey*: falsly attributed to Sir *William Trumbal*.

This Gentleman has also writ several of the Lives in the English-School of Painters: Annexed to Mr. *Savage*'s Translation of *Du Pile*'s History of Painting: And Translated a Novel from the *Spanish* of the famous *Cervaantes*.

C.

Thomas Carew, *Esquire*.

THIS Gentleman was the Author of several *Love Poems* which met with Approbation, but he is very Wanton in some of them, and has carried his Flights to an Extravagancy. The Chief of his Poems, are,

I. *The*

I. *The Cruel Miſtreſs.*
II. *Ingrateful Beauty.* An excellent Piece.
III. *Boldneſs in Love.*
IV. *The Rapture.* This is a very airy Piece, but exceedingly well wrote.

The Right Noble WILLIAM CAVENDISH, *Duke of* Devonſhire.

THIS Nobleman was deſcended from a very ancient Family, that firſt ſettled at *Cavendiſh* in *Suffolk*. *John de Cavendiſh* was one of the Juſtices of the *King's Bench Anno* 39 *Edward* the Third. And of this Family was that glorious Seaman Captain *Thomas Cavendiſh*, who finiſhed his Expedition, round the World, in the Year 1588. Sir *William Cavendiſh* of *Chatſworth* in the County of *Derby*, was Treaſurer of the Chamber, and One of the Privy Council to King *Henry* the Eighth. And his Son made Earl of *Devonſhire* by King *James* the Firſt. *William*, the Third Earl of *Devonſhire* (to whom Mr. *Hobbes* was Tutor) Married *Elizabeth* Daughter of *William Cecil*, Earl of *Salisbury*, by whom he had Iſſue *William Cavendiſh*, late Duke of *Devonſhire*, and Colonel *Charles Cavendiſh*, a Man of great Valour, and Loyalty to King *Charles* the Firſt, in whoſe Service he was Slain. His Grace had conferred on him the Title of Duke by King *William* the Third, on Account of his early Zeal in concerting Meaſures for effecting the Revolution, 1688. He was Lord Steward of the Houſhold to that Prince, and Queen *Mary*, and Lord High Steward of *England* at their Coronation; which Honour he

likewise had on the Coronation of her late Majesty Queen *Anne*. *" In every Publick Station, the Duke " at all times was firm to the True Interests of " the Crown, the legal Establishment of the Church, " the antient Privileges of the Peers, the Funda- " mental Rights of the Commons, the equal Ba- " lance of *Europe*, and the Original Liberties of " Mankind. He was a Person of Universal Ac- " complishments; He had great Skill in Languages, " was an excellent Historian and an Admirable " Poet; he had a fine hand in Musick, and an Ele- " gant Taste in Painting, and all the Polite Arts. " He Travelled abroad in his Younger Years, under " the care of Dr. *Killigrew*, who gave him a just " and true Relish in all the Refinements of sense and " Wit. He was a Poet, not by Genius only, but by Lear- " ning and Judgment. The Lord *Roscomon* made " him a constant Reviser of his Immortal Lines †. " His Lordship's Pieces, are the following *viz.*

I. *Poema est Pictura Loquens.* An Ode on the Death of Queen *Mary*. This Piece Mr. *Dryden* is said to have preferred above all that was written on that occasion. It begins thus,

Long our divided state,
Hung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate,
When one bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds dispell'd,
And all the Griefs of Albion *heal'd:*
Her the United Land obey'd,
No more to Jealousie inclin'd,
Nor fearing Pow'r with so much Virtue join'd;
She knew her Task, and nicely understood
To what Intention Kings are made;
Not for their Own, but for their People's Good.
'Twas that prevailing Argument alone
Determin'd her to fill the vacant Throne:

* See, Bp. *Kennet's Memoirs*, p. 171, 186. † Funeral Sermon, p. 172.

And

And yet with ſadneſs ſhe beheld
A Crown devolving on her Head,
By the Exceſſes of a Prince miſled;
When by her Royal Birth compell'd,
To what her God, and what her Country claim'd,
Tho' by a ſervile Faction blam'd,
How graceful were the Tears ſhe ſhed!

And concludes with theſe Lines,

Oh had ſhe longer ſtaid,
Leſs ſwiftly to her Native Heav'n retir'd!
For her the Harps of Albion *had been Strung,*
The tuneful Nine could never have aſpir'd
To a more lofty and Immortal Song.

II. *An Alluſion to the Biſhop of* Cambray's *Supplement to* Homer. This excellent Poem begins with theſe Lines,

Cambray *you ſet, when* Heavenly Love *you write,*
The nobleſt Image in the cleareſt Light!
A Love, *by no ſelf Intereſt debas'd,*
But on th' Almighty's high Perfection plac'd!
A Love, *in which true Piety conſiſts,*
That Soars to Heav'n without the help of Prieſts!

And afterwards ſpeaking of *Virtue*,

There is in Virtue ſure a hidden Charm,
To force Eſteem, and Envy to Diſarm.

He concludes with the Character of her late Majeſty,

Here Anna *reigns, a Queen by Heaven beſtow'd,*
To right the Injur'd and ſubdue the Proud.

As

As Rome *of old gave Liberty to* Greece
Anna *th' invaded ſinking Empire frees.*
Th' Allies *Her Faith, Her Power the* French *proclaim,*
Her Piety th' Oppreſs'd, the World her Fame.

After a ſevere Indiſpoſition, this great Perſon died on the 18th of *Auguſt* 1707. in *Devonſhire*-Houſe, *Pickadille* in the Sixty Seventh Year of his Age: And as it was his greateſt Ambition to Love and ſerve good Princes, he himſelf ordered the following ſhort Inſcription for his Monument.

WILLIELMUS DUX DEVON.
BONORUM PRINCIPUM FIDELIS SUBDITUS,
INIMICUS ET INVISUS TYRANNIS.

William Duke of *Devonſhire*,
A faithful Subject of Good Princes,
A Hater of Tyrants, and hated by them.

Sir GEOFFRY CHAUCER.

THE Father of the Engliſh Poets, and HOMER of our Nation, has the honour to have Three Places contend for his Birth: *Leland* is of Opinion he was born in *Berkſhire*; Mr. *Camden* affirms, *Dunington-Caſtle*, near *Newbury*, to be his ancient Inheritance; and another Writer is poſitive that he was born at *Woodſtock* in *Oxfordſhire*, and that his Father, who was a Knight, lived in that County. But the Author of his Life, printed in the Year 1602, ſuppoſes him to be born in *London*, by his own Words in *The Teſtament of Love*, where he ſays, *The City of* London *is very dear to him in which he was forth grown*, &c. His Education, he owed to both the Univerſities,

ties, *Oxford* and *Cambridge*; where he became an able Logician, a great Philosopher, a good Divine, a skilful Mathematician, and an excellent Poet; the College of *Merton* in *Oxford*, is supposed to be his favourite College, at which he longest resided. But his Learning received Perfection, by his Travels into *France* and *Flanders*, where he employed much of his Time in his younger Years. About the latter end of the Reign of King *Richard* the Second, he flourished in *France*, and by his diligent Exercises in Literature, was there held in great Esteem. After his return to *England*, he frequented the Court, and applied himself for some time to the study of the Law, whereby he became acquainted with Mr. *John Gower*, his learned Contemporary, and Friend. His liberal Education at the Universities, and his Improvements in foreign Countries, rendered him both fit for the Court at home, and also for the greatest Employments abroad; but it does not appear that he had any other Preferment than that of Poet Laureat in the Reigns of *Henry* the Fourth, and *Henry* the Fifth. This he obtained by the Interest of *John* of *Gaunt*, the great Earl of *Lancaster*, (to whom he was allied by Marriage) and Knighted upon that occasion. He wore the Bays with the greatest Honour, and brought his Post into Reputation; which, 'tis to be regretted, can be said but by few of his Successors.

Some Authors, for the sweetness of his Poetry, compare him to *Stesichorus*; and as *Cethegus* was called, *Suadæ Medulla*, so *Chaucer* may be esteemed the Sinews of Eloquence, and the very Life of all Mirth and Pleasantry in Writing. He had one Excellency above all other Poets, and wherein, none, since his time, but the famous *Shakespear*, has come near him, *viz.* Such a lively Description of Persons and Things, that it seems to surpass Imagination, and

you

you see every thing before your Eyes, which you only Read: And herein his *Canterbury Tales* are most valued and esteemed.

Sir *Henry Savile*, says that *Chaucer* was the Chief of our English Poets, and that he had a sharp Judgment, and a pleasant Wit.

Mr. *Spenser* in his *Fairy Queen* calls him the most Renowned Poet, and his Writings the Works of Heavenly Wit.

Sir *Philip Sidney* in his *Defence of Poesie*, gives him this Character; Chaucer *undoubtedly did excellently in his* Troilus *and* Cresid, *of whom truly I know not whether to Marvel more, either that He in that misty time could see so clearly, or We in this clear Age walk so stumblingly after him*

Agreeable to this are the following Verses, written by Sir *John Denham*:

Old Chaucer, *like the Morning Star,*
To us discovers Day from far;
His Light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
But he, descending to the shades,
Darkness again the Age invades.

He was the *Cicero* of the Age; and his Authority held in as great Estimation, by many Writers, as those celebrated *Grecians*, *Sophocles* or *Euripides*; and Sir *Richard Baker* in the Reign of *Edward* the Third; speaking of the place of *Chaucer*'s Nativity; says, "That, he found a Muse in the Groves of "*Woodstock*, equally sweet to that of the Ancients "upon the Banks of *Helicon*. *Camden* likewise taking notice of the Birth place of *Chaucer*, concludes thus; *of whom, in my opinion may be truly said, that which an* Italian *Poet once apply'd to* Homer.

----*Hic*

------Hic ille eſt, cujus de gurgite ſacro
Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turba furores.

Chaucer was one of the firſt Refiners of the *Engliſh* Language, which in his time was very rude and barren: And till the Reign of King *Henry* the Eighth, there was ſcarce any Man regarded our Language but *Chaucer*, but by ſome of his Poetry it began then to raiſe it ſelf, and to ſound tolerably well: In the refining of our Tongue, he followed the Example of *Dantes* and *Petrarch*, who had done the ſame to the *Italian* Language, *Alanus* from the *French*, and *Johannes Mea* for the *Spaniſh*: Neither was *Chaucer* inferior to any of them in his Performance, and *England* is obliged to him, as *Leland* obſerves in theſe Lines:

Anglia Chaucerum *veneratur noſtra Poetam*;
Cui veneris debet Patria *Lingua ſuas.*

He died in the Year 1400 after he had lived above Seventy two Years; and lies buried in *Weſtminſter-Abby*, with the following Inſcription:

Qui fuit Anglorum vates ter maximus olim,
Galfridus Chaucer, *conditur hoc Tumulo.*
Annum ſi quæras Domini, ſi tempora Mortis,
Ecce notæ ſubſunt, quæ tibi cuncta notant;
25 Octobris, 1400.
Ærumnarum requies Mors.
Nicolaus Brigham *hos fecit Muſarum nomine ſumptus.*

On

On the Ledge of the Tomb were these Verses;

Si rogitas quis eram, forsan Te Fama docebit,
Quod si Fama negat, Mundi quia Gloria transit,
Hæc Monumenta lege.

The Epitaph first designed for his Grave-stone was,

Galfridus Chaucer, *Vates & Fama Poesis,*
Materna hac Sacra sum Tumulatus humo.

The Works of this celebrated Poet, were first printed in the Reign of King *Henry* the Sixth, and published by Mr. *William Caxton*, an ingenious Person, (a Mercer) who first brought the art of Printing into *England*. They were afterwards Printed with Additions in the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth, by *William Thinne*, Esq; In Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, they were again Reprinted, with Corrections by Mr. *John Stow*; and there is lately published a very beautiful Edition of all *Chaucer*'s Works, adorned with fine Sculptures, printed in a large Volume in *Folio*, with many Additions from Original Manuscripts, left ready for the Press by the late ingenious Mr. *John Urry*, Student of *Christ-Church College* in *Oxford*.

Thomas Cheek, *Esquire*.

THIS Gentleman was descended from a very ancient Family, one of his Ancestors, being Tutor to King *Edward* the Sixth. He was educated at *Queen's-College* in *Cambridge*, and was a Person of a great deal of ready Wit, and an excellent

cellent Companion. He is mentioned here, on account of his assisting Dr. *Garth* in his *Dispensary*, and some small Pieces of Poetry, which he published in Miscellanies.

KNIGHTLY CHETWOOD. D. D.

THIS Gentleman was bred at *Eton* School, from whence he removed to *King's* College, in *Cambridge*, for the Compleating his Education. He is Dean of *Glocester*, and was nominated to the Bishoprick of *Bristol*, by King *James*, but that Prince quitted the Kingdom before his Election passed the Seals: and he lays Claim to an Antient Barony and Seat in the House of Lords by Birth. He has wrote the following Poems.

I. *On the Marriage of the Lady* MARY *with the Prince of* Orange.

II. *An Ode in Imitation of* PINDAR. On the Death of the Right Honourable *Thomas* Earl of *Ossory*.

III. *On the Death of his Grace, the late Duke of Ormond.* Anno 1687.

IV. *The parting of* HECTOR, *with his Princess* ANDROMACHE. When he went upon his last Expedition, in which he was Slain by *Achilles*. Done from the *Greek* of *Homer*, *Iliad* 6. &c.

Mr. THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

A Poet who lived in the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. He was born in the Town of *Shrewsbury*, and Descended from Wealthy Parents. He was equally addicted to Arts and Arms, having

having ſerved under that Renown'd Captain Sir *William Drury*, in *Scotland*, and ſeveral other Commanders beyond Sea, as appears by his own Lines in his Tragical Piece, called the *Unhappy Man's Life*.

Full Thirty Years, both Court and Wars I tryde,
And ſtill I ſought acquaintance with the beſt,
And ſerv'd the State, and did ſuch hap abide
As might befall, and Fortune ſent the reſt.

But it ſeems he got little by the Camp, or the Court, as he Declares afterwards,

For tho' I did my Credit ſtill increaſe
I got no Wealth by Wars, ne yet by Peace.

He not only lived, but died Poor, (*Ann.* 1570.) the Common Fate of a Poetical Genius. His Works were eſteemed well done for that Age, they are as follow,

I. *The Siege of* Leith.
II. *A Farewel to the World.*
III. *A feigned Fancy of the Spider and the Gout.*
IV. *A Doleful Diſcourſe of a Lady, and a Knight.*
V. *The In-rode into* Scotland. By Sir *William Drury.*
VI. *Sir* Simon Burleigh's *Tragedy.*
VII. *A Tragical Diſcourſe of the Unhappy Man's Life.*
VIII. *A Diſcourſe of Vertue.*
IX. Churchyard's *Dream.*
X. *A Tale of a Fryar, and a Shoemaker's Wife.*
XI. *The Siege of* Edinborough *Caſtle.*
XII. *Queen* Elizabeth's *Reception into* Briſtol.

Theſe Twelve Pieces were called *Churchyard's Chips*; and Dedicated to Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton*. He alſo writ the Falls of *Jane Shore*, and Cardinal *Wolſey*. In *Camden*'s Remains. He has this Epitaph,

Come Alecto, *lend me thy Torch,*
To find a Churchyard *in a* Church-Porch;
Poverty *and* Poetry *his Tomb doth incloſe,*
Wherefore good Neighbours be merry in Proſe. *Mr.*

Mr. JOHN CLEVELAND.

AN Eminent Poet, the Son of a Reverend and Learned Clergyman; his Father being Rector of *Hinckley*, in *Leiceſterſhire*, where he was Born, and Educated under Mr. *Richard Vines*, a School-Maſter of great Reputation, who perfected him in the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages. From a tender Father, and a Learned School-Maſter, he was removed to *Chriſt's* College in *Cambridge*, and Diſtinguiſhing himſelf by his Excellent Oratory, he was preferred to a Fellowſhip in St. *John's* College, where he continued above the ſpace of Nine Years, the Delight and Ornament of that Society. Afterwards he was made Rhetorick-Reader, and performed this Office with ſuch extraordinary Applauſe, that on his Pronouncing an Oration, Addreſſed to the Pious King *Charles* the Firſt, His Majeſty ſent for him, gave him his Hand to Kiſs, and (with great Expreſſions of Kindneſs) Ordered a Copy to be Tranſmitted to him. Dr. *Fuller* gives him the Character of "a ge-"neral Artiſt, pure *Latiniſt*, Exquiſite Orator, "and Excellent Poet. His Stile was Maſculine, his "Epiſtles Pregnant with Metaphors; his lofty "Fancy ſeemed to ſtride from the top of one Moun-"tain to another, thereby making to it ſelf a "conſtant level of continued Elevation. All his "Poems are incomparable, ſo that to praiſe one, "were to Detract from the reſt. His Poetry in the time of the Civil Wars, began firſt to be Eſteemed, both for its Admirable Wit, and the very great Zeal he expreſſed for the King's Cauſe, in which he appeared the great Champion againſt the *Presbyterians*. He ſhined with equal Light

and Influence, until the Grand Rebellion began to Unvizard it self; of which no Man had more Sagacious Prognosticks, for when *Oliver Cromwell* was Elected Member of Parliament for *Cambridge*, he said with much Passionate Zeal, *That single Vote which carried his Election, ruined both Church and Kingdom*: And no sooner did this *Harpey* (as Mr. *Winstanley* calls him) appear in the University, but he made good what was Predicted of him, and turned out Mr. *Cleveland* with several others for their Loyalty. Being now expelled the College, he attended the Camp at *Oxford*, and gave the same Lustre to that University during his stay there, as he had done at *Cambridge*. Here he wrote several Poems in Commendation of Loyalty, and exerted the Satyrist on the Rebels. From *Oxford* his next Stage was to the Garrison of *Newark*, where he was Judge Advocate, until the Surrender of that place by the King's Command. Here he likewise Predicted his Sovereign's Fate before his Surrendering himself into the Hands of the *Scots*, and foresaw the *Pieces of Silver* paying upon the Banks of *Twede*, to be the price of his Royal Master's Blood. Thence he followed Distressed Loyalty, which terminated in a long Imprisonment at *Yarmouth*, but at last on sending an Address to *Oliver Cromwell*, by the Excellency of his Reasoning, without Injuring his Conscience, or betraying his Cause, he obtained his Liberty; and afterwards settled at *Grays-Inn*, but he had not been there long, before he was seized with a Fever, which deprived the World of one of the Greatest Men of the Age. He died the 29*th* of *April*, 1658. and was Buried at *College-Hill* Church, his Dear Friend Dr. *John Pearson* (afterwards Lord Bishop of *Chester*) Preached his Funeral Sermon.

The most remarkable Pieces wrote by this Celebrated Gentleman, were the following, (*viz.*)

SMEC-

I. SMECTYMNUUS. Or, *The Club-Divines.*
II. RUPERTISMUS. In Praise of Prince *Rupert.*
III. *Elegy on Dr.* Laud *Arch-Bishop of* Canterbury.
In these two last, he shewed his Excellency at *Panegyrick.*
IV. *The mixt Assembly.*
V. *The* London *Diurnal.*
VI. *The Committee Man.*
VII. *The Rebel* Scot.
VIII. *The* Scots *Apostacy.* In these Five Poems, he described Rebellion in such lively Colours, that Mr. *Winstanley* tells us, he struck each Traytor to a Paleness, beyond that of any Loyal Corps that had bled by them.
IX. *The King's Disguise*; A Prophetical Poem on the Sufferings of the Royal Martyr.
X. *The Hermaphrodite.* An Excellent Poem, inserted by mistake among Mr. *Randolph's* Works.
In a Copy of Verses Printed before Mr. *Cleveland's* Poems, there are these Lines in his Praise.

Cleveland *again his sacred Head does raise,*
Even in the Dust Crown'd with Immortal Bays,
Again with Verses Arm'd that once did fright
Lycambe's *Daughters from the hated Light;*
Sets his bold Foot on Reformation's Neck,
And Triumphs o'er the vanquish'd Monster Smec:
That Hydra *whose proud Heads did so increase,*
That it deserv'd no less an Hercules.
This, this is he, who in Poetick Rage,
With Scorpions *lash'd the Madness of the Age.*

And his severe Distich upon the *Scotch*, will never be forgotten,

Had Cain *been* Scot, *God had revers'd his Doom,*
Not sent him wand'ring, but confin'd him Home.

Mr. Samuel Cobb.

A Sistant-Master of the Grammar-School of *Christ's Hospital*, where he was himself Educated, and from whence he was Elected to *Trinity* College in *Cambridge*, and took the Degree of Master of Arts there. He was a Man of sound Learning, ready Wit, and good Humour, and his *Observations upon Virgil*, shew that he was well acquainted with that Poet. He died at *London*, in the Year 1713. And lies Interred in the Cloyster of *Christ's Hospital*. Besides a Collection of Poems, Published by himself, in *Octavo*, 1700. He has writ the following Pieces.

I. *The Female Reign. An Ode*, Alluding to the Fourteenth Ode of the Fourth Book of *Horace*. This piece sets forth the Happiness of *England* in the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Anne*, and comes closer to the finest Transitions and Returns of *Pindar* to the Subject, than any Poem I have seen in our Language.

II. *The* Millers-Tale, *from* Chaucer; Inscribed to *Nicholas Rowe*, Esq;

III. *The Mouse-Trap*. A Poem, made *English* from Mr. *Holdsworth's Latin* Original.

IV. *The Oak and the Briar*. A Tale.

He likewise joined with Mr. *Rowe* in the Translation of *Quillet's Callipædia*; and assisted Mr. *Ozell* in the Translation of *Boileau's Lutrin*, &c.

Dr.

Dr. RICHARD CORBET, Biſhop of *Oxford.*

A Perſon of ſingular Wit, and an eloquent Preacher: He was born at *Ewel* in *Surrey*; and being thence ſent to the Univerſity of *Oxford*, he from a Student, became Dean of *Chriſt* Church College, then Biſhop of *Oxford*, and afterwards upon the Tranſlation of Biſhop *White* to *Ely*. He was Elected to the Biſhoprick of *Norwich*, 1632. He was a Famous Poet in his Youth, and one of thoſe Celebrated Perſons who with *Ben. Johnſon*, Sir *John Harrington*, Dr. *Donne*, Mr. *Drayton* and others, wrote Mock Commendatory Verſes, on *Tom. Coriat's Crudities*. He likewiſe wrote, amongſt other Poems,

I. *Iter Boreale.* A facetious Piece, much commended, and which ſufficiently ſhewed the Effects of his Juvenile Fancy. Dr. *Wild* wrote a Poem likewiſe under this Title, upon General *Monk*'s March out of *Scotland*, in order to his Majeſties Reſtoration.

II. *A Poem.* On the Death of the Earl of *Dorſet*.

III. *An Elegy on the Lord* WILLIAM HOWARD, *of* Eſſingham, 1615. He died at *Norwich*, after having been Biſhop of that *See*, but three years, and lies Interred in the Cathedral there, with the following Inſcription on his Grave Stone.

RICHARDUS CORBET, *Theologiæ Doctor,*
Eccleſiæ Cathedralis Chriſti Oxonienſis Primum Alumnus,
Inde Decanus, exinde Epiſcopus, illinc huc Tranſlatus,
Et hinc in Cœlum, Jul. 28. Ann. 1635.

Mr. Richard Crashaw.

A Divine Poet of the last Age. He was Educated at *Cambridge*, and was first Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall*, in that University, and afterwards of St. *Peter's* College. He delighted in Religious Solitude, and was a Lover of a Recluse Life, which occasioned him to employ much of his Time, and to Lodge many Nights under *Tertullian*'s Roof of Angels, in St. *Mary's* Church in *Cambridge*. At length he turned *Roman Catholick*, and Travelled into *Italy*, where at the so Zealously frequented Place, the Chappel of our Lady of *Lorretto*, he spent the remainder of his Life in Divine Contemplation. His Poems consist of Three Parts.

I. *Steps to the Temple*, being for the most part Epigrams upon several Passages of the New Testament.

II. *The Delights of the Muses*, or Poems upon several Occasions, both *English* and *Latin*, which shew the Author to be of a very pregnant Fancy.

III. *Carmen de nostro*, being Hymns and other Sacred Poems, Dedicated to the Countess of *Denbeigh*.

Mr. Thomas Creech.

THIS Learned Clergyman was born near *Shirburn* in *Dorsetshire*, and bred up at the Free School in that Town under Mr. *Curganven*, a Man of

of Eminent Character, to whom in Gratitude he Inscribes one of the *Idylliums* of *Theocritus*, that he Translated: But his Parents Circumstances not being sufficient to support him in a Liberal Education, his Disposition and Capacity for Learning, raised him a Patron in Colonel *Strangeways*, whose Generosity supplied that Defect. This Gentleman sent him to *Wadham* College in *Oxford*, where he was admitted a Scholar on the Foundation, and Publishing his Translation of *Lucretius*, when very Young, the great Reputation he gained by that Performance, Recommended him to *All-Souls* College, where he was Elected Fellow. He was a Man of Excellent Parts, sound Judgment, and perfectly Master of the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages; but naturally of a Morose Temper, and too apt to despise the Understandings and Performances of others. This made him less esteemed than his great Merit deserved: And his Resentments on this Account, frequently engaged him in those Heats and Disputes which in the end proved fatal to him. He was presented by the College to the Living of *Welling* in *Hertfordshire*, but before he left *Oxford*, (the Cause unknown) he unfortunately made away himself in the Year 1701.

Besides his Translations of *Lucretius*, *Theocritus* and *Horace*, he has done some of *Virgil*'s Eclogues, and *Juvenal's* Satires.

Mr. HUGH CROMPTON,

A Gentleman well Educated, tho' but of a small Fortune; in the Reign of King *Charles* the First. His Necessities obliged him to Commence Author, by which he subsisted very well for a time,

but at length he Experienced that *Pegaſſus* was a Jade. In the latter part of his Life, he went over into *Ireland*, where he continued for ſome time, but before he left *England*, he Publiſhed a Volume of Poems Intitled,

PIERIDES, or *The Muſes Mount*. In theſe Poems, Mr. *Winſtanley* tells us, there appears great Briſkneſs, and a good turn of Thought.

The Reverend Mr. CROXALL.

A Young Gentleman now living, whoſe Father was Miniſter of *Hampton* upon *Thames*, where he was born. He was Educated at *Eton*, and from thence Elected to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, and is now Houſe Chaplain of the Royal Palace of *Hampton-Court*. The firſt Poetical Pieces he Publiſhed, were under a fictitious Character, *viz.*

I. *Two Original* CANTOS *of* Spenſer; Being Satires on the Earl of *Oxford*'s Adminiſtration.

II. *An* ODE *humbly Inſcribed to the King*, occaſion'd by his Majeſty's moſt Auſpicious Succeſſion and Arrival. Written in the Stanza and Meaſure of *Spenſer*.

III. *The* VISION. A Poem.

IV. *Tranſlations from* OVID's Metamorphoſes, *viz.* The VI. Book, The Story of *Niſus* and *Scylla*, The *Labyrinth*, and *Dædalus* and *Icarus*, from the VIII. Book, part of the Fable of *Cypariſſus*, from the X. Book, moſt part of the XI. Book, and the Funeral of *Memnon* from the XIII. Book.

D. *Sir*

D.

Sir JOHN DAVIS.

ATTORNEY General to Queen *Elizabeth*, with whom he was in great Favour, and alſo her Succeſſor King *James* the Firſt. In his Younger Years, he applied himſelf to the Study of Poetry, 'till he found his Intereſt point him another way, and then he took up with the Laborious Studies of the Law. He wrote an Excellent Poem Intitled,

The Original Nature, and Immortality of the Soul. It is written in Alternate Rhime, was firſt Publiſhed in 1592. and ſome Years ago Revived by Mr. *Tate*, at the deſire of the late Earl of *Dorſet*, to whom he Dedicated it. A Third Edition of it was Printed, 1715.

Mr. *Winſtanley* aſcribes to this Gentleman ſeveral other Poems,(*viz.*) *A Metaphraſe on ſeveral of* David's *Pſalms*; *Noſce Te ipſum*; Ocheſtra, *&c.*

Sir WILLIAM DAWES, *Bart.* Arch-Biſhop of *York.*

THIS Reverend Prelate is Deſcended from an Ancient and Honourable Family in the County of *Eſſex*. He was Educated at Merchant *Taylor*'s School, *London*; and from thence Elected to St. *John*'s College in *Oxford*; of which he was afterwards

wards Fellow. He was the Youngeſt of Four Brothers, all which dying Young, (two of them being loſt in a Sea Engagement) the Title and Eſtate of the Family fell to him; ſo that as ſoon as he had taken his Firſt Degree in Arts, he Reſigned his Fellowſhip, and left *Oxford*, but ſome time afterwards he entered into Holy Orders. As he is Deſcended from a Great and Ancient Family, ſo he is the greateſt Ornament of it. The Divine, the Gentleman, and the Chriſtian, are happily Centered in his Lordſhip, and ſhine with equal Luſtre. He is a very Popular and Excellent Preacher; his Piety is Great and Conſpicuous; his Charity and Benevolence equalled by few, and his good Nature and Humanity the moſt extenſive. Theſe great Qualities have deſervedly gained him the higheſt Reputation: and before his Promotion to the Mitre, he was Maſter of *Katharine-Hall* in *Cambridge*, Chaplain to the late Queen, and Dean of *Bocking*. In the Year 1708. he was Conſecrated Biſhop of *Cheſter*, and in 1713. Tranſlated to the Arch-Biſhoprick of *York*. While he was at the Univerſity, before he went into Orders, he wrote, *The Anatomy of Atheiſm*. A Poem, Dedicated to the Honourable Sir *George Darcy*, Bart. Printed in the Year 1701. 8*vo*. The Deſign of this Excellent Piece his Lordſhip declares in the Preface, is to expoſe the Folly of thoſe *Men who are arrived to that Pitch of Impudence and Profaneneſs, that they think it a Piece of Wit to deny the Being of a God, and to laugh at that which they cannot argue againſt*. Such Perſons being well deſcribed in the following Lines.

See then our Atheiſt all the World oppoſe,
And like Drawcanſir *make all Men his Foes.*
See with what ſaucy Pride he does pretend,
His wiſer Father's Notions to amend,

Huffs

Huffs Plutarch, Plato, Pliny, Seneca,
And bids ev'n Cicero *himself give way,*
Tells all the World they follow a false Light,
And he alone of all Mankind is right.
Thus, like a Madman, who when all alone,
Thinks himself King, and ev'ry Chair a Throne,
Drunk with Conceit and Fooliſh Impudence,
He prides himself in his abounding Senſe.

The Reverend Mr. JOHN DIAPER.

THIS Gentleman joined with Mr. *Rowe*, in the Tranſlation of *Quillet's Callipædia*. He was bred at *Baliol College*, *Oxford*, and had a fine Poetical Genius. About the Year 1715. he entered into holy Orders, and Died in a Country Curacy, *Anno* 1717. in the 29th Year of his Age.

Beſides the above-mentioned Tranſlation, he has Publiſhed the following Poems.

I. NEREIDES: Or, *Sea Eclogues*, 8*vo*.

II. DRYADES: Or, *The Nymph's Prophecy*. Fol.

He left behind him in Manuſcript, OPPIAN's *Halieutics*. The Three firſt Books, Tranſlated from the *Greek*.

WENTWORTH DILLON, *Earl of* Roſcomon.

THIS Noble Lord was Deſcended from a very Ancient Family, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*. He was Son of *James Dillon*, Earl of *Roſcomon*, who was reclaimed from the Superſtition of the *Romiſh* Church, by the Learned and Pious Archbiſhop *Uſher*. His Education extended to all kinds of polite Literature

ture. He was some time at *Oxford*, took the Degrees in Arts, and was nominated to be created Doctor of Law, in the Year 1683. His rare Accomplishments and genteel Behaviour, brought him into the greatest Reputation in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, an Age distinguished for Gallantry and Politeness. He was a Nobleman of uncommon Wit, and what is very much to be admired, but seldom met with, his Wit did not exceed his good Nature. To speak of him as a Gentleman and a Poet, would be to enumerate all the good Qualities which the best of either, ever enjoyed. In these States, tho' he never courted, yet he had the Applause of all the knowing and Judicious Men of his Time. He well merited the Commendations of Mr. *Waller*, Mr. *Dryden*, and other famous Wits, which were oftentimes inferior to his Desert. He was Captain of the Band of Pensioners to King *Charles* the Second, and on the Marriage of *James* Duke of *York*, with *Josepha Maria*, the Princess of *Modena*, he was made Master of the Horse to that Princess; in both which Places he continued to the time of his Death. He died at his House near St. *James*'s Palace, in the Year 1684. and was interred in *Westminster Abbey*. His Lordship's Genuine Works are as follow,

I. *An Essay on Translated Verse.* This excellent Piece is introduced with several Copies of Verses by Mr. *Dryden*, Dean *Chetwood*, and others. My Lord seems to have taken the hint of this Poem, from the Duke of *Buckingham*'s Essay on Poetry. His Lordship Concludes with these Lines,

O may I live to Hail the Glorious Day,
And sing loud Pæans *through the crowded Way,*

When

When in Triumphant State, the British *Muse,*
True to her self, shall barb'rous Aid refuse,
And in the Roman *Majesty appear,*
Which none know better, and none come so near.

II. *A Paraphrase on the* 148*th* Psalm.

III. SILENUS. Being *Virgil's* Sixth Eclogue, Translated.

IV. ODE *upon* Solitude.

V. *The* 22*d* ODE *of the First Book, and the* 6*th* ODE *of the Third Book of* Horace.

VI. *On Mr.* DRYDEN's Religio Laici.

VII. *The Dream.*

VIII. *The Grove.* Being a Translation of Part of the 5th Scene, of the 2d Act in *Guarini's Pastor Fido.*

IX. *The Ghost of the* Old House of Commons, *to the* New One, *appointed to meet at* Oxford.

X. *On the Death of a Lady's Dog.*

XI. *A Prologue spoken to the Duke of* York, *at* Edinburgh. Also, *A Prologue and Epilogue to Two of Mrs.* Philips's *Plays.*

XII. *On the Day of Judgment.*

XIII. ROSS's *Ghost.*

XIV. HORACE's *Art of Poetry. Translated.* I cannot omit in this Place, my Lord's excellent Version of these Lines, *Ut Pictura, Poesis,* &c.

Poems, *like* Pictures, *are of different Sorts,*
Some better at a Distance, *others* Near,
Some love the Dark, *some chuse the cleerest* Light,
And boldly Challenge the most piercing Eye,
Some Please for Once, *some will for* Ever *Please.*

Mr.

Mr. *Dryden* in his Commendatory Copy of Verſes has theſe Lines,

The Muſes Empire is reſtor'd again,
In Charles's *Reign, and by* Roſcommon's *Pen.*

And Mr. *Pope* in his *Eſſay upon Criticiſm*, declares, that,

To him the Wit of Greece *and* Rome *was known,*
And ev'ry Author's Merit but his own.

JOHN DONNE, *D. D.*

THIS learned Divine, admired for his Great Wit, was born in *London*, in the Year 1573. He was deſcended from a very good Family in *Wales*, and had Parents capable of giving him the beſt Education, which they did; for at Nine Years of Age he was ſent to *Hart-Hall* in *Oxford*, having attained beſides the *Latin* and *Greek*, a knowledge in the *French* Tongue. Here he became acquainted with that great Maſter of Language and Art, Sir *Henry Wotton*, with whom he contracted a laſting Friendſhip. From *Oxford* he was Tranſplanted to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, where he made great Improvements in his Literature. Coming from thence to *London*, he was entered of the Society of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and applied himſelf to the ſtudy of the Law, but even here, he chiefly employed his time in accompliſhing himſelf with the politer kinds of Learning. He ſoon Enjoyed the beſt Converſation in Town, to whom the acuteneſs of his

his Wit, and the natural gaiety of his Temper, ſoon rendered him highly acceptable: In which ſtate of Life, he compoſed moſt of his *Love-Poems*. His Father Dying and leaving him a pretty handſome Fortune, he Travelled into *Italy*, *Spain* and other Foreign Countries, where he acquired a perfection in thoſe Languages, and returned Home with many uſeful Obſervations. Being now qualified for the greateſt Employments, he was made Secretary to the Lord *Elſmere*, Keeper of the Great Seal; in whoſe Service he became enamoured with the Lady *Elſmere*'s Niece, Daughter to Sir *George Moor*, Chanceller of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the *Tower*, who greatly oppoſed this Match; Yet notwithſtanding they were privately Married: Which exaſperated Sir *George* to ſuch a degree, that he prevailed on the Lord *Elſmere* to Diſcharge him from his Service, and ſoon after caſt him into Priſon. But Mr. *Donne* had not been long confined before he found means, by the aſſiſtance of his Kinſman Sir *Francis Woolley*, to facilitate his Enlargement, and a Reconciliation between him and Sir *George Moor*, Enſuing, he was reſtored to his former Poſt. Now he was ſought after by Men of the beſt Learning more than ever, and his Company very much deſired by the Nobility and Foreign Embaſſadors, who were extreamly fond of his Acquaintance. At laſt, at King *James*'s Requeſt, he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of Divinity, and Entered into Holy Orders: Whereupon, his Majeſty firſt made him Preacher of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and he was afterwards advanced to the Deanery of St. *Paul*'s; thus from an Eminent Poet he became a much more Eminent Divine. He Died the 31ſt of *March* 1631. and was buried in St. *Paul*'s Church with great Solemnity, attended by many Perſons of Quality.

Dr.

Dr. *King* Bishop of *Chichester*, who was his Executor, Erected a Monument to his Memory, with this Inscription.

JOHANNES DONNE, S. T. P.
Post varia Studia, quibus ab Annis tenerrimis fideliter,
Nec infeliciter, incubuit.
Instinctu & impulsu Spiritus sancti, monitu & hortatu
Regis Jacobi Ordines Sacros Amplexus
Anno sui Jesu 1614. *& suæ Ætatis* 42.
Decanatu hujus Ecclesiæ, indutus 27. *Novembris* 1621.
Exutus morte ultimo die Martij 1631.
Hic, licet in Occiduo Cinere, aspicet Eum,
Cujus Nomen est Oriens.

A New Edition of his *Poems* was printed in the Year 1719. With several *Elegies* upon his Death, one of which Copies, signed *H. K.* has this Admirable Conclusion.

I do not like the Office---Nor is't fit
Thou, who didst lend our Age such Sums of Wit,
Shouldst now re-borrow from her Bankrupt Mine
That Ore to Bury Thee, which once was Thine,
Rather still leave us in thy Debt; and know
Exalted Soul, more Glory 'tis to Owe
Unto thy Hearse, what we can never Pay,
Than with Embased Coin those Rites defray.
Commit we then, Thee to thy self: Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own Fame
Leave thee Executor: since, but thy own,
No Pen could do thee Justice, nor Bays Crown
Thy vast Desert: Save that, we nothing can
Depute, to be thy Ashes Guardian.
So Jewellers *no Art or Metal trust*
To form the Diamond, but the Diamond's Dust.

Mr.

Mr MICHAEL DRAITON.

A Poet, Mr. *Winſtanley* tells us, who had Drank as deep of *Helicon*, as any of his time. He was born at *Athelſton* in *Warwickſhire*; and was a Perſon of a Pious temper, his Conſcience having always the Command of his Fancy, which is no ſmall Commendation to one of a Poetical Genius. He likewiſe lived very temperate and regular, (which is no leſs to be admired) and his Converſation was the moſt inoffenſive. He had the Reputation of being little inferior, if not in ſome Inſtances equal to *Spenſer*, or Sir *Philip Sidney*. His Works are the following:

I. POLY-OLBION, Being a Deſcription of *England*.

II. *The Hiſtory of the Barons Wars.*

III. England's *Heroical Epiſtles*. Theſe were ſo well received, that they Entitled him to the appellation of the *Engliſh-Ovid*.

IV. *Legends of* ROBERT Duke of *Normandy*.

V. MATILDA.

VI. PIERCE GAVESTON.

VII. *The Idea.*

VIII. *The Nymphs and Shepherds.*

IX. *The Court of Fayries*

He lies interred in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, near the South Door, by thoſe two Eminent Poets *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*, with this Inſcription.

MICHAEL DRAITON, *Eſquire, a Memorable Poet of his Age, Exchanged his Laurel for a Crown of Glory.* 1631.

Do, pious Marble, let thy Reader know
What they and what their Children owe
To Draiton's *Name, whose Sacred Dust*
We recommend unto thy Trust.
Protect his Memory, and preserve his Story,
Remain a lasting Monument of his Glory.
And when thy Ruins shall disclaim
To be the Treasurer of his Name,
His Name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting Monument to Thee.

The Reverend Mr. RICHARD DUKE.

THIS Gentleman, the Son of an Eminent Citizen of *London*, was Educated at *Westminster* School, and from thence Elected to *Trinity* College in *Cambridge*. He was some time Tutor to the Duke of *Richmond*. Her late Majesty Queen *Anne* nominated him one of her Chaplains, and in the year 1713 preferred him to the Living of *Witney* in *Oxfordshire*, worth above 500 *l. per Annum*, which he did not long enjoy, Dying about two Years after.

His Poetical Works were Collected together (and Published with the Earl of *Roscomon's*) in the Year 1717. 8*vo*, Consisting of Translations from *Theocritus*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Ovid*, and *Virgil*. With Copies of Verses to his Friends, Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Waller*, Mr. *Creech*, Mr. *Otway*, &c. Also some Occasional Poems on State Affairs, one of which Intitled the REVIEW, The Editor informs us, "He wrote a little after the Publishing Mr. *Dryden's* ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL; he was "perswaded to undertake it by Mr. *Sheridan*, then

"Secre-

" Secretary to the Duke of *York*; but Mr. *Duke* " finding that Gentleman designed to make use of his " Pen to vent his Spleen against several Persons at " Court, that were of another Party, than that he " was engaged in, broke off proceeding in it, and " left it (imperfect) as it is now Printed.

E.

Mr. ALEXANDER ESSEBIE.

THIS Poet flourished in the Reign of King *Henry* the Third. 1220. The place of his Nativity is uncertain; some Writers say, he was born in *Staffordshire*, others tell us *Somersetshire* gave him Birth. He was esteemed one of the chief of the *English* Poets and Orators of his Time; and for his great Learning, was made Prior of *Esseby* Castle, belonging to the *Augustines*. His Works are,

I. *Christian Festivals*. Written in Imitation of *Ovid de Fastis*; setting a Copy therein to *Baptista Mantuan*.

II. *The History of the Bible*. An Heroick Poem. Written in Imitation of the Stile of *Virgil*.

Mr. EUSDEN, *Poet Laureat*.

THIS Gentleman succeeded the late Ingenious Mr. *Rowe*. He is Descended from a good Family in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, but was Educated at *Trinity* College in *Cambridge*. He

was Honoured with the Encouragement of that great Patron and Poet, the late Earl of *Halifax*, to whom in one of his Pieces, he tells us, he paid the first Products of his Muse. His present Patron is the Duke of *New-Castle*, who preferred him to the Bays. The chief of his Poetical Writings are the following, (*viz.*)

I. *To the Lord* HALIFAX. Occasioned by Translating into *Latin*, *His Lordship's Poem on the Battle of the* Boyne.

II. *On the Duke of* MARLBOROUGH's *Victory at* Audenard.

III. *On the King's Accession to the Throne.*

IV. *To the Reverend Dr.* BENTLEY, *on the opening of* Trinity College *Chappel* Cambridge.

V. *On a Lady who is the most Beautiful and Witty when she is Angry.* This Poem begins with these Lines,

Long had I known the soft, inchanting Wiles,
Which Cupid *Practised in* Aurelia's *Smiles.*
'Till by Degrees, like the famed Asian *taught,*
Safely I drank the sweet, tho' Poys'nous Draught.
Love vexed to see his Favours vainly shown,
The peevish Urchin Muthered with a Frown.

VI. *The Court of* VENUS. From *Claudian.*

VII. *The Speech of* PLUTO *to* PROSERPINE.

VIII. HERO *and* LEANDER. Translated from the *Greek* of MUSÆUS. This piece is well done. It begins thus,

Sing, Muse, the conscious Torch, whose Nightly Flame,
(The shining Signal of a brighter Dame)
Thro' trackless Waves the bold Leander *led,*
To taste the Dangerous Joys of Hero's *Bed:*
Sing the stol'n Bliss in gloomy Shades concealed,
And never to the blushing Morn revealed.

IX. *On*

IX. *On the Marriage of the Duke of* New-Caſtle *with the Lady* GODOLPHIN. This Poem procured him the Place of Laureat.

X. *The Lord* ROSCOMON'S ESSAY *on Tranſlated Verſe.* Done into *Latin.*

JOSEPH *of* EXETER.

AN Antient Poet, ſo called, from the Place of his Nativity. He was Stiled the *Golden Poet* of a *Leaden Age.* He flouriſhed in the Reign of King *Richard* the Firſt, and Accompanied that Prince in his Expedition to the *Holy Land,* celebraing his Warlike Actions in a Poem entituled, ANTIOCHEA. He was by King *John,* preferred for his great Deſerts, to be Archbiſhop of *Bourdeaux,* about the Year 1210. He alſo wrote,

De Bello Trojano ; An Heroick Poem, in Six Books. Mr. *Camden* tells us, this piece was only the Verſion of *Dares Phrygius,* Tranſlated into *Latin* Verſe ; but it was ſo well received abroad, that in *Holland* it was printed under the Name of *Cornelius Nepos,* to the great injuſtice of our famous Country Man.

F.

Mr. ROBERT FABIAN.

THIS Gentleman was born and bred in the City of *London,* and at length made Sheriff thereof ; to which Office he was Elected *Anno* 1493,

and lastly chosen Alderman. He was a Person of a Volatile temper, and very facetious in Conversation, entertaining his Guests more agreeably with his turns of Wit, than his Eatables, tho' his Feasts were remarkably Sumptuous. He bent his Mind much to the Study of Poetry, and History, Composing two large Chronicles in Verse, the one from *Brute* to the Death of King *Henry* the Second, the other from the First of King *Richard*, to the Death of *Henry* the Seventh. Of his Poetry, his Verses made for the Honour of the City, were mostly esteemed. He died at *London*, *Anno* 1511, and was buried at St. *Michael's* Church in *Cornhill*.

Sir *John Suckling*, in the Contest between the Poets for the Bays, makes *Apollo* merrily adjudge it to an Alderman of *London*. Thus,

He Openly declared, that the best Sign
Of good Store of Wit's *to have good store of* Coin,
And without a Syllable more or less said,
The Laurel *He put on the* Alderman's *Head.*

Mr. Edmund Fairfax.

An Elegant Poet, in the Reign of King *Charles* the First, who besides several Productions of his own Genius, which have passed in the World with a general Applause, has given us an Excellent Translation of,

Godfrey of *Bologne*, an Heroick Poem, from *Torquato Tasso*, Stiled the Prince of *Italian* Poets.

Mr.

Mr. FENTON.

A Gentleman now living, born at *Shelton* near *New-Caſtle*, Under *Line*, in *Staffordſhire*. He was Educated at *Jeſus* College in *Cambridge*, and is at preſent Secretary to the Right Honourable *Charles* Earl of *Orrery*. He has lately obliged the World with a Volume of Excellent Poems, Dedicated to his Lordſhip. The chief whereof are,

I. *An* ODE *to the* SUN.

II. *Part of the* 14th *Chapter of* ISAIAH, *Paraphraſed.*

III. *An Epiſtle to Mr.* SOUTHERN. Containing Characters of our *Engliſh* Poets.

IV. *The* XIth *Book of* HOMER's *Odyſſes*, Tranſlated.

V. *A Paſtoral on the Death of the late Marquiſs of* BLANDFORD.

VI. *An Epiſtle to* THOMAS LAMBARD, *Eſq;*

VII. *The fair* NUN, A Tale. This piece has a great deal of Humour in it.

VIII. *The Widows* WILE, A Tale.

IX. *A Tale in the manner of* CHAUCER. This Poem is very Entertaining.

X. CUPID *and* HYMEN. Sappho *to* Phaon, and ſeveral other Tranſlations.

The Honourable Mrs. FINCH.

A Lady of the Noble Family of the Earl of *Nottingham*, who has writ ſeveral ſmall Pieces of Poetry, which are deſervedly admired,

I. *An Epiſtle to the Honourable Mrs.* THYNNE.
II. *An Invocation to the Southern Winds.* Inſcribed to the Earl of *Winchelſea.*
III *The Fall of* CÆSAR.

THOMAS FLATMAN *Eſq;*

A Bariſter at Law, of the Middle-Temple; He was a Gentleman of Eminence in his Profeſſion, and likewiſe equally ingenious in the Two Noble Arts of Painting and Poetry: which he made uſe of only for his own private Entertainment.

The Excellent Collection of Poems written by him, conſiſt chiefly of Pindaric Odes, Songs, and Sonnets. The 3*d* Edit. 8*vo.* Printed in the Year 1682.

Mr. PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THE Divine Spirit of Poeſie ſeems to be Hereditary in his Family, for this Gentleman, was not only the Son of a Poet, but Brother to Two eminent Poets, in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; His Father *Giles Fletcher*, Eſq; was Doctor of Laws and ſent Ambaſſador to *Muſcovy*; our Author was Educated at *King's-College* in *Cambridge*, where he became Fellow, and acquired a very great Reputation. His Poetical Performances are intitled, *Piſcatory Eclogues*, but the chief Piece written by him, was *The Purple Iſland*, a Poem, very much eſteemed, and Scarce, wherein are the following Lines:

Thrice

Thrice happy was the Worlds first Infancy,
Nor knowing yet, nor curious ill to know:
Joy without Grief, Love without Jealousy;
None felt hard labour, or the sweating Plough:
The willing Earth brought Tribute to her King---

And in another place, speaking of Covetousness.

Vain Men, too fondly wise, who plough the Seas,
With Dangerous Pains another Earth to find:
Adding new Worlds to th' old, and Scorning ease,
The Earth's vast Limits daily more Unbind!
The Aged World tho' now it falling shows,
And hastes to set, yet still in Dying grows,
Whole Lives are spent to Win what one Death's hour
[*must lose.*

His Brother *Giles Fletcher*, wrote a Poem called Christ's *Victory*; when he was only Batchelor of Arts: And his other Brother *George Fletcher*, was Author of a Poem entitled, Christ's *Victory and Triumph over*; *And after Death*: both of them very much Commended.

Mr. ABRAHAM FRAUNCE.

THIS Poet imitated *Latin* Measure in *English* verse, but 'tis no wonder he is followed by so few, since it by no means becomes either the *English*, or any other Modern Language. He wrote a Pastoral intitled, *The Countess of* Pembroke's IVY CHURCH,

CHURCH. Also the Countess of *Pembroke's* EMANUEL; A Poem on *The Nativity, Passion, Burial,* and *Resurrection of* CHRIST. With certain *Psalms* of DAVID, all in *English Hexameters*; and likewise began a Translation of HELIODORUS's ETHIOPICK History, in the same kind of Verse. He died about the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth.*

G.

Sir SAMUEL GARTH, *Knt. M. D.*

THIS Gentleman was descended of a very good Family in *Yorkshire.* After he had finished his School Education, he removed to St. *Peter's* College in the University of *Cambridge*, where he compleated his Studies in the Art of Physick. He has justly merited the Reputation of one of the best Poets of his Time, by his admirable Poem, *The* DISPENSARY. A Judicious writer * observes, that this Work *hath lost and gained in every Edition. Almost every thing* (says he) *that Sir* Samuel *left out was a Robbery from the Publick; Every thing he added hath been an Embellishment to his Poem.* He was an Excellent Physician, Affable and Courteous in his Behaviour, and never better pleased than in doing good Offices, either to Friends or Strangers, who required his Assistance.

* See Major *Pack's* Miscellanies. 2*d* Edition. 8*vo*, *pag.* 102.

Besides,

Besides his *Dispensary*, he has published the following Pieces,

I. CLAREMONT. A Poem Inscribed to the Duke of *Newcastle*.

II. *To the Lady* Berkeley, *with* OVID's Epistles.

III. *To the Earl of* Burlington, *with* OVID's Art *of* Love.

IV. *The Fourteenth Book of* OVID's Metamorphoses *Translated*.

V. *Three Prologues*. 1. Designed for Mr. *Rowe*'s TAMERLANE. 2. *At the opening of the Theatre in the* Hay-Market. 3. *At a Musick-Meeting*. Also, *An Epilogue to Mr.* Addison's CATO.

VI. *Verses to the Earl of* Godolphin.

VII. *Two Orations spoken at the College of Physicians*. 1. *On the Faculty*. 2. *On the Death of Mr.* Dryden.

He died *Jan.* 18*th* 1718--19. and was Buried on the 22*d* of the same Month, in the Church of *Harrow* on the *Hill*, in the Vault there built by him for the Interment of his Family.

These Lines in the *Dispensary*, on Death, are Inimitable.

'Tis to the Vulgar, Death too harsh appears;
The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.

To Die, is landing on some silent Shore,
Where Billows never break, nor Tempests roar;
E'er well we feel the Friendly stroke, 'tis o're.
The Wise thro' Thought, th' Insults of Death defie;
The Fools, Thro' bless'd Insensibility.
'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave;
Sought by the Wretch, and Vanquish'd by the Brave.
It eases Lovers, sets the Captive free;
And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.

Mr.

Mr. JOHN GAY.

TO this Gentleman we are obliged for the following Poems, *viz.*

I. *The* Shepherd's WEEK, *in six* Paſtorals. 1. *The Squabble*; 2. *The Ditty*; 3. *The Dumps*; 4. *The Spell*; 5. *The Dirge*; 6. *The Flights.*

II. *The Fan.* A Poem, in Three Books.

III. PANTHEA. A Poem.

IV. ARAMINTA. A Town Eclogue.

V. *Rural Sports.* A Poem inſcribed to Mr. *Pope.*

VI. *A Journey to* Exeter.

VII. *A Letter to a Lady,* on the Arrival of the Prince of *Wales.*

VIII. TRIVIA; Or, *The Art of walking the Streets of* London. The Epiſode of the Invention of *Pattens,* which concludes the firſt Book of this Poem, is very Entertaining, *viz.*

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny ſoil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil;
One only daughter bleſt his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) ſhe bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.

Whilſt on her Father's knee the damſel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the ſmiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon

Soon as the bluſhing morning warms the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty huſwife bears,
And ſinging to the diſtant field repairs:
And when the plains with ev'ning dews are ſpread,
The milky burthen ſmoaks upon her head.
Deep, thro' a miry lane ſhe pick'd her way,
Above her ankle roſe the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden ſpies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes,
He ſaw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty met in one.
Ah Mulciber! recal thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian ſpouſe,
Think how her eyes dart inexhauſted charms,
And canſt thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian pow'r forſakes the realms above,
His boſom glowing with terreſtrial love.
Far in the lane, a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholſome ground.
Here ſmoaks his forge, he bares his ſinewy arm,
And early ſtrokes the ſounding anvil warm;
Around his ſhop the ſteely ſparkles flew.
As for the ſteed he ſhap'd the bending ſhoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil reſts, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his ſoothing tales, ſhe feigns delays;
What Woman can reſiſt the force of praiſe?

At firſt ſhe coyly ev'ry kiſs withſtood,
And all her cheek was fluſh'd with modeſt blood:
With headleſs nails he now ſurrounds her ſhoes,
To ſave her ſteps from rains and piercing dews;

She

She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.

This Vulcan saw, and in his heav'nly thought,
A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bare her safely through the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the Patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his suit, though flatt'ry fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail.
The Patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

Besides these Poems, Mr. *Gay* has given us a Celebrated Ballad called *Sweet* WILLIAM's *Farewel* to *Black-ey'd Susan*, and likewise Translated the Story of *Arachne*, &c. from OVID's *Metamorphoses*. For his Dramatick pieces, See the Poetical Register, *pag.* 114.

ROBERT *of* Gloucester.

A Monk of that City, and the most Ancient Poet I find in the Records of our *English* History; he flourished in the Reign of King *Henry* the Second. Mr. *Camden* had a great esteem for him, and quotes divers of his old *English* Rhimes in Praise of his Native Country; but Mr. *Selden* and other Antiquaries valued him more for his History

ſtory than his Poetry, for a Specimen of the latter, take the following Lines,

A Kynge there was in Brutayne DONWALLO *was his*
Staleworth and hardy, a Man of grete Fam: [*Nam*
He ordeyned ſurſt yat Theeves yat to Temple flowen wer,
No Men wer ſo hardy to do hem deſpit ther;
That hath he moche ſuch yhold, as hit begonne tho,
Hely Chyrch it holdeth yut, and wole ever mo.

He lived to a good old Age, and died about the beginning of the Reign of King *John.*

The Right Honourable SIDNEY *Earl of* GODOLPHIN.

THIS Excellent Nobleman, was deſcended of an Ancient Family of that Name, in the County of *Cornwal*, ſeated there long before the Conqueſt. He was Grandſon to Sir *William Godolphin*, and Son of Sir *Francis*, who Married *Dorothy* Daughter to Sir *Henry Berkeley*, Knight, and had beſtowed on him a very liberal Education. In the Year 1661. he was choſe Burgeſs to ſerve in Parliament for *Helſton* in *Cornwal*, and ſo for ſeveral Parliaments afterwards. He was twice Embaſſador to *Holland*, and one of the Lords of the Treaſury; and Principal Secretary of State in the time of *Charles* the Second. And alſo in the ſame Reign, made Firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, and Lord *Godolphin* of *Rialton*. In the firſt Year of King *James* the Second: He was made Lord Chamberlain, and again Commiſſioner of the Treaſury. He was of the Privy Council to King *William*, and four times

times one of the Lords Juſtices, during the King's Abſence beyond Sea. And in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, he was made Lord high Treaſurer of *England*, which Important poſt he held above eight Years; he was likewiſe Created Viſcount *Rialton* and Earl of *Godolphin* by her Majeſty, and made Knight of the moſt noble Order of the Garter. His Lordſhip was an able Miniſter, a great Stateſman, and an Eligant Poet. The following pieces appear under his Name in the Miſcellanies.

I. CUPID's *Paſtime.*

II. *The Paſſion of* DIDO *for* ÆNEAS. Tranſlated from the Fourth Book of *Virgil.*

III. *A Fable of the Beaſts ſick of the Plague.*

IV. *An Anſwer to Mr.* Waller's *Poem upon the Storm and Death of* Oliver Cromwell. Beginning thus,

We muſt reſign Heaven his great Soul does claim,
In ſtorms as loud as his Immortal Fame;
His dying Groans, his laſt Breath ſhakes our Iſle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral pile.

Which are thus inverted by my Lord *Godolphin.*

'Tis well He's gone, (O! had he never been)
Hurry'd in Storms loud as his crying Sin.
The Pine, the Oak, fell proſtrate for his Urn,
That with his Soul, his Body too might burn.
Winds pluckt up Roots, and the fixt Ceders move
Roaring for Vengeance to the Heav'ns above.

Theſe Pieces my Lord wrote in his Younger Years. His Lordſhip retiring from Publick Affairs, died of the Stone, with which he had been many Years afflicted, at the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Seat near

near St. *Albans*, on the 15*th* of *September*, 1712. in the 68*th* Year of his Age; and was Interred on the 8*th* of *October* in *Westminster Abbey*.

Mr. ROBERT GOULD.

THE Poetical Works of this Author were Publisht about a Year after his Death, *Anno* 1709. In two Volumes 8*vo*, and Dedicated by his Widow to the Earl of *Abingdon*. Consisting of Songs, Love Verses, Epistles of Friendship, Miscellanies, Hymeneals, Lucinals, Funeral Elegies, and Eclogues, Divine Poems, Satires and Pindarick Odes.

" His Writings tho' of several kinds, the Editor " observes, are alike fitted to the Subject he treats of, " and the way he chuses to handle it in, but especi- " cially his Satires, in which his main Talent lay, " are every where sharp and poignant, which is " the more to be admired, as proceeding from so " smooth, so sweet, and so every way agreeable " a Temper. He seems to have writ with the Soli- " dity of *Virgil*, the Sprightliness of *Horace*, and the " Tartness of *Juvenal*; tho' he knew no more of " those happy Originals than what he met with in " their several Translations.

The first Poem Mr *Gould* Published, and which made him known by its Popularity; was that Intitled, LOVE *given over*: Or, *A Satire against* WOMAN. This Piece met with many Antagonists, but Sold many Impressions: tho' for a Specimen of his Vein of Satire, I think the following Lines are some of the justest and best he ever writ,

The Strumpet, who by Proſtitution Lives,
And in that Court, but curs'd Vocation Thrives,
All Arts muſt try, and all her Snares muſt lay,
With Pleaſures ſoften, and with ſmiles betray;
Now chill her Lover with a forc'd Diſdain,
And when he can no longer bear the Pain,
Look pleas'd, and warm him into Luſt again:
While he by choice, diſſolving in her Arms,
Has not a Wiſh, or Hope, beyond her Charms. *

Sir John Gower.

THIS Gentleman was born at *Stitenham* in *Yorkſhire*, and Deſcended of an honourable Family. He was bred to the Law, but having a plentiful Eſtate, and prizing his Pleaſure above his Profit, he quitted Pleading to follow Poetry, being the firſt Refiner of the *Engliſh* Tongue. He was a Man of Univerſal Learning, and not only Contemporary with, but an intimate Friend of the Famous Chaucer: and likewiſe held in great Eſteem both by King *Henry* the Fourth, and King *Richard* the Second, at whoſe requeſt he wrote his Book Intitled *Confeſſio Amantis:* And *Bale* makes him *Equitem Auratum & Poetam Laureatum*, proving both, from his Ornaments on his Monumental Statue; but *Stow* in his *Survey of London* will not allow him to be a Knight, only an Eſquire. He flouriſhed before *Chaucer*, and was by ſome accounted his Maſter, yet he ſurvived him two years, living to be quite blind, and ſo might more properly be termed our

* See the 2*d Vol.* of his Works, *pag.* 51.

Engliſh

English Homer. He died *Anno* 1402. and was buried in St. *Mary Overies* Church in *Southwark*, on the North side, in the Chapel of St. *John*, where he founded a Chauntry, and endowed it with an Yearly income for a Mass to be daily Sung for him, as also an *Obit* within the same Church, to be kept on the Friday after the Feast of St. *Gregory*. Over his Tomb, is his Statue, in a habit of Purple Damask down to his Feet, (which made some think he was a Judge in his old Age) a Collar of S.S. about his Neck, and on his Head a Chaplet, like a Coronet of four Roses: Under his Feet the likeness of three Books, which he Compiled, the first called *Speculum Meditantis*, written in *French*, the second *Vox Clamantis*, written in *Latin*; and the third *Confessio Amantis*, written in *English*; which last was printed by *Thomas Berthelette* after his Decease, and Dedicated to King *Henry* the Eighth.

On the Wall over him, were Painted three Virgins with Coronets on their Heads, one of which named (*Charity*) holding this Device,

En toy qui es fitz de Dieu le Pere,
Sauve soit, qui gist sous ceste pierre.

The second writing, (*Mercy*) with this Motto.

O bone Jesu fait toy Mercy
A l'ame, dont le corps gist icy.

The third writing, (*Pity*) with this Device.

Pour ta pitie Jesu regarde,
Et met ceste ame en Sauve garde.

And near these formerly hung a Table, wherein was written, that *whoso Prayed for the Soul of* JOHN GOWER, *so oft as he did it, should have a* M. & D. (1500.) *Days of Pardon.*

Hic jacet Joannes Gower *Armiger*,
Anglorum Poeta celeberrimus, ac
Huic sacro Edificio Benefactor insignis,
Temporibus Edw. *M.* & Rich. II.
Armigeri Scutum nihil a modo fert tibi tutum,
Reddidit immolutum Morti generale tributum,
Spiritus exutum se gaudeat esse solutum
Est ubi virtutum Regnum sine labe Statutum.

Mr. JOHN GOWER.

A Schoolmaster, who lived at *Castle-Heningham* in *Essex*, about a Century past; Author of a Poem called,

The Castle Combate. A witty Piece; received in that Age with great Applause.

H.

JOHN HARDING, *Esq*;

OUR Famous *English* Chronologer, an Ancient Poet; born as *Bale* conjectures in *Yorkshire*, and descended of a very good Family. He was equally addicted to Arms and Arts, spending his Youth in the one, and his Age in the other: his Valour and Stedfast Adherence to the Fortunes of King *Edward* the Fourth, very much endeared him

to

to that Prince; but what placed him higheſt in his Majeſties eſteem, was his taking a Journey into *Scotland*, where by his Behaviour he ſo far inſinuated himſelf into the good Graces of the People, as not only to get a ſight of their Records, and Original Letters; but obtained leave to Copy them, which he brought over, and preſented to the King. From which afterwards, he Collected a Hiſtory of the ſeveral Submiſſions, and ſacred Oaths of Fealty, openly taken by the Kings of *Scotland* to the Kings of *England*, from the Reign of King *Athelſtan* to that Time. A Work which was made much uſe of by the *Engliſh*. He alſo wrote a Chronicle of our *Engliſh* Monarchs, from BRUTE to King EDWARD the Fourth, in Verſe, a very Elaborate and Exact Piece, which gained him the Reputation of one of the chief Poets in his Time. He died about the Year 1462. To Illuſtrate his Poetical Abilities, and therein give you a Specimen of our Ancient Poetry, I ſhall inſert ſome of his Chronicle Verſe, concerning the Magnificent Houſhold, kept by King RICHARD the Second.

Truly I heard Robert Ireleſſe *ſay,*
Clarke of the Green-Cloth, and that to the Houſhold
Came every daye forth moſt part alway
Ten thouſand Folke, by his Meſſes told,
That followed the hous aye as thei wold.
And in the Kechin, three hundred Servitours,
And in eche Office many Occupiours.
And Ladies faire, with their Gentlewomen,
Chamberers alſo and Lauenders,
Three hundred of them were Occupied then;
There was great Pride among the Officers,
And of all Men far paſſing their compeers;

Of Rich arraye, and much more costous,
Then was before, or sith, and more precious.

Sir JOHN HARRINGTON.

THIS ingenious Poet, and accomplished Gentleman, was born near *Bath* in *Somersetshire*, where he had a plentiful Estate. He was Educated in (*Christ's* or) St. *John's* College *Cambridge*, where he made a great proficiency in Learning, and was very much esteemed; Doctor *Fuller* allowing him to be a Poet in all things except his Wealth. Queen *Elizabeth* was his Godmother, and his Father for carrying a Letter to that Princess (before she was Queen) was Imprisoned twelve Months in the *Tower*: His Mother also, being Servant to that Princess was sequestred from her, and his Father injoyned not to keep Company with her; so that on both sides he was endeared to Queen *Elizabeth*.

Besides a Volume of *Epigrams*, he obliged the World with an Excellent Translation of *Arioſto's* ORLANDO FURIOSO, Dedicated to the Lady *Elizabeth*, afterwards Queen of *Bohemia*.

He died about the middle of the Reign of King *James* the First.

WILLIAM HARRISON, *Esq*;

THIS promising young Gentleman was of *New* College in *Oxford*, where he arrived to a great Perfection in all kinds of Polite Literature, after-

aftewards he applied himself to publick Business, and was her late Majesty's Secretary to the Congress at *Utrecht*. He was a Man of Wit and great Capacity, he died in *Holland*, 1713. having only given us,

I. *Woodstock Park*. A Poem. Inscribed to the Lord Chancellor *Cowper*.

II. *On an* Orange Sprig *stuck in a Lady's Breast*. This is a very pretty piece, and much admired.

III. *The Passion of* SAPPHO. With some other small pieces, interspersed in the Miscellanies, and several entertaining Papers in the TATLER.

STEPHEN HARVEY, *Esq*;

A Barrister of the Middle Temple. He had a Seat (I think of his Family) at *Betchworth* in *Surrey*. He was a Man of Learning, and it is Praise sufficient to him, that he was a Favourite of that Excellent Lawyer, the Lord Chancellor *Somers*. He Translated the Ninth Satire of *Juvenal*, and the Passion of BYBLIS from *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoses*.

In his Translation of *Juvenal*, he has these Excellent Verses.

There is a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly Publishing his Neighbour's Shame:
On Eagles *Wings immortal scandals fly,*
While virtuous Actions are but Born and Die.

HAVILLAN.

A Learned Poet, who flouriſhed about the time of *Richard* the Second. He wrote ſeveral Poems very well approved of in thoſe days, one whereof was on the arrival of *Brute*, which has theſe Lines,

[at Command,
The Gods did guide his Sail and Courſe, the Winds were
And Totneſs *was the happy Shore where firſt he came*
[on Land

In another place, the Author has a very good Deſcription of Gyants, ſuppoſed to be Reſident in *Cornwall*; where he thus begins,

There Gyants whilome dwelt, whoſe Clothes were Skins of Beaſts.

The Reverend Mr. JOHN HENLEY.

SON of a Clergyman, the Vicar of *Melton-Mowbray* in *Leiceſterſhire*, deſcended of a *Devonſhire* Family of that Name. He was born in that Town, *Aug.* 3*d* 1692. and Educated at the Free-School Eſtabliſhed there, about the ſpace of eight Years. Thence he was removed to the School of *Okeham* in *Rutland*, in proſpect of an Advantage annexed to it in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, and his ſtay there was ſomething more than a Year. At the Age of Seventeen, he was admitted in St. *John*'s College in *Cambridge*, and in the Year 1713. Commenced Batchelor

lor of Arts. In the Year 1715. at the Age of twenty three he was Elected Master of the Free-School in his Native Town above mentioned; and Commenced Master of Arts in the following year. He was Ordained a Deacon by Bishop *Wake*, and Priest by Bishop *Gibson* of *Lincoln*: And taken by his Father into the Cure of his Parish, as his Assistant.

This Gentleman has Published an Excellent Poem upon the Scripture History of ESTHER, in Four Books, and a Copy of Verses on *Laughing*, printed in the *Court-Miscellany*, Numb. 2. He was the first Projector and Undertaker of an Universal Grammar, in the *English* Tongue, which he begun at the Age of 27, in the Year, 1719.

The Reverend Mr, GEORGE HERBERT.

THIS Gentleman was a Younger Brother of the Noble Family of the *Herberts* of *Montgomery*, now Earls of *Pembroke*. A Family that has been blest with Men of Remarkable Wisdom. He was born in the Year 1593. and Educated at *Westminster* School, from whence he was Elected to *Trinity* College in *Cambridge*; and being a Person of great Wit, Learning and Eloquence, he was at length chosen University Orator. He for some time followed the Court, and his great Abilities and Polite Behaviour recommended him to the favour of King *James*; but at last he entered into Orders, and had conferred on him the Living of *Bemerton* near *Salisbury* in *Wiltshire*, where he spent the remainder of his Life in Retirement, and the Heavenly Studies of Divine Poetry. His Works are printed in one Volume 12*mo*. Intitled, The *Temple: Sacred*

Sacred Poems, and Pious Ejaculations. Which are very much admired. And in the Year 1719. was Publiſhed the Thirteenth Edition of them, they are Divided into Three Parts. 1. *The Church-Porch.* 2. *The Church.* 3. *The Synagogue.* And ſpeaking of Poetry, in the former he has this Couplet,

A Verſe may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

RICHARD *the* Hermit.

A Religious Perſon, contemporary with *Robert* of *Gloceſter*, who Studied very much in converting the Church Service into *Engliſh* Verſe, wherein he made a great Progreſs. He likewiſe Tranſlated all the PSALMS of *David*, The Collects, Epiſtles, Goſpels, *&c.* into *Engliſh* Verſe.

He died in the middle of the Reign of King *John* about the Year 1208.

Mr. JOHN HIGGINS.

A Poet who Flouriſhed about the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth.* He was eſteemed an Hiſtorian of ſome Repute, having had the greateſt hand in compiling *The Hiſtory of the Mirrour of Magiſtrates.* Which Work, ſays the Learned Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his *Defence of Poeſie*, *I account meetly furniſhed of Beautiful Parts.* "Theſe "Commendations as Mr. *Winſtanley* obſerves coming "from

" from so worthy a Person, and our Author having " so Principal a share therein, deserves a Principal " part of the Praise, shewing in his Writings a " great deal of Wisdom and Learning.

Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

THIS Gentleman was very much esteemed by Mr. *Dryden*, He had a fine Poetical Genius, especially in touching the *Passion of Love*, as appears by his *History of Love*, (Being a Connection of Select Fables from OVID's *Metamorphoses*) which gained him a deserved Reputation. He afterwards Published *The Art of Love*. This piece added to his Fame, and happily brought him acquainted with the great Earl of *Dorset*, and other Persons of Distinction, who were fond of his Company through the agreeableness of his Temper, and the Pleasantry of his Conversation. It was in his Power to have made his Fortune in any Scene of Life, but he was always more ready to serve others, than mindful of his own Affairs; and by the Excesses of hard Drinking, and a too Passionate fondness for the fair Sex, he Died a Martyr to the Cause in the 36*th* Year of his Age.

Besides the two Pieces above-mentioned, he has in the Miscellanies several Original Poems and Translations, *viz.*

I. *The Court Prospect*, an Excellent piece.

II. *Epistles to the Earl of* Dorset, Anthony Hammond, *Esq*; *Mr.* Congreve, *and Mr.* Yalden.

III. *Pastorals.*

IV. *Elegies from* TIBULLUS.

V. *A Farewel to Poetry.* All which are remarkable for the Purity of their Diction and the Harmony of their Numbers.

HEN-

HENRY HOWARD *Earl of* Surrey,

SON of *Thomas Howard* Duke of *Norfolk*, by *Frances* his Wife, Daughter of *John Vere* Earl of *Oxford*. " He was the firſt, ſays Mr. *Camden*, of " our *Engliſh* Nobility that did Illuſtrate his high " Birth, with the Beauty of Learning, and his " Learning with the Knowledge of divers Lan- " guages, which he attained unto by his Travels " into Foreign Nations. In his way to *Florence*, he touched at the Emperour's Court; where he became acquainted with that Celebrated Magician, *Cornelius Agrippa*, who ſhewed him the Image of his Miſtreſs (*Geraldine*) in a Glaſs, Sick, reclined on her Bed and weeping for the Abſence of her Lord; upon ſight of which he made this *Sonnet*.

All Soul, no earthly Fleſh, why doſt thou fade?
All Gold, no earthly Droſs, why look'ſt thou pale?
Sickneſs, how dar'ſt thou one ſo fair invade?
Too baſe Infirmity to work her Bale.
Heaven be diſtempered ſince ſhe grieved pines.
Never be dry theſe my ſad plaintive Lines.
Pearch thou my Spirit on her Silver Breaſt,
And with their Pains redoubled Muſick Beatings,
Let them toſs thee to Worlds where all Toil reſts,
Where Bliſs is ſubject to no Fear's defeatings;
Her Praiſe I tune whoſe Tongue doth tune the Spheres,
And gets new Muſes in her Hearers Ears.
Stars fall to fetch freſh Light from her rich Eyes,
Her bright Brow drives the Sun to Clouds beneath.
Her Hairs reflex with red ſtrakes paints the Skies,
Sweet Morn and Evening dew flows from her Breath;

Phœbe

Phœbe *rules Tides, she my Tears Tides forth draws,*
In her Sick bed Love sits, and maketh Laws.
Her dainty Limbs Tinsel her Silk soft Sheets,
Her Rose Crown'd Cheeks, Eclipse my dazled sight.
O Glass! with too much Joy my Thoughts thou greets,
And yet thou shew'st me Day but by Twilight.
I'll Kiss thee for the kindness I have felt,
Her Lips one Kiss would unto Nectar *melt.*

During his stay at this Court, he Proclaimed an Universal Challenge to any who should dispute the Beauty of his Mistress; which being accepted, as he had Honourably undertaken, he as bravely performed, and came off *Victor*. For this his approved Courage, the Duke of *Florence* made him large offers to stay with him, but he Generously refused them, intending, as he had done in *Florence*, to defend the Honour of his *Geraldine* in all the chief Cities in *Italy*; which Design was frustrated, by his being speedily recalled into *England*.

However, before he left the City of *Florence*, he visited the House of his Mistress's Nativity, and being conducted into the Chamber where she was born, he writ the following Lines,

Fair Room, the Presence of sweet Beauty's pride,
This place the Sun upon the Earth did hold,
When Phaeton *his Chariot did misguide,*
The Tower where Jove *rain'd down himself in Gold.*
Prostrate as Holy Ground I'll worship Thee,
Our Lady's Chappel henceforth be thou nam'd;
Here first Love's Queen put on Mortality,
And with her Beauty all the World inflam'd
Heaven's Chambers harbouring fiery Cherubins,
Are not with thee in Glory to Compare;

Lightning,

Lightning, it is not Light which in thee ſhines,
None enter Thee, but ſtrait intranced are.
O! if Elizium *be above the Ground,*
Then here it is, where nought but Joy is found.

This Noble Earl was one of the chief Refiners of the *Engliſh* Tongue, and his Poetry muſt be allowed for the Time he lived in, to be ſurprizingly ſmooth and beautiful. Mr. *Winſtanley* tells us, that together with his Learning, he had Wiſdom, Fortitude, Munificence and Affability, yet all theſe excellent Qualifications, were no Protection againſt the King's Diſpleaſure, for on the 12*th* Day of *December*, in the laſt Year of the Reign of King *Henry* the 8*th*, he with his Father, upon certain ſurmizes of Treaſon, were ſent to the *Tower* of *London*, the one by Water, the other by Land, that they might not know of each others Commitment. On the 15*th* Day of *January* following, the Earl was Arraigned at *Guild-Hall*, where the greateſt Crime alledged againſt him, was, for bearing certain Arms which were ſaid to belong to the Royal Family; yet tho' he fully proved it his Right to bear thoſe Arms, he was by a Common Jury brought in Guilty, had Sentence of Death paſſed upon him, and on the 19*th* day of the ſame Month (nine days before the Death of the King) was Beheaded on *Tower-Hill*, and his Body Interred in the Chapel belonging to the *Tower*. In the Reign of King *James* the Firſt, His Corps was removed by his Second Son *Henry*, Earl of *Northampton*, to the Church of *Framingham* in *Suffolk*, there Depoſited, and a Monument erected to his Memory, with this Inſcription,

HEN-

HENRICO HOWARDO,
THOMÆ *Secundi Ducis* Norfolciæ *filio primogenito,*
THOMÆ *tertii Patri,*
Comiti Surriæ, *&* Georgiani *Ordinis Equiti Aurato,*
Immature Anno *Salutis* 1546. *Abrepto.*
Et Franciscæ *Uxori ejus filiæ* Johannis *Comitis* Oxoniæ
Henricus Howardus *Comes* Northamtoniæ
Filius Secundo genitus,
Hoc supremum pietatis in Parentes, Monumentum
Posuit, A. D. 1614.

Mr. *Pope* in his *Windsor Forrest,* inscribed to the Lord *Lansdown,* has the following Lines,

Here, noble Surrey *felt the Sacred Rage,*
Surrey, *the* Granville *of a former Age;*
Matchless his Pen, Victorious was his Lance;
Bold in the Lists, and Graceful in the Dance:
In the same shades the Cupids *tun'd his Lyre,*
To the same Notes of Love, and soft Desire:
Fair Geraldine, *bright object of his Vow,*
Then fill'd the Groves, as heavenly Myra *now.*

A Correct, and Beautiful Edition of the Works of this Celebrated Nobleman, was re-printed by Mr. *Curll,* in the Year 1717.

Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

THE Miscellaneous Poems, written by this Honourable Person were by himself Collected into one Volume 8vo, among which his *Duel of the Stags.*

Stags. The Changes of Nature, from *Lucretius,* and his Excellent Piece *Against the Fear of Death,* gained him no small Reputation. The latter, has these incomparable Lines.

We always should remember Death is sure,
What grows familiar most, we best endure?
For Life and Death succeed like Night and Day,
And neither gives Increase, nor brings Decay.
We all must pass thro' Death's dead-Sea of Night
To reach the Haven of Eternal Light.

Mr. *Dryden* in a Copy of Verses to this Gentleman, gives the following Character of his Poetry,

----In your Verse, a Native sweetness dwells,
Which shames Composure, and its Art excells,
Singing, no more can your soft Numbers grace,
Than Paint adds Charms unto a Beauteous Face.

JOHN HUGHES, *Esq;*

AN Ingenious Gentleman now living, whose Father was a Citizen of *London,* of good Character, Figure and Credit. He was born at *Marlborough* in *Wiltshire,* but from his Infancy Educated in *London,* and received the first Rudiments of Learning at private Schools. In the earliest Years of his Youth, he was led with an equal Ardor to the pursuit of the Sister Arts of Poetry, Drawing, and Musick; but for the most part followed these and other Studies of Humanity, only as agreeable Amuse-

Amuſements under the frequent Confinement of Indiſpoſition and a continual Valetudinary State of Health. He had for ſome time, an Employment in the Office of Ordnance, and was Secretary to two or three Commiſſions under the Great Seal, for purchaſing Lands for the better ſecuring the Docks and Harbours at *Portſmouth*, *Chatham* and *Harwich*. In the Year 1717. the Lord *Cowper*, to whom he was then but lately known, was pleaſed (as I have been informed of his own accord, and without any previous Sollicitation) to make him his Secretary for the Commiſſions of the Peace, and to Diſtinguiſh him with very Singular Marks of his Favour and Eſteem; And upon his Lordſhip's laying down the Great Seal, Mr. *Hughes* at this Lord's particular Recommendation, and with the ready Concurrence of his Succeſſor was continued in the ſame Employment, which he now enjoys under the Right Honourable the Lord *Parker* the preſent Chancellor; whoſe affection to Men of Letters is well known, his Lordſhip being himſelf a very Learned Man. Thus we ſee Merit preferred in the Advancement of a Perſon whoſe Abilities and Accompliſhments are ſufficiently acknowledged, but not more to be admired than his winning Behaviour and extenſive good Nature. His Poetical Works are the following,

I. *A Paraphraſtical* Imitation of *Horace*'s *Integer Vitæ*, &c. This Piece was written when the Author was very Young, and is to be found in the late Collection of Select *Odes* of *Horace*, Tranſlated by ſeveral Hands.

II. *The Triumph of Peace.* A Poem, printed in the Year 1698. This was written whilſt the Author was yet under Twenty Years of Age, on occaſion of the Peace at *Reſwick*.

III. *The Court of Neptune.* A Poem, printed in the Year 1700. Written on King *William*'s Return from *Holland*, two Years after the Peace.

IV. *The Houſe of* Naſſau, *a Pindarick Ode.* Publiſhed on King *William*'s Death, 1702. This Poem takes in the Story and Principal Characters of King *William*'s Family (according to the Manner of *Pindar*, in Celebrating his Heroes) and therefore could not but be acceptable to the Lovers of that Prince.

V. *An* Ode *in Praiſe of Muſick*; performed at *Stationer's Hall*, in the Year 1703. This with a Poem in *Praiſe of Heroick Verſe*, and ſome other ſmall pieces by the ſame Hand, were Publiſhed in a Collection of Poems, printed in the Year 1709.

VI. *An* Ode *to the Creator of the World*, occaſioned by the Fragments of *Orpheus*, printed in the Year 1713.

VII. *Six* Cantatas, *after the* Italian *Manner.* Set by Doctor *Pepuch.* With a Preface concerning *Recitative Muſick.* Theſe were printed (with the Muſick) without the Author's Name; and were only deſigned as an Eſſay (the firſt in its kind) of theſe ſort of Compoſitions in the *Engliſh* Language: they were made before the introducing of *Italian Operas* on our Stage, tho' not Publiſhed 'till afterwards.

VIII. Calypso *and* Telemachus, An *Engliſh* Opera, ſet to Muſick by Mr. *Galliard*, after the *Italian* Manner, and performed at the Theatre in the *Hay-Market*, in the Year 1712. This Opera met with great Oppoſition by the *Italian* Band, but notwithſtanding, it had good Succeſs in the performance.

IX. *An* Ode *on the Birth-Day of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of* Wales. Set to Muſick by Dr. *Pepuch*, and performed in the Year 1715.

X. A-

X. APOLLO *and* DAPHNE. A Masque, set by Dr. *Pepuch*, and performed at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

XI. *An Allusion to* HORACE's *Integer Vitæ*: A short Poem, written on the first breaking out of the late Rebellion, being a Parodie or Application of that ODE to those Times.

These are the Poetical Writings of this Gentleman; and the Pieces written by him best received, (tho' all of them found Approbation) are, *The Triumph of* Peace, *The House of* Nassau, and *his* ODE *to the* Creator *of the World*; the first was very much Applauded by the Wits and Judges of that Time: Nor was the Court of *Neptune* without its Praise, wherein are the following Verses on King *William*'s crossing the Sea to *Holland*, which I insert to shew his happy Choice of Metaphors.

As when the Golden God *that rules the Day*
Drives down his flaming Chariot to the Sea,
And leaves the Nations here involv'd in Night,
To distant Regions he Transports his Light;
So William's *Rays by turns Two Nations cheer*
And when he Sets to them he Rises here.
Nor was it fit that William's *Godlike Mind*
For Nations born, should be to One Confin'd.

In his ODE on her Royal Highness's Birth-Day, *Fame* pronounces these Lines in Honour to his present Majesty;

O Thou with ev'ry Virtue Crown'd,
Britannia's *Father and her King renown'd!*
Thus in thy Offspring greatly blest,
While thro' th' extended Royal Line
Thou seest thy propagated Lustre shine,
What secret Raptures fill thy Breast!

So Smiles Apollo *doubly Gay,*
When in the Diamond with full Blaze,
He Views his own Paternal Rays,
And all his bright reflected Day.

To her Royal Highneſs, in the ſame ODE.

Detraction from her preſence flies;
And while promiſcuous Crouds in rapture gaze,
Ev'n Tongues diſloyal learn her Praiſe,
And Murm'ring Envy ſees her ſmile and Dies.

Mr. *Hughes*'s Poems for Muſick, to do him Juſtice, have the propriety of being ſtrictly contriv'd and fitted for that Art; which could not have been done by any one who had not Studied it. The ODES of *Callimachus*, *Steſichorus*, and *Horace* were not Deſpiſed on this Account, and I ſee no reaſon why Poetry and Harmony (which are called Siſters) ſhould not be made to agree. The Court of *Neptune* was particularly admired for the Verſification, an Art much Studied of late, but perhaps ſometimes to the neglect of the more Subſtantial Part of Poetry: *Neptune* in this Poem is an Allegory repreſenting the Sea, and the Heathen Mythology, in this piece, may be objected againſt by ſome of our beſt Modern Criticks, who are for Baniſhing the *Pagan* Divinities entirely out of our Poetry. *Boileau* and Sir *William Temple* were of another Opinion: But in Epick Writings ſuch Machines are not now to be made uſe of, tho' a mixture may be forgiven in leſſer Poems. The ODE occaſioned by the Fragments of *Orpheus*, was printed at the particular Inſtance of Mr. *Addiſon*, who took notice of it, once or twice in the *Spectator*.

This

This Gentleman likewiſe ſome Years ago, Tranſlated Monſieur *Fontenelle*'s Dialogues of the Dead, with the Addition of two Original Dialogues; and it is remarkable that this was mentioned in the *Journal des Scavans* at *Paris*, when it has not been uſual for that Paper to take any Notice of Tranſlations. As for other Works in Proſe, he has lately Publiſhed a piece entitled *Charon*, or, *The Ferry-Boat*, a Viſion; which ſhews a great deal of Invention, and has an inſtructive Moral. The Author of the *Spectator* having made mention of Mr. *Hughes*, among other Gentlemen who were occaſional Contributors to that Work, if the Reader is Curious to be informed of any particular pieces written by him, ſome entire Papers (beſides Letters, *&c.*) are as follow, In *Vol.* 3. (*Spectator*) No. 210. 237. In *Vol.* 5. No. 375. And in *Vol.* 7. No. 525. 537. 541. 554.

Mr. JABEZ HUGHES.

YOUNGER Brother to Mr. *John Hughes*, who has given the Publick three Pieces of Poetry.

I. *A Poem on the Anniverſary of King* William's *Birth-Day.*

II. *A Tranſlation of* CLAUDIAN's *Poem*, de Raptu *Proſerpinæ.* This piece is performed with a great deal of Spirit; and the Author has ſhewn himſelf a Perſon of Learning and Judgment.

III. *The Battle of* Perſeus *and* Phineus. From the Fifth Book of *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſes.

K.

Dr. HENRY KING *Bishop of* Chichester.

THIS Reverend Prelate, Son of Doctor *John King* Bishop of *London*, in the Reign of King *James* the First, was born at *Warn-Hall* near *Tame* in *Buckinghamshire*, and Educated at *Christ-Church-College* in *Oxford*. He was a great Lover of Musick, Poetry, and other ingenious Arts; of an obliging Conversation, and admired for his Wit and Fancy, as well as his great Piety. In the Year 1641. when Episcopacy was sinking, he was advanced by King *Charles* the First, to be Bishop of *Chichester*, it being conceiv'd the most effectual Method for the Restitution of this Order, to prefer Persons not only of unblamable Lives and Eminent for their Learning; but also such as were Generally beloved by all disinterested People. The King's Choice, amongst these, was very happy in this great Divine, who lived a most Religious Life, and did not die 'till after his Order was Restored. At his leisure hours he Composed his admirable Version of DAVID's Psalms in *English* Metre.

Where he died or was buried I cannot learn; but his Excellent Father, whom the Son in all things imitated, was interred in the Quire of St. *Paul*'s, with the plain, but Memorable Epitapth of RESURGAM, which a noted Wit of that Age thus Enlarged upon.

Sad Relique of a blessed Soul, whose Trust
Is Seal'd up safe in this Religious Dust.

O do not thy low Exequies Suspect,
As the cheap Arguments of our neglect.
'Twas a Commanded Duty that thy Grave
As little Pride as thou thy self should have.
Therefore thy Covering is an humble Stone,
And but a Word for thy Inscription.
When those that lye in the same Earth near thee,
Have each his Chronicle and Pedigree.
Go search the World, and when more time is spent,
You must Grant his the Nobler Monument;
Whose Faith *stands oe'r him for a* Hearse, *and hath*
The RESURRECTION *for his* Epitaph.

WILLIAM KING, *L. L. D.*

A Gentleman well Descended, related to the noble Families of *Clarendon* and *Rochester*, and who had a small Paternal Estate near *Reading* in *Berkshire*. He was Educated as a King's Scholar under Dr. *Busby*, at *Westminster* School, and Elected from thence to *Christ-Church* College in *Oxford*. He chiefly applied himself to the Study of the Civil Law, and took his Degrees regularly; and upon his Commencing Doctor, he went up to the Commons, where he soon gained a Reputation and fell into good Business: but the natural Gaity of his Temper, and the Love of Company led him too much into those Pleasures and Freedoms that are inconsistent with the Practise of a Profession. This in some time occasioned him to withdraw into *Ireland*, where he officiated as Judge Advocate, and was well received and Countenanced by Men of the First Stations in that Kingdom. Here he might have made his Fortune, if the change of Climate had made any Alteration on his Mind, which it was

ſo far from, that he returned back with only a few Merry Poems, and Humerous Eſſays. His Behaviour was always Courteous and Obliging, his Converſation chearful, and his Wit pleaſant and Entertaining. At laſt he Deſerted all manner of buſineſs, and Subſiſted chiefly by his pen and the kindneſs of his Friends, (which he found too late as moſt Authors do, a weak ſupport) and his Conſtitution being as low and ſhatter'd as his Fortunes, he died in the Year 1712. in Melancholy Circumſtances near *Ludgate*. The chief of his Poems, are,

I. *The Art of Love.* In Imitation of *Ovid de Arte Amandi.*

II. *The Art of Cookery.* In Imitation of *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry.* This is an Excellent piece.

III. *Apple-Pye.* A Poem. This piece has a great deal of Humour in it.

IV. *The* FURMETARY. A very Innocent and Harmleſs Poem, in Three Cantos.

V. ORPHEUS *and* EURIDICE. A Poem.

VI. MULLY *of Mountown.* A Poem.

Beſides his Poetry, he writ ſeveral very Humerous pieces in Proſe, *viz.*

I. *A Journey to* London *in the Year* 1698. After the Ingenious Method of that made by Dr. *Liſter* to *Paris* in the ſame Year.

II. *Animadverſions on Mr.* Moleſworth's *Account of* Denmark.

III. *Dialogues of the Dead.* Relating to the Controverſie concerning the Epiſtles of *Phalaris.*

IV. *Uſeful Tranſactions.* Being Satyrical Remarks upon the Philoſophical Tranſactions of the *Royal Society.* He was generally too fond of low Humour in his Writings, which he affected out of a Natural Propenſity to Mirth.

L. *Mr.*

L.

Mr. JOHN LELAND.

A Famous Antiquary and Poet. He was born in *London*, and flouriſhed about the Reign of King *Edward*, the Sixth. He wrote ſeveral Poems, and a Volume of *Epigrams* well eſteemed in his Time, which are the following pieces,

I. *Cignea Cantio*, A *Genethliac* of Prince *Edward*.

II. *Næniæ upon the Death of Sir* Thomas Wiat. This Poem has theſe *Latin* Verſes.

Tranſtulit in noſtram Davidis *carmina linguam,*
Et numeros magna reddidit arte pares.
Non morietur opus terſum, ſpectabile, ſacrum,
Clarior hac Fama parte Viattus *erit.*
Una dies geminos Phœnices non dedit orbi,
Mos erit unius, vita ſed alterius.
Rara avis in terris confectus morte Viattus,
Houerdum *hæredem ſcripſerat ante ſuum.*
Dicere nemo poteſt recte periiſſe Viattum,
Ingenii cujus tot Monumenta Vigent.

Mr. WILLIAM LILLY.

THIS Learned Gentleman was born at *Odiham* in *Hampſhire*. In his Youth he Travelled to *Jeruſalem*, and returning home, he made ſome ſtay at *Rhodes* to Study *Greek*. Hence he went to *Rome*, where

where he heard the Lectures of *John Sulpitius* and *Pomponius Sabinus*, those great Masters of *Latin*. Coming to *London* he was made the First Master of St. *Paul*'s School, founded by Doctor *John Collet*, with Lands to the value of 120 *l. per An.* for ever. This place he commendably Discharged for Fifteen Years, during which time he composed his celebrated *Latin Grammar*. He also writ variety of Epigrams, and other *Latin* Verse, as appears by the following Lines to Mr. *Skelton*, who had let fly a great deal of Satire against Mr. *Lilly* in some of his Verses.

Quid me Sceltone *fronte sic aperta*
Carpis, vipereo potens veneno?
Quid Versus trutina meos iniqua
Libras? Dicere vera num licebit?
Doctrinæ, tibi dum parare famam,
Et Doctus fieri studes Poeta,
Doctrinam ne habes, nec es Poeta.

Thus Translated.

With Face so bold and Teeth so sharp,
Of Viper's venom, why dost carp?
Why are my Verses by thee weigh'd
In a false Scale? May truth be said;
Whilst thou to get the more esteem,
A learned Poet fain wouldst seem,
Skelton *thou art, let all Men know it,*
Neither Learned, nor a Poet.

He died of the Plague, *Anno* 1522, and was buried in St. *Paul*'s Church, with this Epitaph on a Brass Plate fixed in the Wall by the great North Door,

GULI-

GULIELMO LILIO,
Paulin Scholæ olim Præceptori
Primario, & Agnetæ *Conjugi, in Sacratiſſimo*
Hujus Templi Cæmiterio hinc a tergo nunc
Deſtructo conſepultis: Georgius *Lilius, hujus*
Eccleſiæ Canonicus,
Parentum Memoriæ pie conſulens,
Tabellam hanc ab amicis conſervatam,
Hic reponendam curavit.

Doctor THOMAS LODGE.

A Facetious Doctor of Phyſick who Flouriſhed in the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign. He was a Man of Learning, and more good Nature than is generally to be found amongſt the Modern Practiſers in the *Æſculapian* Art. He was famous at Paſtoral, Odes, and Songs, and the following amorous Sonnet is aſcribed to him.

If I muſt Die, O Let me chuſe my Death;
Suck out my Soul with Kiſſes, cruel Maid!
In thy Breaſts Cryſtal Balls embalm my Breath,
Dole it all out in Sighs when I am laid;
Thy Lips on mine like Cupping Glaſſes Claſp;
Let our Tongues meet, and ſtrive as they would ſting:
Cruſh out my Wind with one ſtraight girting Graſp,
Stabs on my Heart keep time whilſt thou doſt Sing.
Into Heaven's Joys none can ſo clearly ſee,
As when they firſt ſhall meditate on thee.

Colonel

Colonel RICHARD LOVELACE.

A Poet of the laſt Age, Deſcended from the noble Family of the Lord Viſcount *Lovelace*. He was a Gentleman of fine Learning, a Lover, and a Soldier, and in all theſe Accompliſhments, he ſo far excelled, that Mr. *Winſtanley* compares him to the famous Sir *Philip Sidney*: Sir *Philip*, Celebrated his Miſtriſs under the bright Name of STELLA, the Colonel ſung the Lady Regent of his Affections by the Name of LUCASTA. His Poems were very much eſteemed by all Lovers of Ingenuity; and his undaunted Spirit acquired him the moſt Heroick Character. He well deſerved what was writ on Sir *Philip Sidney*, in an Epitaph; *viz.* the Reputation of, *A Scholar, Soldier, Lover, and a Saint.*

Mr. MARTIN LUELLIN.

THIS Gentleman was bred up a Student in *Chriſt-Church* College in *Oxford*, and afterwards he followed the Practice of Phyſick. In his Younger Years he was very much inclined to the Delights of Poetry, when he wrote an Ingenious Poem, Entituled,

Men Miracles, this piece was received with great Applauſe; it being Publiſhed at a time ſays Mr. *Winſtanley*, when there was not only Cobling Preaching, but Preaching Coblers.

Mr.

Mr. JOHN LYDGATE.

THE Celebrated Monk of *Bury*, was a Poet of great Eminence. He was born in a Village of the ſame Name, near St. *Edmondsbury*, in *Suffolk*, and flouriſhed in the Reign of King *Henry* the Sixth. When he had ſpent ſome time in our *Engliſh* Univerſities, he Travelled through *France* and *Italy*, where he made great Improvements, and Accompliſhed himſelf in Learning and Arts. After his Return he became Tutor to many Young Noblemen, and inſtructed them in ſuch a Manner, as rendered them Ornaments to their Country. He writ both in *Engliſh* and *Latin*, many Excellent Tracts, in Proſe and Verſe, amongſt which are Odes, Satires, and other Poems. He juſtly acquired the Reputation of the beſt Author of the Age, wherein he lived; and if *Chaucer*'s Works had greater Learning, *Lydgate*'s were Superior for Language. His Poetry is ſo pure, and ſo eaſie, that one might miſtake him for a Modern writer; and becauſe none can ſo well Deſcribe him as himſelf, I ſhall here inſert ſome of his Verſes, out of the Life and Death of *Hector*.

I am a Monk by my Profeſſion,
In Bury, *call'd* John Lydgate *by my name,*
And wear a Habit of Perfection;
Altho' my Life agree not with the ſame.
That meddle ſhould with things Spiritual,
As I muſt now confeſs unto you all.

But

But seeing that I did herein proceed
At his Command * *whom I could not refuse,*
I humbly do beseech all those that read,
Or leisure have, this Story to peruse;
If any faults therein they find to be,
Or Error, that committed is by me.
That they will of their gentleness take pain,
The rather to Correct and Mend the same,
Than rashly to condemn it with disdain,
For well I wot, it is not without blame;
Because I know the Verse therein is wrong,
As being some too short, and some too long.
For Chaucer, *that my Master was, and knew*
What did belong to writing Verse and Prose,
Ne'er stumbled at small faults, nor yet did view
With scornful Eye the Works and Books of those,
That in his time did Write, nor yet would taunt,
At any Man, to Scare him or to Daunt.

He died near Sixty Years of Age, about the Year 1440. and was buried in his own Convent at *Bury*, having this Epitaph upon his Tomb,

Mortuus Sæclo, Superis Superstes,
Hic Jacet Lydgate *tumulatus Urna:*
Qui fuit quondam celebris Britannæ
Fama Poesis.

* King *Henry* the Fifth.

M.

ARTHUR MANWARING, *Esq;*

A Person equally admired with any of his Time, not only as a fine Gentleman, but a Polite Writer. He was born at *Ightfield* in *Shropshire*, in the Year 1668. And Descended of a very Ancient Family; for we find his Ancestors in the Rolls of *William* the Conqueror. In his Infancy, he gave great hopes of the Progress he would make in Learning. He was Educated at the Grammar School at *Shrewsbury*; from whence he was removed to *Christ* Church College in *Oxford*, having Mr. *Smalridge* (late Bishop of *Bristol*) for his Tutor. He resided at the University several Years, and Prosecuted his Studies with great Diligence, but he took the greatest Pleasure in the Classicks, which gave him a true Taste of Poetry. From *Oxford* he went to *Cheshire*, and lived some Time with his Uncle, Mr. *Francis Cholmley* a Nonjuror; and having a Dependance upon him, and being very Young, he gave himself up to his Sentiments. Here he continued to apply the greatest part of his Time to the *Belles Lettres*, and formed a kind of Common-place to help him in it. Coming to *London*, he took to the Study of the Law (for which he was originally designed) at his Father's House in *Essex-Street*, near the *Temple*: But his Constitution being too tender for these Laborious Studies, his Applications soon ceased, and he fell into the Acquaintance of Men of the first Character for Rank and Wit. Now he began to write, and 'tis said

ſaid firſt Publiſhed ſome Pieces againſt King *William*, and his Miniſtry. But being afterwards introduced into the Company of the Earl of *Dorſet*, and the Duke of *Somerſet*, who is Related to the *Cholmley* Family, he conceived another Notion of Right and Liberty, than he had before. When he was about five or ſix and twenty Years of Age, his Father died and left him an Eſtate of about Eight hundred pound a Year, but very much incumbred. After this, upon the Concluſion of the Peace of *Reſwick*, he Travelled into *France*, and at *Paris* became acquainted with the famous Monſieur *Boileau*. Upon his return to *England*, by the Intereſt of the Lord *Halifax*, and the Duke of *Somerſet*, he ſucceeded Sir *Walter Young* as Commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms; and afterwards contracting a very great Intimacy with the late Lord *Godolphin*, then Lord Treaſurer, and coming very heartily into the Revolution Principles, he was made Auditor of the Impreſt: And in the Year 1705. choſen a Burgeſs to ſerve in Parliament for *Preſton* in *Lancaſhire*; which Borough he Repreſented in ſeveral Parliaments. He for many Years ſhewed a particular regard and eſteem for the Celebrated Mrs. *Oldfield*: Her agreeable Perſon, and fine turn of Converſation had a ſufficient Influence to gain his Affection; which continued to the time of his Death. He died (leaving her Executrix of his Will, and having Iſſue by her a Son) in the Year 1712. and lies Interred in the Church of *Chertſey* in *Surrey*, where his Father and Grandfather were buried. The chief of his Poetical Works are the following.

I. *The firſt and ſecond Odes of* Horace. Tranſlated.

II. *Characters of the Miniſtry in the Year* 1710.

III. *A Fable.* Ovem Lupo Commiſiſti.

IV. *The Hind and Vine.*

V. *Cu-*

V. CUPID's *Court.*

VI. *The Southsea Whim.* And some other Songs against the Tory Ministry.

Mr. *Manwaring*, upon introducing the *Italian* Opera's on the Stage, was one of the First that Espoused it, having a refined Taste of Musick; and he writ the Prologue to *Camilla*, which begins thus,

While Martial Troops with more than Martial Rage,
For Austria *these for* Bourbon *those Engage:*
Cover with Blood th' unhappy Latian *Plains,*
Insult their Shepherds, and oppress their Swains:
Camilla *frighten'd from her Native Seat.*
Hither is Driv'n to beg a safe Retreat.

He likewise wrote the Epilogue to this Opera, and some Epilogues to Plays, spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield*, particularly to *Perolla* and *Izadora*; *The Wifes Relief*, Or, *The Husbands Cure*; And the following, designed for the *Amorous Widow*, Or, *The Wanton Wife*, (now first printed from his Original Manuscript) is very pretty.

To all that Grace this Theatre to Day
My thanks with humble gratitude I pay
May all the Fair, in Life successful prove;
And all the Men obtain what most they Love:
But chiefly those, on whose Important care
Depends the future Progress of the War;
May all such Men have this propitious Doom,
Conquest abroad and just Returns at Home.

Now, to my Spouse ----- (I must constrain my Nature
And try hence forward to endure the Creature)
Come here, thou solid Comfort of my Life
Forgive the faults of thy Repenting Wife.

Consider, mine I did but just begin;
I ran the Danger, but escap'd the Sin.
And since the matter is so gently ended,
My ways hereafter shall be strangely mended.
Sure, I was Mad, with a kind Spouse like this,
To think of wronging such a lovely Piece.
Behold his Eyes so bright, his skin so Sleek
His winning Leer, and Dimple in his Cheek
Well! 'tis resolv'd: I'll strive with Hymen's *grace,*
To doat upon this venerable Face.
But if so blest an Union cannot be
I'm sure in one thing we may both agree,
(A thing too common in a Married State)
Which is, each other heartily to hate.

This Gentleman also writ Remarks on the *Memorial of the Church of* England; *The History of* Hannibal *and* Hanno; *The* French *King's promise to the* Pretender; *A Defence of the Barrier Treaty*; with some other State Tracts in Prose. And he had the greatest share in Writing the Paper called the *Medley* (at its first setting up) in answer to the *Examiner*.

ANDREW MARVEL, *Esq;*

A North-Country Gentleman, of a good Family, and Member of the long Parliament. He was a Person of Wit and Learning, and applying himself to Poetical Studies, he has given the World several Performances: what was most to his Honour is, his being the first that found out the Beauties of *Milton*. His Poems are,

I. *On*

I. *On* MILTON's *Paradise Lost.* This is an Excellent piece.

II. *Damon the Mower.*

III. *Young Love.* A Poem.

IV. *Musick's Empire.* This piece, one of the best of Mr. *Marvel*'s Writing, begins,

First was the World as one great Cymbal made,
Where Jarring Winds to Infant Nature plaid.
All Musick was a Solitary sound,
To hollow Rocks and murm'ring Fountains bound.
Tubal *first made the wilder Notes agree*----

V. *Instructions to a Painter relating to the* Dutch-Wars. 1667.

VI. *Britannia* and *Raleigh*; a Dialogue.

VII. *Oceana* and *Britannia.*

VIII. *An Historical Poem.* This piece relates to King *Charles*'s Exile and Restauration: being a Satire upon both.

IX. HODGE's *Vision from the Monument.*

X. *A State Dialogue between the two Horses at* Charing-Cross *and* Stocks-Market. In this piece the Author has shewn a great deal of Humour, concluding with this remarkable Couplet,

But when will these things be mended?
When the Race of the Line of the Stuarts *is ended.*

XI. *Nostradamus*'s *Prophecies.*

XII. *Royal Resolutions.*

XIII. *On* BLOOD's *Stealing the Crown.* This is an Epigram, very much Reflecting upon the Priests; how justly, I leave others to Determine.

When daring Blood, *his Rent to have regain'd,*
Upon the Engliſh *Diadem diſtrain'd;*
He choſe the Caſſock, Surſingle and Gown,
The fitteſt Mask for one that Robs the Crown:
But his Lay-Pity *underneath prevail'd,*
And whilſt he ſav'd the Keeper's Life, he fail'd.
With the Prieſts Veſtment had he but put on
The Prelate's Cruelty, the Crown had gone.

Mr. John Milton.

A Perſon Eminent at Home, and Famous Abroad for his Univerſal Learning, born in *London* in the Year 1606. He was the Son of Mr. *John Milton*, and a Gentleman by his Education and Family, being Deſcended from the *Miltons* of *Milton* in *Oxfordſhire*; but he had too much good Senſe to value himſelf upon any other Qualities, than thoſe of his Mind, which only he could properly Denominate his own. His Father was by Profeſſion a Scrivener, and by his great Diligence and Honeſty he got a competent Eſtate in a ſmall Time, which made him amends for the Patrimony he was Diveſted of, upon the embracing the Proteſtant Religion, for on that Account he was Diſinherited by his bigotted Parents. Our Author (Deſtined to be a Scholar) partly under Domeſtick Teachers, and partly under Dr. *Gill*, the chief Maſter of St. *Paul*'s School, ſoon made an incredible Progreſs in all ſorts of Learning. At Fifteen Years of Age, he was ſent to *Chriſt*'s College in *Cambridge*, and before he had been there a Year, he gave ſeveral Proofs of his early Genius for Poetry: He firſt Tranſlated ſome of

of the *Psalms* into *English* Verse; in his Seventeenth Year he wrote a *Latin* Elegy, *On the Death of the Bishop of* Winchester, and several other Excellent Poems of that kind; 'twas then also, he Composed his fine Poem *On the Gun-Powder-Treason*, which with the rest of his Juvenile Pieces, shew him to have been a Man almost in his Infancy, and that these Poems are exceedingly above the ordinary Capacity of that Age. He continued in the University of *Cambridge* seven Years, where he took the Degree of Master of Arts, and liv'd with great Reputation. After this, he for several Years attended his Father, in a Country Retirement, at *Horton* near *Colebrook* in *Berkshire*, and at his leisure perused all the *Greek* and *Latin* Writers; Diverting himself in the intervals of his Studies, with the Mathematicks and Musick, which gave him extraordinary Delight. Upon the Death of his Mother, with his Father's Approbation, he Travelled abroad. First he proceeded to *France*, having an Elegant Letter of Direction from Sir *Henry Wotton*; and being Arriv'd at *Paris*, he was received with great Marks of Esteem by the *English* Envoy there, who Recommended him to the Famous *Grotius* then Embassador from *Christina* Queen of *Sweden* at the *French* Court. From hence he parted for *Italy*, and staid about two Months at the City of *Florence*, which he infinitely admired for the Politeness of the Language, and Civility of the Inhabitants. Leaving *Florence*, he took his Tour to *Rome*, where he continued about the same space as he had done at *Florence*, to view the Remains of that Famous City, once the Mistress of the World. Here he became acquainted with the Celebrated *Lucas Holstenius* the *Vatican Librarian*, who used him very Courteously, and readily shewed him all the *Greek* Authors under his Care: For these Favours, *Milton*

afterwards wrote to him from *Florence* the Ninth of his familiar Letters. At *Rome* and *Florence* he contracted an intimacy with several very great and eminent Men, particularly *Carolo Dati* (a Nobleman to whom he writ the tenth of his Familiar Epistles) *Giovanni Battissa Manso*, Marquis of *Villa*, Patron to the great Poet *Tasso*; the Poet *Giovanni Salsilli*, and the Famous *Selvaggi*, who wrote him the following Distich.

Gracia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem:
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Salsilli extolled him for writing correctly in *Greek*, *Latin* and *Italian*. He was now preparing to pass over into *Sicily* and *Greece*, but the fatal News of a Civil War beginning in his own Country put a stop to his farther Travels. On his Return to *England* he touched again at *Florence*, and from thence came through *Venice*, *Milan*, *Geneva*, &c. He Arrived about the time that King *Charles* the First made his Second unsuccessful Expedition against the *Scots*; and hiring a handsome Lodging in the City, he now undertook the care of Educating his Sisters Sons, with some other young Gentlemen belonging to his intimate Friends. At this time he likewise conceived the Plan of an Epick Poem, and declared his Ambition of performing something in his Native Language, that might perpetuate his Name in these Islands, tho' he should be the more obscure and inglorious by it to the rest of the World. He then designed it for *The Warlike Actions of the old* British *Heroes*, and particularly of King *Arthur*, but his Excellent Pen was reserved for a more noble Subject. In the Year 1641. he Published two Books of *Reformation*. These were followed with several other Admirable Works in Prose, especially relating

ting to the Church; wherein he oppos'd the Great Bishop *Usher*, and some other famous Divines: and on Publishing his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, which shew'd not only the Excellency of his Stile and Capacity, but also his Affection to the good old Cause, he was made Secretary to the Council of State, for all Foreign Affairs (then negotiated in the *Latin* Tongue) and at length *Latin* Secretary to the Protector *Cromwell*.

But what made the most noise, and was the greatest stand for Liberty, was his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, in answer to the *Defensio Regia*, of the famous *Salmasius* a Professor of the University of *Leiden* in *Holland*: In this Controversie he had very much the Advantage of his Antagonist, and as a Reward for his Performance he was presented with a Thousand pounds, by the Council of State. One of his last pieces before the Restoration was intitled, *The ready way to Establish a free Common-Wealth, and the Excellence thereof compar'd with the Inconveniencies and Dangers of readmitting Kingship in this Nation:* This Book was very much admired by the *Oliverian* party, but King *Charles* being ready to Land, Mr. *Milton* was discharged from his Office of *Latin* Secretary, and obliged to abscond till the Act of Oblivion passed. It was the latter part of his Life before he wrote his *Paradise Lost*, when he had sufficient leisure to prosecute and finish it, but he at first intended this Work to be only a Tragedy. He was thrice Married; his first Wife was *Mary* the Daughter of *Richard Powel* of *Forresthill* in *Oxfordshire*, Esq; his second, *Catharine* the Daughter of Captain *Woodcock* of *Hackney*, and the third *Elizabeth* Daughter to Mr. *Minshal*, of *Cheshire*. He obtained a Divorce from his first Wife, but a Reconciliation afterwards happening, he had several Children by her. He was never very healthy, nor

over-much ſickly; and the Diſtemper moſt prevalent upon him, was the Gout, of which he died in the Year 1674. He lies interred in the Chancel of St. *Gile's* Church near *Cripplegate*.

Anthony Wood, in the firſt Volume of his *Athenæ Oxonienſes*, gives *Milton* the following Character. He was a Perſon (ſays this Author) of Wonderful parts, of a very Sharp, Biting and Satirical Wit; a Great Philoſopher and Hiſtorian; an Excellent Poet, *Latiniſt*, *Grecian* and *Hebrician*; and a good Mathematician and Muſician. He was deprived of his Sight before he perfected his *Paradiſe Loſt*, if not at the time he begun it; and his blindneſs he has thus inimitably Deſcribed,

Hail, holy Light; Offspring of Heaven Firſt-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal Beam,
May I expreſs Thee unblam'd? Since God is Light,
And never but in unapproached Light
Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in Thee
Bright Effluence of bright Eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure ethereal Stream,
Whoſe Fountain who ſhall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou we're; and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle, didſt inveſt
The riſing World of Waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs Infinite.
Thee I reviſit now with bolder Wing,
Eſcap'd the Stygian *Pool, tho' long detain'd*
In that obſcure Sojourn; while in my flight
(Thro' utter and thro' middle Darkneſs born)
I Sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
Taught by the Heavenly Muſe to venture down
The Dark Deſcent, and up to reaſcend
Tho' hard and rare. Thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy Soveraign vital Lamp; but Thou

Reviſiſt

Revisit'st not these Eyes that roll in vain
To find thy piercing Ray, and find no dawn:
So thick a drop serene has quench'd their Orbs
Or dim Suffusion veil'd! Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or Sunny Hill,
Smit with the Love of Sacred Song; but chief,
Thee, Sion, and thy flowry Brooks beneath
That wash thy hallow'd Feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit. Nor sometimes forget
Those other Two equall'd with me in Fate
(So were I equell'd with them in Renown)
Blind Thamyris *and blind* Mæonides,
And Tiresias *and* Phineus, *Prophets Old.*
Then feed on Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious Numbers; as the Wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Coverts hid,
Tunes her Nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n, or Morn,
Or sight of vernal Bloom, or Summers Rose,
Or Flocks or Herds, or Human Face Divine:
But Cloud instead, and ever-during Dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of Men
Cut off; and, for the Book of Knowledge fair,
Presented with an Universal Blank
Of Nature's Works to me expung'd and raz'd,
And Wisdom at one Entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather, thou Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the Mind thro' all her Pow'rs
Irradiat: There plant Eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and Disperse, that I may see and tell
Of Things invisible to Mortal Sight.

Mr. *Dryden* allows that *Milton*'s Thoughts are Elevated, his Words sounding, and that no Man has so happily Copied the manner of *Homer*; or so Copi-

Copiously Translated his *Grecisms*, and the *Latin* Elegancies of *Virgil*. His Description of the *Pandæmonium*, *Battle of the Angels*, *and Digression of Light*, as well as *The Creation of the World*, in his *Paradise Lost*, are all inimitable pieces; tho' Mr. *Dryden* will not allow his Subject to be that of an Heroick Poem, properly so called; because the Event is not prosperous (but losing our Happiness) like that of all other Heroick Works. *His Description of* Sampson's *Death*, and the severe *Satire on Woman*, in his Discourse with *Dalilah*, are of a piece with his other Writings; and to say nothing of his *Paradice Regained*, his Poems on *Mirth and Melancholly*; *An Elegy on his Friend that was Drowned*; and particularly a *Fragment of the Passion*, are incomparable: He was the fullest and loftiest Poet we ever had, and came up to that *Mens divinior atque os Magna Sonaturum*—Described by *Horace*.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH.

THIS Lady was the Daughter of the Right Honourable the Lord *Molesworth*, a Nobleman of *Ireland*, who is a Person of the Greatest Abilities, and Employs them in the service of his Country: He is a zealous asserter of the Protestant Interest, and his incomparable Pen has been oftentimes used in the Cause of Liberty. The pieces writtin by his ingenious Daughter, are Published under the Title of MARINDA. Poems and Translations upon several Occasions; with a Dedication to her Royal Highness the Princess of *Wales*, written by his Lordship. This Dedication is very much admired for its Excellent Character of the Princess;

and

and the Poems and Translations, which shew the true Spirit and Numbers of Poetry, a Delicacy of Turns, and justness of thought and expression, having the Approbation of her Royal Highness, stand sufficiently Recommended in the Records of Fame. The chief of these are,

I. *Runaway Love.* A Translation from *Tasso.* In this piece *Venus* having lost *Cupid*, offers this Reward for his Apprehension.

And he that finds the Boy shall have
The sweetest Kiss I ever gave;
But he that brings him to my Arms
Shall Master be of all my Charms.-----

II. *An Eclogue, in return to a Tale sent by a Friend.* This is an Excellent piece.

III. *Masque of the Virtues against Love.* From *Guarini.*

IV. *Human Frailty.*

V. *On Providence.*

VI. *The Timerous Lover.* From *Guarini.*

VII. *A Translation of part of the Fifth Scene of the Second Act of* Pastor-Fido.

VIII. *A Pastoral Dialogue.* From the *Spanish.*

IX. *On a Lady's Statue in Marble.*

X. *Sonetto.* From *Guarini.*

XI. *Canzone.* From *Petrarch.*

XII. *An Epistle to Marinda.* This Poem begins thus,

A just Applause, and an Immortal Name
Is the true Object of the Poet's aim;
In quest of this they boldly quit the Shore,
And Dangerous Seas and unknown Lands explore.
In the whole plan their Interest has no share,
The Goods of Fortune are beneath their Care,

They

They on the smoke of Publick Incense live,
Look down on Wealth, and think it mean to thrive.

XIII. *To Marinda.* A Puerperium.

XIV. *Canzone of Monsignior* Della Casa.

XV. *A Dialogue between* Lucinda *and* Strephon, on a Butter-Fly that revived before the Fire, and afterwards flew into it and was burnt.

XVI. *An* Ode *on the late Queen's Birth-Day.*

XVII. *On sight of the present Empress of* Germany.

XVIII. *Madrigals in Imitation of the* Italian.

XIX. *A Translation from* Tasso. Gierusalemme Liberata.

XX. *Upon* Orpheus *and* Euridice. From the *Spanish.*

XXI. Mocoli. A Poem, Addressed to Colonel *Richard Molesworth,* at the Camp at *Pratz del Rey,* in *Catalonia. Anno* 1711.

This Lady likewise writ several Excellent Epigrams. One whereof to *Cloe.*

Cloe *her Gossips entertains*
With Stories of her Child-Bed pains,
And fiercely against Hymen *rails;*
But Hymen's *not so much to blame:*
She knows, unless her Mem'ry fails,
E'er she was Wed, 'twas much the same.

And the following Epitaph on a *Gallant Lady,* was written by her.

O'er this Marble drop a Tear,
Here lies fair Rosalinde,
All Mankind was pleased with her,
And she with all Mankind.

These Poems were published after her Death.

The

The Right Honourable CHARLES MONTAGUE, *Earl of* Halifax.

THIS Great Nobleman, was fourth Son to the Honourable *George Montague, Esq;* of *Horton* in the County of *Northampton*, whose Father was *Henry* the First Earl of *Manchester*. He was born in the Year 1661. and scarce five Years of Age before he shewed such tokens of a pregnant Genius, that he was the Admiration of all that came near him. After he had gone through the First Rudiments of Learning, he was sent to *Westminster* School, and Elected King's Scholar there with great Applause. From thence he removed to *Trinity* College, *Cambridge*, but sooner than otherways it would have happened to Accompany his Friend Mr. *George Stepney*. Here by the Care of his Kinsman Dr. *John Montague* (now Dean of *Durham*) and a very polite Tutor, he was early taken notice of for his great progress in his Exercises, and Knowledge of all Classical Authors; and while he outshined his Contemporaries in Logick and Ethicks, he gave the greatest Proofs of his Advances in the Art of Poetry and Oratory. Upon the Death of King *Charles* the Second, the Heads of Colleges, Fellows, Scholars, *&c.* writ Copies of Verses, according to the Ancient Custom, as a Condolence and Congratulation to King *James* the Second his Successor; and herein Mr. *Montague* had an opportunity of Displaying his great Genius, which he did so successfully, that he was Distinguished by an Invitation to Town, from the late Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*. Accordingly he came to *London*, and

and soon encreased his Reputation by new Acquisitions of Fame; first in writing against Popery, particularly his *City Mouse*, and *Country Mouse* (in Conjunction with Mr. *Prior*) in answer to Mr *Dryden's Hind and Panther*. On the Abdication of King *James*, he was chosen one of the Members of the Convention, that Declared the Throne vacant, whereupon the Prince and Princess of *Orange* were made King and Queen of *England*, *&c.* Now the Earl of *Dorset* who had been early in going into Measures for bringing about the Revolution, was made Lord *Chamberlain*, and he recommended Mr. *Montague* to the King, who immediately allowed him a Pension of five hundred pounds a Year. After some time, and he had shewn his great Abilities in the Senate, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Treasury by King *William*, and soon after Chancellor of the Exchequer: and it must not be forgotten that the bringing about that great Work, the Recoining of our Money, was owing to his Wise and Prudent Management. In the Year 1698. he was made First Commissioner of the Treasury, and one of the Lords-Justices of *England*, during the King's Absence in *Holland*, and the Year following Created Baron of *Halifax*. But before his promotion he had conferred on him the Place of Auditor of the Exchequer, to supply the vacancy, by the Death of Sir *Robert Howard*, and *Sidney* Lord *Godolphin* succeeded him in the Treasury. In the late Reign, he was nominated one of the Commissioners for a Union with *Scotland*, and on the Demise of the Queen, made one of the Lords of the Regency in his Majesties Absence from his Kingdoms; and when his Majesty had taken Possession of his Throne, he appointed him First Commissioner of the Treasury, Created him Earl of *Halifax*, and made him Knight of the Garter. He was a Person of the most winning

ning Eloquence in Publick Assemblies; in private, the Life and Genius of Conversation, animated with the Strength of Reason, and all the Imbellishments of Wit; and 'tis owing to his Example, that the Man of Wit has turned himself to be a Man of Business. His Lordship's excellent Poems are, the following,

I. *A Poem on the Death of his most Sacred Majesty King* Charles *the Second.* In this piece, speaking of the Majestical Person and peaceable Disposition of King *Charles*, his Lordship has these Lines,

'Tis less to Conquer, than make Wars to Cease,
And without Fighting, awe the World to peace.

II. *An* Ode *on the Marriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess* Anne, *and Prince* George *of* Denmark.

III. *An Epistle to the right Honourable* Charles *Earl of* Dorset *and* Middlesex. Occasioned by his Majesties Victory in *Ireland.* In this Excellent Poem, my Lord, has these Verses in Compliment to King *William.*

Oh! Dorset! *I am rais'd! I'm all on Fire!*
And, if my Strength could answer my Desire,
In Speaking-Paint this Figure should be seen,
Like Jove *his Grandeur, and like* Mars *his Mien;*
And Gods Descending should adorn the Scene.
See see! Upon the Banks of Boyne *he stands,*
By his own view adjusting his Commands;
Calm and Serene the Armed Coast Surveys
And, in cool Thoughts, the diff'rent Chances weighs:
Then fir'd with Fame, and eager of Renown,
Resolves to end the War.----

Mr.

Mr. *Addiſon* wrote a Copy of Verſes to his Lordſhip, on his writing this Poem, which has theſe Lines,

And all the Heroe in full Glory ſhines.
We ſee his Army ſet in juſt array,
And Boyne's *dy'd Waves run Purple to the Sea.*

IV. *The Hind and the Panther*, Tranſverſed to the *Country Mouſe and the City Mouſe*. Mr. *Prior* aſſiſted in this Satire, as I have already obſerved: It has a great deal of Humour, and my Lord takes notice in his Preface, that it is as eaſie to imagine Two Mice bilking a Hackney Coachman, and ſupping at the Devil; as to ſuppoſe a *Hind* entertaining the *Panther* at a Hermit's Cell, diſcuſſing the greateſt Myſteries of Religion. It begins thus,

A Milk white Mouſe immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on ſoft Cheeſe, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;
Without unſpotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for ſhe knew no Ginn.

V. *The Man of Honour*. An admirable Poem; which has the following excellent Lines.

Not all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
A Prince's Whiſper, or a Tyrant's Frown,
Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
Of him who to ſtrict Honour is inclin'd.
Tho' all the Pomp and Pleaſure that does wait
On publick Places and affairs of State,
Should fondly Court him to be baſe and great:
With even Paſſions and with ſettled Face,
He would remove the Harlot's falſe Embrace.

Tho'

Tho' all the Storms and Tempests should arise,
That Church-Magicians in their Cells devise,
And from their settled Basis Nations tear;
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in Innocence, contemn them all,
And decently array'd in Honour, fall.
Honour, that spark of the Celestial Fire,
That above Nature makes Mankind aspire,
Ennobles the rude Passions of our Frame
With Thirst of Glory, and Desire of Fame;
The richest Treasure of a gen'rous Breast,
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
Wit, Strength, and Courage are wild dang'rous Force,
Unless this soften and direct their Course.
Of Honour, Men at first, like Women nice,
Raise Maiden scruples at unpractis'd Vice;
Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,
And stifles what they wish to act with shame:
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive,
That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live;
They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
Grow Strong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
True to no Principles, press forward still,
And only bound by Appetite their Will:
Now fawn and flatter while this side prevails,
But shift with ev'ry veering Blast their Sails.
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their service, and unbought their Love:
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey.

This excellent Person died the 19th of *May* 1715. Universally Lamented; and lies interred in General *Monk*'s Vault in *Westminster-Abbey*.

To do Justice to his Lordship and his Family, I shall Conclude my Account of him with this remarkable Paragraph of the Preamble to his Patent, on his Promotion to Peerage, in the Reign of King *William*. It begins thus,

Si ab antiquissima Procerum Familia splendorem derivare Honestum; si Rebus a se Pulchre gestis inclarescere, Glorioſum censeatur; utroque hoc nomine Singulari nostræ Æstimationi sese commendat prædilectus & perquam Fidelis Consiliarius Noster, CAROLUS MONTAGUE *Armiger: Illa Domo ortus, quæ est Tres Comites, & octo simul alterius ordinis Senatores in Imperii nostri Decus & subsidium Felici ubertate suffecit: Illis virtutibus ornatus quibus nullum Honoris Incrementum aut bonus Civis invideat, aut Æquus Princeps non ultro offerat.*

Sir THOMAS MORE.

A Gentleman admired for his Wit, Learning and Great Wisdom in the Reign of King *Henry* the Eighth. He was Son to Sir *John More*, Knight, one of the Justices of the King's-Bench, and was born in *London*, the Year 1480. He was Educated first in the Family of Archbishop *Morton*, and afterwards in *Canterbury* College *Oxford*; from whence he came to *New-Inn*, *London*, to study the Law, and from that Society he removed to *Lincolns Inn*. Here he had not been long before he was made double Reader, and soon after he had given him the place of Judge of the Sheriff's Court *London*. He was Knighted by King *Henry* the

the Eighth, then made Chancellor of the Dutchy of *Lancaſter*, and laſtly, Lord Chanceller of *England*; which High poſt he filled with Great Honour and Reputation. He was a Perſon of Great Integrity, and ſuch was his Excellency that 'tis difficult to Determine whether the Lawyer or the Stateſman was moſt conſpicuous. He was a moſt Accompliſhed Ambaſſador, and his Acquaintance ſought by the moſt learned Foreigners. His Maſter King *Henry* ſent him in an Embaſſy to the Emperor of *Germany*, where before he delivered it, he commanded one of his Servants to fill him a Beer Glaſs of Wine, which he Drank off; and afterwards repeated, at the ſame time directing his Servant to bring him a third; the Servant knowing his Maſter's uſual Temperance, at firſt refuſed to fill him another, being under a concern for his Behaviour, but on a ſecond Command of Sir *Thomas*, he did it; which being Drank, he then made his immediate Addreſs to the Emperor, and delivered his Oration in *Latin* like one inſpired, to the very great Admiration of all the Auditors: This I mention to ſhew the influence of Wine. But at laſt this Great Man fell into the King's Diſpleaſure (which was a common thing in this Reign) touching the Divorce of Queen *Catharine*, and for refuſing to take the Oath of Supremacy; for which he was committed to the *Tower*, and afterwards Beheaded on *Tower-Hill*, *Anno* 1535. He was buried at *Chelſea*, under a plain Monument. The Books written by this Gentleman were many, amongſt which there is ſome Poetry; but what bore the Greateſt Character of all his Writings was his,

Utopia, a piece of Great Fancy and Invention, tho' Written in Proſe; It is the Idea of a Compleat Common-Wealth in an imaginary Iſland, (but pre-

tended to be lately discovered in *America*) so exactly Counterfeited, that many Persons on the Reading it, easily mistook it for real Truth, and several very Learned and Zealous Divines were desirous of being Transported thither, to instruct the People in the true Religion, whose Manners they so well liked. Mrs. *Manley* seems to have taken the Hint for her *Atalantis* from this piece, tho' she has differently handled her Subject.

Mr. *Owen* the Epigramatist comparing Sir *Thomas More's Utopia*, with *Mercurius Britannicus*, has this Couplet,

More shew'd the best, the worst World's shew'd by thee:
Thou shew'st what it, and he shows what should be.

N.

Mr. Alexander Nequam.

An Ancient Poet, who Flourished in the Reign of King *John*. He was born at St. *Alban's* in *Hertfordshire*, and having a Liberal Education bestowed upon him, he became one of the most Learned Men of the Age wherein he lived. His Knowledge in Arts and Sciences, made him Famous throughout *England*, *France* and *Italy*, which with his Great Wit, acquired him the Title of *Miraculum ingenii*. He was likewise an Excellent Divine, and an Admirable Poet in those Days. He was made Canon of *Exeter*, and some Writers tell us, he was preferred to the Abbotship of *Gloceſter*: But certain it is, he was Abbot of St. *Marics*

ries in *Cirencester*. at the time of his Death. He once had an inclination to become a Monk in St. *Albans*, the place of his Nativity, and thus merrily wrote to the Abbot for Admission;

Si vis, veniam, sin autem, tu autem.

To which the Abbot answered,

Si bonus sis, venias, si nequam, nequaquam.

Whereupon it was said, to avoid such Jokes for the future, he altered his Name from *Nequam*, to *Neckam*.

Bishop *Godwin*, in his Account of the Bishops of *Lincoln*, makes mention of a Passage of Wit between him and *Philip Repington*, then Bishop of that Diocess, the latter sending *Nequam* these Lines.

Et niger & Nequam cum sis cognomine Nequam,
Nigrior esse potes, Nequior esse nequis.

Both black and bad, whilst bad the Name to Thee,
Blacker thou may'st, but worse thou canst not be.

To which *Nequam* Replied.

Phi *nota fatoris*, Lippus *malus omnibus horis*,
Phi *malus*, & Lippus, *totus malus ergo Philippus.*

Stinks are branded with a Phi,
Lippus Latin *for blear-Eye,*
Phi and Lippus bad as either,
Then Philippus worse together.

This Poet wrote many excellent Pieces, and in his *Elegy on* Conſtantine *the Great*, are theſe Verſes.

From Colcheſter *there roſe a Star,*
The Rays whereof gave Glorious Light,
Throughout the World, in Climates far,
Great Conſtantine, Rome's *Emperor bright.*

Our Writers of Antiquity differ in their Accounts of the Place of Interment of this Poet; ſome ſay he was buried at *Worceſter*, with this Epitaph,

Eclipſim patitur ſapientia, ſol ſepelitur,
Cui ſi par unus, minus eſſet flebile funus;
Vir bene diſcretus, & in omni more facetus,
Dictus erat Nequam, *vitam duxit tamen æquam.*

Others tell us he was Interr'd at St. *Albans*, with the Epitaph following,

Alexander, cognomento Nequam, *Abbas* Cirenceſtriæ, *Literarum Scientia clarus, Obiit* Anno Dom. 1217. *Lit. Dom. C. prid. Cal.* Feb. *& Sepultus erat apud Fanum S.* Albani, *cujus Animæ Propitietur altiſſimus*, Amen.

The Reverend Mr. Thomas Newcome.

THIS Gentleman is the Son of a worthy Clergyman now Living, in *Herefordſhire*, and Great Grandſon, by the Deſcent on his Mothers ſide to the famous *Spenſer*. He was Educated at *Corpus Chriſti*

Christi College in *Oxford*, where he took the Degree of Master of Arts: And he is now Chaplain to the Duke of *Richmond*, and Beneficed near the Seat of that Noble Lord in *Sussex*. He is a Man of Wit and Learning, and an Excellent Poet. Some of the pieces written by him are,

I. *Bibliotheca.* A Satyrical Poem, occasioned by the sight of a Modern Library.

II. *To her late Majesty Queen* Anne, *upon the Peace at* Utrecht. This is a very good Poem.

III. *An* Ode *to the Memory of Mr.* Rowe.

IV. *An* Ode *Sacred to the Memory of the Countess of* Berkeley, which begins with this Simile.

As Roses in their early Bloom,
Their Incense Waste, and Glories hide,
And to that Morning owe their Doom,
Which promis'd to enlarge their Pride:

So lovely to our ravish'd sight,
Thy Beams, fair Nymph, all Nature chear'd;
And, opening just their infant Light,
Surpriz'd the World, and disappear'd.

To this Gentleman we are likewise Indebted for several of the Translations of Mr. *Addison*'s *Latin* Poems, and Mr. *Philips*'s ODE to *Henry St. John*, Esq;

O.

Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

THE ingenious Mr. *Oldham*, the Glory of the laſt Age, was the Son of a Non-Conformiſt-Miniſter, and born at *Shipton* in *Gloceſterſhire*, in the Year 1653. He was Educated firſt in a private School, from whence he was ſent to St. *Edmond*'s *Hall* in *Oxford*, where he made a Great Progreſs in Polite Learning. Coming thence to *London*, he ſoon gained the Reputation of a Celebrated Poet; but, yet it may be preſumed he did not at firſt meet with the Encouragement he expected, from one of his Satires, where he makes *Spenſer*'s Ghoſt ſpeak to him, diſſuading him from the Study of Poetry, for tho' he ſhould write never ſo well.

What Scipio, *what* Mæcenas *wouldſt thou find*;
What Sidney *now to thy great projects kind?*

He was afterwards introduced to the Patronage of the Earl of *Kingſtone*, with whom he lived very Reputably to the time of his Death. His Satires are ſome of the ſevereſt, and beſt in the *Engliſh* Language, tho' ſometimes he has taken Great Liberties; and his other Poetry is Excellent: a Great Genius and much Learning ſhines thro' all his Works, and he was at Invention Matchleſs. His Poems are publiſhed in three Books, Printed at three ſeveral times, and to theſe are added his Remains.

The

The First Book contains, *His Satires upon the Jesuits, against Virtue*, &c.

The Second Book, *Horace's Art of Poetry Imitated in* English, an Excellent piece. BION. *A Pastoral*, in Imitation of the *Greek* of *Moschus*, On *The Death of the Earl of* Rochester; and several Imitations of, (and Paraphrases upon) *Horace*, &c.

And the Third Book, has *Monsieur* Boileau's *Satire upon Man*, Imitated; DAVID'S *Lamentation for the Death of* Saul *and Jonathan*, Paraphrased; *A Satire upon Nobility*; *concerning Poetry*; *The Dream*; *The Parting*; &c.

His Remains are, *A Poem upon the Marriage of the Prince of* Orange *with the Lady* Mary; *Counterpart to the Satire against Vertue*, with some other small Religious pieces.

To give you a Specimen of his Satirical Works. I shall here insert some of his Lines, out of his *Satire upon a Woman*, who had injured his Friend.

Hot Lust light on her, and the Plague of Pride
On that, this everscorn'd, as that denied:
Ach, Anguish, Horror, Grief, Dishonour, Shame
Pursue at once her Body, Soul and Fame:
Cankers, and Ulcers eat her, 'till she be,
Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like Infamy:
Plagu'd so, 'till she think Damning a Release,
And humbly pray to go to Hell for Ease.

His Satire on his Printer, *Ben. Motte*, who had Printed one of his Poems mangled, is very extraordinary; and in one of his Satires against the Jesuits, he has these excellent Lines, on Impudence.

Get that great Gift and Talent Impudence,
Accompliſh'd Mankind's higheſt Excellence;
'Tis that prefers, 'tis that alone makes great,
Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Eſtate;
Gains place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
An Aſs a Biſhop; can vile Blockheads rear
To wear red Hats, and ſit in Porph'ry Chair:
'Tis Learning, Parts and Skill, and Wit and Senſe,
Worth, Merit, Honour, Virtue, Innocence.

He was a Man of Pleaſure, notwithſtanding his *Satire on Woman*, as appears by his Poems on Love, which are admirable; and to ſhow that he was a gay Bottle Companion, I ſhall give you ſome of his Verſes on the Drinking Bowl, from his *Ode of Anacreon*, Paraphraſed.

Make me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl!
Large as my capacious Soul!
Vaſt as my Thirſt is! Let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave!
I mean, the Grave of all my Care,
For I intend to bury't there.
Let it of Silver faſhion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of me:
Yet draw no ſhapes of Armour there,
No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear;
Nor Wars of Thebes, *nor Wars of* Troy,
Nor any other Martial Toy:
For what do I vain Armour prize,
Who mind not ſuch rough Exerciſe?
But gentler Sieges, ſofter Wars,
Fights that cauſe no Wounds nor Scars.
I'll have no Battles on my Plate,
Leſt ſight of them ſhould Broils create:

Leſt

Leſt that provoke to Quarrels too,
Which Wine it ſelf enough can do.
Draw me no Conſtellations there,
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear;
Nor any of that Monſtrous fry,
Of Animals that ſtock the Sky;
For what are Stars to my Deſign?
Stars, which I, when Drunk outſhine.
I want no Pole-ſtar on the Brink,
To guide in the wide Sea of Drink;
But would forever there be toſs'd,
And wiſh no Haven, ſeek no Coaſt.
Yet, gentle Artiſt, if thou'lt try
Thy skill; then draw me, (let me ſee)
Draw me firſt a ſpreading Vine,
Make it's Arms the Bowl entwine.
Let it's Boughs o'erſpread above
Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love.
Draw next the Patron of that Tree,
Draw Bacchus, *and ſoft* Cupid *by:*
Draw them both in toping ſhapes;
Their Temples Crown'd with Culſter'd Grapes:
Make them lean againſt the Cup,
As 'twere to keep their Figures up:
And when their reeling Forms I view,
I'll think them Drunk, and be ſo too.

The only Verſes I have farther to take notice of, are his Lines on Wiſdom, which are Inimitable.

---Wiſdom's an Evenneſs of Soul
A ſteddy Temper which no Cares Controul,
No Paſſions ruffle, no Deſires inflame;
Still Conſtant to it ſelf, and ſtill the ſame.

This

This Excellent Poet died in the House of the Earl of *Kingston* at *Holme Pierpont*, in the Year 1683. and was buried in the Church there, with this Inscription on his Monument.

M. S. Joh. Oldham *Poetæ, quo nemo sacro furore plenior, nemo rebus sublimior, aut Verbis felicius audax; cujus famam omni ævo propria satis consecrabunt Carmina. Quem inter primos honoratissimi* Gulielmi *Comitis de* Kingstone *Patroni sui Amplexus Variolis correptum, heu nimis immatura Mors rapuit, & in Cœlestem transtulit Chorum. Natus apud* Shipton *in Agro* Gloucestrensi, *in Aula Sancti* Edmundi *Oxoniæ Graduatus. Obii die Decembris nono Anno Dom.* 1683. *Ætatis* 30.

The Great Esteem Mr. *Dryden* had for this Gentleman, is particularly expresst in the following Copy of Verses he wrote to his Memory.

Farewel, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For sure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine
Cast in the same Poetick mould with mine.
One Common Note on either Lyre did strike,
And Knaves and Fools were both abhorr'd alike:
To the same Goal did both our Studies drive,
The last set out, the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus *fell upon the slippery place,*
While his young Friend perform'd and won the Race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant Store
What could advancing Age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the Young)
Have taught the Numbers of thy Native Tongue.
But Satire needs not those, and Wit will shine
Through the harsh Cadence of a rugged Line.

A noble Error, and but ſeldom made,
When Poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy Generous Fruits, tho' gather'd e're their prime,
Still ſhew'd a Quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull ſweets of Rhime.
Once more, Hail and Farewel; Farewl thou Young,
But ah too ſhort, Marcellus of our Tongue;
Thy Brow's with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;
But Fate and Gloomy Night encompaſs thee around.

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

A Courtier, and a Great Wit in the Reign of King *James* the Firſt. He was Son of Sir *Nicholas Overbury* of *Burton* in *Glocesterſhire*, one of the Judges of the Marches, and was Educated at the Univerſity of *Oxford*. From *Oxford* he removed to the Middle Temple *London*, where he ſtudied the Law ſome time; afterwards he Travelled into *France*, and came Home an accompliſhed Gentleman. Soon after his return, he followed the Court, as the fitteſt place for the Exerciſe of his great Abilities; here he grew acquainted with Sir *Robert Carre*, one who was newly initiated a Favourite to King *James*, and by his prudent Behaviour and Recommendatory Qualities, he was early in the good Graces not only of Sir *Robert*, but alſo of ſeveral other Eminent Perſons: which being taken notice of by the King, he was Knighted; and Sir *Robert* made Earl of *Somerſet*. Now the Reciprocal Friendſhip of theſe two Gentlemen was more firmly united than ever, and as their Affection Encreaſed for each other, ſo did they both riſe more and more in Favour with the Prince: But

ſo

so great is the instability of all Humanities of Friendship, that now it was not long before my Lord to whom Sir *Thomas* had without reserve unbosomed himself, became an Instrument of his Death; and only for his sincere Disuasions of his Marriage with the Lady *Frances Howard*, who was then lately Divorced from the Earl of *Essex*. This advice, with the influence of fatal Beauty, and the Countess's persuit of Revenge, occasioned the Murder of Sir *Thomas*. But to make way for doing it with impunity, his Lordship procured Sir *Thomas* to be Nominated by the King Embassador to the Czar of *Muscovy*, and at the same time persuaded him to decline the Employment, as being no better than an Honourable Grave. This double Intrigue of the Statesman, and which shews what Courtiers are capable of doing, had its success, for Sir *Thomas* following the Council, this matter terminated in his Commitment to the *Tower*. Now his former Friend and the Countess had an opportunity for perpetrating their Designs; and by the Assistance of one Mrs. *Turner*, *Richard Weston*, *James Franklin* a Physician, and Sir *Gervas Helvis*, Lieutenant of the *Tower*, who were all drawn into the Conspiracy, he was poisoned with a Clyster, of which he died the next day after the taking it. After he was Dead the Conspirators, to load Sir *Thomas* with Infamy, and take off all Suspicion of his violent Death, gave out that he died of the *French* Pox, there being some Blisters and Blotches on his Body, which the poison had thrown out. But, as the Crimes of Blood seldom go unpunished, suspitions grew notwithstanding, and encreasing, *Weston* was taken up and Examined, who confessing the whole matter, he was Executed at *Tyburn*, as were likewise Mrs. *Turner*, *Franklin*, and Sir *Gervas Helvis*; but the Earl of *Somerset*, and his Countess, tho' Condemn'd, were both pardoned. This

This is the best Account I can give of the Life and Tragical Death of this ingenious Gentleman; who in his Younger Days writ an excellent Poem, entitled *A Wife*; a piece very much admired for its Great Wit and Fancy, and the Author will live in this Poem, tho' by a Wife he fell a Sacrifice, as is expres'd by these Verses, under his Picture.

A Man's best Fortune, or his Worst's a Wife:
Yet I that knew no Marriage, Peace, nor strife,
Live by a good, by a bad one, Lost my Life.

The following Epitaph was written by himself during his last Sickness.

Now measur'd out my Days, 'tis here I rest,
That is my Body, but my Soul, his Guest,
Is hence ascended, whither neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only Love can clime;
Where being now enlighten'd she does know
The truth of all things which are talk'd below.

Only this Dust shall here in pawn remain;
That when the World dissolves, she'll come again.

Mr. JOHN OWEN.

A Famous Epigramatist, born in *Caernarvonshire*. He was Educated at *Wickham* School, admitted perpetual Fellow of *New College* in *Oxford*, and in the Year 1590. took the Degree of Batchelor of *Civil-Law*. He afterwards became School-Master at

at *Trylegh* near *Monmouth*, and at *Warwick*, in the School founded by King *Henry* the Eighth. He was a Person eminently endowed, but especially with a Vein of Poesie. He was attended with Poverty, the usual Companion of Poets, but supplied by his Countryman and Kinsman, Dr. *John Williams* Bishop of *Lincoln*, and Lord Keeper. His *Latin* Epigrams are much esteemed beyond Sea, amongst the Learned, but were put into the *Index Expurgatorius*, by the Church of *Rome*, on Account of the two following Verses.

An Petrus fuerit Romæ, sub Judice Lis est:
Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat.

And upon the same Account an Uncle of his, from whom he expected great Legacies, struck him out of his Will. He died in 1623. and was buried in St. *Paul's* Church, *London*, at the charge of Bishop *Williams* aforementioned, who Erected a Monument over him, with an Inscription which begins thus,

Parva tibi statua est, quia parva statura, Supellex
Parva, volat parvus magna per Ora Liber.

P.

Major Richardson Pack.

THIS Gentleman is the Son of *John Pack*, of *Stoke-Ash*, in *Suffolk*, Esq; who in the Year 1697. was High Sheriff of that County. His Mother was one of the Daughters and Coheirs of *Robert*

Mr. *Robert Richardson*, of *Tudah* in the County Palatine of *Durham*, a Gentleman of good Extraction, and well Ally'd in the *North* of *England*. The first Taste that was given him of Letters (after he had been kept a Year or two, but much to his Prejudice, with a Country School-master) was at *Merchant-Taylors* School. From thence he was remov'd, between fifteen and sixteen Years of Age, to St. *John*'s College in *Oxford*. About Eighteen his Father enter'd him of the Middle *Temple*, and fix'd him in Chambers there, designing him for the Profession of the Law: And by the peculiar Grace of the Treasurer and Benchers of that Honourable Society, he was at Eight Terms Standing, admitted Barrister, when he was little more than Twenty Years Old. But a Sedentary Life agreeing as ill with his Health, as a Formal one suited at that time with his Inclinations, he did not long pursue those Studies; and after some little Rambling in his Thoughts, he at length determin'd his View to the Army, where he flatter'd himself to meet with Scenes of more Freedom as well as Action. His first Command was that of a Company of Foot, in *March* 1705. In *November* 1710, the Regiment in which he serv'd, was one of those two of *English* Foot that were with the Marshal *Staremberg*, at the Battle of *Villa Viciosa*, the Day after General *Stanhope* and the Troops under his Command were taken at *Brighuega*; where the Major being Kill'd and he the eldest Captain, and upon the Spot, His Grace the Duke of *Argyle* confirm'd his Pretensions to that Vacancy, by his Commission, Immediately on his arrival in *Spain*. It was that Occasion which first introduc'd our Author to the good Fortune of being known to that truly Noble and Excellent Person, with whose Protection and Patronage he has ever since been Honoured.

The Ambition he had to celebrate his Heroic Vertues, at a time when it was grown Popular to traduce them, and his Desire of expressing in some measure his Gratitude for the many Marks he had receiv'd of his Grace's Favour, gave Birth to the best of his Performances he has oblig'd the World with. What other Pieces he has writ in Verse, are for the most part the unlabour'd Result of Friendship or Love, and the Amusement of those few solitary Intervals in a Life that seldom wanted either serious Business, or social Pleasures, of one kind or other, entirely to fill up the Circle. They are all publish'd in one Volume together, with a Translation of the Life of *Atticus*, from *Cornelius Nepos*: And tho' very lately Printed, they have already sold two Impressions; the most considerable of them, are the following.

I. To his Grace the Duke of *Argyle*.

II. *On Friendship*. To the Honourable Colonel *William Stanhope*.

III. To Mr. *Addison*, occasion'd by the News of the Victory obtain'd over the Rebels in *Scotland*, by his Grace the Duke of *Argyle*.

IV. To the Lady *Katherine Manners*.

V. The *Lover's Parting*.

VI. The *Retreat*.

VII. *An Epistle from a Half-Pay Officer in the Country, to his Friend in Town*.

VIII. Upon *Religious Solitude*. Occasion'd by reading the Inscription on the Tomb of *Casimir*, King of *Poland*, who abdicated his Crown, and spent the Remainder of his Life in the Abbey of St. *Germaine*, near *Paris*, where he lies Interr'd.

IX. A *Pastoral*, in Imitation of *Virgil's* second Eclogue.

X. The 2*d*, 3*d*, and 4*th* Elegies in the fourth Book of *Tibullus*.

XI. *Elegy. Sylvia* to *Amintor*: An admirable Imitation of *Ovid*; wherein *Sylvia* after she is Enjoy'd, gives this Advice to her Sex.

Trust not the slight Defence of Female Pride,
Nor in your boasted Honour much Confide;
So still the Motion, and so smooth the Dart,
It steals unfelt into the heedless Heart.

XII. An Excellent *Prologue* to the Tragedy of Sir *Walter Raleigh*; and an *Epilogue* to Mr. *Southern's Spartan Dame*, very much admir'd. In the former are these Lines on Ambition.

Ambition is a Mistress few enjoy!
False to our Hopes, and to our Wishes Coy;
The Bold she baffles, and defeats the Strong;
And all are ruin'd who pursue her long;
Yet so bewitching are her Fatal Charms,
We think it Heav'n to dye within her Arms.

All these Pieces with a small Poem entituled *Religion and Philosophy*, which I have lately seen in Manuscript, demonstrate the Author to be a polite Writer; a Man of Wit and Gallantry.

Mr. MATTHEW PARIS.

THIS ancient Historian and Poet, Mr. *Winstanly* tells us, was born in *Cambridgeshire*; where the Name and Family of *Paris* is of great Antiquity, though some Writers will not allow *England* to have the Honour of his Birth. He was bred a Monk of St. *Albans*, and in a

looſe Age, liv'd a very ſtrict and ſevere Life; inſomuch that, for his eminent Auſterity, Pope *Innocent* the Fourth, imploy'd him to Viſit the Monks in the Dioceſs of *Norwich*, and alſo ſent him into *Norway* to reform the Diſcipline of a Convent there, which had been much corrupted. He employ'd his Hours reſerv'd from Devotion, in the Delights of the Muſes, and the more laborious Studies of Hiſtory. As a Poet and Hiſtorian, he excell'd all his Contemporaries; nor was he leſs eſteem'd as an Orator and Divine: He well underſtood all Arts and Sciences, and of Painting and Engraving, in many inſtances, he ſhew'd himſelf a Maſter. Theſe Accompliſhments acquired him the greateſt Fame; but his chief applications being to Hiſtory, he writ a large Chronicle from the *Norman* Conqueſt to the Year 1259; a Work impartially and judicially written, neither flattering Greatneſs, nor ſparing any for their Vices. This Hiſtory was very much commended when it was wrote; and is ſtill in Eſteem with learned Men. He concludes it with theſe Lines:

Siſte tui metas Studii, Matthæe *quietas*,
Nec ventura petas, quæ poſtera proferat ætas.

Mr. PARNEL.

THIS Gentleman is *Arch-Deacon* of——— in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, and an Acquaintance of Mr. *Pope*'s. He has Writ and Tranſlated ſeveral Pieces of Poetry.

I. A *Hymn* on *Contemplation.*

II. An *Anacreontick.*

III. A

III. A Translation of *Homer*'s *Batracomyomachia*, Or, the Battle of the *Frogs* and *Mice*. To which is prefix'd, the Life of *Zoilus*, levell'd at Mr. *Dennis*.

Mr. EDWARD PHILIPS.

AN Author in the last Age of good Reputation. He continu'd Sir *Richard Baker*'s Chronicle, and therein shewed himself a Man of Learning and Judgment. And besides this, he wrote Poems on several Occasions, collected into a Volume.

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

THIS Gentleman was Brother to the aforemention'd Mr. *Edward Philips*, and Nephew to the Immortal *Milton*; so that he might be said to have Poetical Blood run in his Veins. He was an exact Poet, and Master of an excellent Style, which shin'd through his Works in Prose and Verse: But his Talents lay mostly to Burlesque Poetry. His Pieces are,

I. *A Satyr against Hypocrites.* This is a very ingenious Performance.

II. *The Almanack of Montelion*; a very facetious and entertaining Piece.

III. *A Song upon the Tombs at* Westminster.

He likewise wrote several other Songs, all set to Musick by Doctor *Blow*; and some Pieces in a serious Vein of Poetry, well approv'd: And to shew his Learning, he Translated the fifth

and sixth Books of *Virgil*'s *Æneids* into *English* Burlesque, in which are the following Verses.

While Dido *in a Bed of Fire,*
A new found Way to cool Desire,
Lay wrapt in Smoke, half Coal, half Dido,
Too late repenting Crime Libido:
Monsieur Æneas *went his Ways;*
And meriting but little Praise,
To leave the Fair, not in the Mire,
But, which is worse, in burning Fire.
He Neuter-like, had no great Aim,
To kindle or put out the Flame.

Mr. John Philips.

A Poet of this Age, who died a few Years ago. He was the Son of Dr. *Stephen Philips*, Archdeacon of *Salop*, and born at *Brampton* in *Oxfordshire*, in the Year 1676. After he was well grounded in Grammar Learning, he was sent to *Winchester* School, where he made himself Master of the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages. With this Foundation of Literature, he was removed to *Christ-Church* College in *Oxford*. Here he grew superior to most of his Contemporaries; and following the natural Bent of his Genius, besides other valuable Authors, he became acquainted with *Milton*, whom he studied with Application, and traced him in all his successful Translations from the Ancients. As to his private Character, he was beloved by all that knew him, and admired by those who did not; somewhat reserved and silent among Strangers, but familiar and easy with his Friends: In which Number may be reckoned some of the best

and

and politeſt Men of the Univerſity, but particularly Mr. *Edmund Smith*. Theſe two often communicated their Thoughts to each other, and as their Thoughts lay the ſame Way, much to their mutual Satisfaction and Improvement. Coming to *London*, he was perſwaded by ſome great Perſons, to write upon the Battle of *Blenheim*, which he performed ſo well, that it brought him into Favour with the Earl of *Oxford*, at that time Lord Treaſurer of *England*, and my Lord *Bolingbroke*, Secretary of State; but his Modeſty and humble Opinion of himſelf was ſo great, that he always endeavoured to diſguiſe and conceal his good Qualities in Converſation with them and others. His excellent Compoſitions are the following, *(viz.)*

I. *The Splendid Shilling*; eſteemed the fineſt Burleſque Poem in the *Britiſh* Language, and handled in a Manner quite different from what had been made Uſe of by any Author of our own, or other Nations. This Poem gained him an univerſal Applauſe.

II. *Blenheim*, a Poem; here he has ſhewn a ſublime and nervous Stile, proper to a ſerious and heroick Subject.

> *From low and abject Themes the grov'ling Muſe*
> *Now mounts Aerial, to ſing of Arms*
> *Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts*
> *Of* Britain's *Hero*; ——

The Exordium of this Piece is a juſt Alluſion to the Beginning of the *Æneid* of *Virgil*, and that of *Spencer*'s *Fairy Queen*.

III. *Cyder*, a Poem. This Piece is founded upon the Model of *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*, and

comes the neareſt of any other to that admirable Poem. There is an infinite Variety in this Poem, and the philoſophical Touches are ſurprizing: He was a paſſionate Admirer of Nature, and in his Deſcription of the Philoſopher's Retirement, he has theſe Lines.

——He to his Labour hies
Gladſome, intent on ſomewhat that may eaſe
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
Foſſils, and Min'rals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Diſplays, if by his Induſtry he can
Benefit Human Race ——

This Poem was tranſlated into *Italian* by a Nobleman of *Florence*.

IV. A Latin Ode, inſcribed to the Lord *Bolingbroke*. The Style in this Piece is pure and elegant, the Subject of a mixt Nature, reſembling the ſublime Spirit, and gay facetious Humour of *Horace*.

Theſe are all the Pieces written by this Author, and being in Blank Verſe, ſome injudicious Perſons wiſhed them to be in Rhyme, particularly his *Cyder*. His Friends tell us, that he intended to write a Poem upon the Reſurrection, and the Day of Judgment, in which there is no doubt but he would have excelled; and of this Opinion was Mr. *Smith*, who, in a Poem upon his Death, has theſe Verſes on that Occaſion:

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his Days,
The tow'ring Bard had ſung in nobler Lays,
How the laſt Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Croſs triumphant ſpread;

How

How op'ning Heav'ns their happy Regions shew,
And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance glow,
And Saints rejoice above, and Sinners howl below.
Well might he sing the Day he cou'd not fear,
And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.

Mr. *Philips*, after a long and lingring Sickness, attended with an Asthma, and having removed to the *Bath*, by the Advice of his Physicians, without Recovery, died at *Hereford* the 15th of *February* 1708. and, as the ingenious Writer of his Life has observed, he shewed an Example that a good Poet and a good Man are not Names always inconsistent.

He was interred in the Cathedral Church of *Hereford*, and the following Inscription is upon his Grave-stone.

JOHANNES PHILIPS.
Obijt 15 *die Feb. Anno* { *Dom.* 1708.
Cujus { *Ætat. suæ* 32.
Ossa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice,
Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,
Si Tumulum desideras, Templum adi Westmonasterienſe,
Qualis quantusque vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa & præclara
Quæ Cenotaphium ibi decorat
Inscriptio.
Quam interim erga Cognatos pius & officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum
A Maria Philips *Matre ipsius pientissima,*
Dilecti Filii Memoriæ non sine Lacrymis dicatum.

The Monument referred to at *Westminster*, in this Inscription, stands between those of *Chaucer* and *Drayton*, and was erected to his Memory by Sir *Simon*

Simon Harcourt, late Lord Chancellor. The Epitaph was writ by Dr. *Friend*.

Herefordiæ conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama
JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui viris bonis doctisq; juxta charus,
Immortale suum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi Candore,
Eximia morum simplicitate,
Honestavit.
Litterarum amaniorum sitim,
Quam Wintoniæ puer sentire cœperat,
Inter Ædis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,
In illo Musarum Domicilio
Præclaris Æmulorum studiis excitatus,
Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
Carmina sermone Patrio composuit
A Græcis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,
Versuum quippe Harmoniam
Rhythmo dederat.
Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi
Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, & attemperato,
Non Numeris in eundem fere orbem redeuntibus,
Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono
Metiri:
Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,
Primoq; pene par.
Res seu Tenues, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
Ornandas sumserat,
Nusquam, non quod decuit,
Et vidit, & assecutus est,
Egregius, quocunque stylum veteret,
Fandi Author, & Modorum Artifex.

Fas

Fas sit Huic,
Auso licet a tua Metrorum lege discedere
O Poesis Anglicanæ Pater, atque Conditor Chaucere
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique stipantium
Non dedecebit Chorum.

Simon Harcourt *Miles,*
Viri bene de se, deque Literis meriti,
Quoad viveret, Fautor,
Post Obitum pie memor,
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. Philips, Stephani, *S. T. P. Archidiaconi*
Salop' *Filius natus est* Bamptoniæ
In agro Oxon. Dec. 30. 1676.
Obijt Herefordiæ, Febr. 15. 1708.

AMBROSE PHILIPS, *Esq;*

THIS Gentleman, who is one of the Wits at *Buttons*, and at this time writes an Entertaining Paper call'd, *The Free-Thinker*; has, besides his Pastorals, given us the following Poems.

I. An Epistle to a Friend, who desir'd him to write on the Death of King *William.*

II. An Epistle to Mr. *Secretary Craggs*, at *Hampton-Court.*

III. Upon the Toasts of the *Hanover* Club.

While These, the chosen Beauties of our Isle,
Propitious on the Cause of Freedom Smile,
The rash Pretender's *Hopes we may despise,*
And trust Britannia's *Safety to their Eyes.*

IV. Upon

IV. Upon a Company of bad Dancers to good Musick. This is an Excellent Epigram.

How ill the Motion with the Musick suits!
So Orpheus *Fidled, and so Danc'd the Brutes.*

His Pastorals, six in Number are esteemed some of the best Pieces of the kind this Age has produc'd. The first Pastoral begins with these Lines.

If we, O Dorset, *quit the City Throng*
To Meditate in Shades the Rural Song
By your Commands; be present: And, O, bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall Sing.
Begin---A Shepherd Boy one Ev'ning fair,
As Western Winds had cool'd the sultry Air;
When as his Sheep within their Fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary Discontent;
So pitiful, that all the Starry Throng
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful Song.

The Reverend Mr. Pomfret.

A Learned Divine, Son of an eminent Attorney at Law, of *Newport-Pagnel* in *Buckinghamshire*. He was Educated at the University of *Cambridge*, where he took the Degree of Master of Arts. He had several Preferments in the Church, one of which was in *Bedfordshire*. He was a Person of a great Poetical Genius, an excellent Scholar, and an admirable Poet: He was a little reserv'd in his Temper; and as he has happily describ'd Retirement in his Poem call'd *The Choice*, so an agreeable Solitude was truly *his Choice*. He died Young, in the Year 1709. The chief of his Poems are,

1. *The*

I. *The Choice*, a Poem. This Piece is writ in a very easy familiar Style, adapted to all Capacities; and for its Variety, is esteem'd the best Poem we have on the Subject; but Part of it is borrow'd from *Cowley*.

II. *Love Triumphant over Reason.* This is a Vision, and has an admirable Description of the Temple of Love, and the miserable Consequences attending it.

III. *Cruelty and Lust, an Epistolary Essay.* Occasion'd by the Barbarity of *Kirke*, a Commander in the *Western* Rebellion, who debauch'd a Young Lady, with a Promise to save her Husband's Life, but hang'd him the next Morning.

IV. *Upon the Divine Attributes.* A Pindaric Essay. Divided into several Heads, *viz.* Unity, Eternity, Power, Wisdom, Providence, Omnipresence, Immutability, Justice, and Goodness.

V. *A Prospect of Death.* A Pindaric Essay. This is an excellent Piece, being preferable to any other of Mr. *Pomfret*'s Performances.

VI. *On the General Conflagration, and ensuing Judgment.* These Poems, with his Epistle to *Delia*, and some other short Pieces, are collected into a small Volume, and have sold several Impressions: And as the *Choice* is universally admir'd for its great Variety and Popularity, tho' it be not the best of this Author's Writings, I shall here insert the greatest Part of that Poem.

If Heav'n the grateful Liberty wou'd give,
That I might chuse my Method how to Live;
And all those Hours propitious Fate shou'd lend,
In blissful Ease and Satisfaction spend:
Near some fair Town I'd have a private Seat,
Built uniform, not Little, nor too Great:

Better,

Better, if on a rising Ground it stood;
Fields on this Side, on that a neighb'ring Wood.
It shou'd within no other things contain,
But what were useful, necessary, plain.
A little Garden, grateful to the Eye,
And a cool Rivulet run murm'ring by,
On whose delicious Banks a stately Row
Of shady Limes, or Sycamores shou'd grow:
At th' End of which a silent Study plac'd,
Shou'd be with all the noblest Authors grac'd.
In some of these, as Fancy shou'd advise,
I'd always take my Morning Exercise:
For sure no Minutes bring us more Content,
Than those in pleasing, useful Studies spent.
I'd have a clear, and competent Estate,
That I might live Genteelly, but not Great:
As much as I cou'd moderately spend,
A little more sometimes t'oblige a Friend:
Nor shou'd the Sons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine.
A frugal Plenty shou'd my Table spread;
With Healthy, not Luxurious Dishes fed:
Enough to satisfy, and something more
To feed the Stranger, and the Neighb'ring Poor.
Strong Meat indulges Vice, and pamp'ring Food
Creates Diseases, and inflames the Blood:
But what's sufficient to make Nature strong,
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
I'd freely take, and as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my Plenty bless.
I'd have a little Vault, but always stor'd
With the best Wines each Vintage cou'd afford.
Wine whets the Wit, improves its native Force,
And gives a pleasant Flavour to Discourse:
By making all our Spirits Debonair,
Throws off the Lees, the Sediment of Care.

That

That Life might be more comfortable yet,
And all my Joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
I'd chuse two Friends, whose Company wou'd be
A great Advance to my Felicity:
Well born, of Humours suited to my own;
Discreet, and Men, as well as Books, have known:
Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
From loose Behaviour, or Formality.
Airy and prudent, merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
Secret should be, and faithful to their Trust;
In Reas'ning cool, strong, temperate and just;
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave;
Close in Dispute, but not Tenacious, try'd
By solid Reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to Lust, Revenge, or envious Hate;
Nor busy Medlars with Intrigues of State:
Strangers to Slander, and sworn Foes to Spight:
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight.
Wou'd bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd chuse
(For who wou'd so much Satisfaction lose,
As witty Nymphs in Conversation give)
Near some obliging modest Fair to live;
For there's that Sweetness in a Female Mind,
Which in a Man's we cannot hope to find:
That by a secret, but a pow'rful Art,
Winds up the Springs of Life, and doe's impart
Fresh Vital Heat to the transported Heart.
I'd have her Reason all her Passions sway;
Easy in Company, in private Gay:
Coy to a Fop, to the deserving Free,
Still constant to her self, and just to me.
A Soul she shou'd have for great Actions fit;
Prudence and Wisdom to direct her Wit:

Courage

Courage to look bold Danger in the Face,
No Fear, but only to be Proud, or Base:
Quick to Advise, by an Emergence prest,
To give good Counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' Expression of her Thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much;
That shews a want of Judgment, and of Sense:
More than Enough is but Impertinence.
Her Conduct regular, her Mirth refin'd,
Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind:
Averse to Vanity, Revenge, and Pride,
In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd:
So Faithful to her Friend, and good to all,
No Censure might upon her Actions fall:
Then wou'd ev'n Envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of Womankind astray.
To this Fair Creature I'd sometimes retire,
Her Conversation wou'd new Joys inspire;
Give Life an Edge so keen, no surly Care
Wou'd venture to assault my Soul, or dare
Near my Retreat to hide one secret Snare.
But so divine, so noble a Repast
I'd seldom, and with Moderation taste.
For highest Cordials all their Virtue loose,
By a too frequent, and too bold an Use:
And what wou'd chear the Spirits in Distress
Ruins our Health, when taken to Excess.
If Heav'n a Date of many Years wou'd give,
Thus I'd in Pleasure, Ease, and Plenty Live;
And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation, (for I'd have no Wife)
Shou'd take upon him all my Worldly Care,
While I did for a better State prepare.
Then I'd not be with any Trouble vex'd,
Nor have the Ev'ning of my Days perplex'd,
But by a silent, and a peaceful Death,
Without a Sigh, resign my Aged Breath:

And

And when committed to the Dust, I'd have
Few Tears; but friendly, dropt into my Grave.
Then wou'd my Exit so propitious be,
All Men wou'd wish to Live and Die like me.

Mr. ALEXANDER POPE.

THIS excellent Poet, whose Fame exceeds not his Merit, was born in *London*, the Year 1688. His Parents being of the *Roman* Catholick Persuasion, educated him by a private Tutor, of whom he learned *Latin* and *Greek* at one and the same time. He passed through some Seminaries, with little Improvement, till twelve Years of Age, after which, I have been informed, he perfected his Studies by his own Industry; and so considerable a Progress he made therein, as to be sufficiently qualified for that great Undertaking, the Translation of *Homer*. The celebrated Mr. *Addison* has declared to the Publick, that if Mr. *Pope* should die, and leave his Translation unfinished, there would be found no Successor to compleat it. There appears not only great Ease but Strength in his Compositions; his Numbers flow with great Facility, and his Thoughts are sublime; these with a ready Wit, quick Fancy, and good Judgment, have deservedly gained him a Reputation equal to any of this Age. Almost all his Pieces are universally applauded, and, tho' some few of them have been cavilled at by the Criticks, what can Criticisms avail when the great *Sheffield* asserts his Work? A Name which alone would secure him Immortality. And, as Mr. *Prior* observes, in his *Alma*: or, the *Progress of the Mind*.

Happy the Poet, bleſs'd the Lays,
Which Buckingham *has deign'd to praiſe.*

His private Character is the beſt, being ſumm'd up in a good Companion and a firm Friend: His Talents are rightly applied, in induſtrious Endeavours to illuſtrate Merit: It is not in his Nature to debaſe Poetry with Flattery, (a Practice too incident to great Writers) and he is always the ſame. He has obliged the World with the following Performances.

I. *Paſtorals*, with a Diſcourſe on Paſtorals; written in the Year 1704, when the Author was but Sixteen Years old. Theſe Paſtorals are four in Number, alluding to the four Seaſons of the Year; And they are excellently well done, eſpecially for a Poet of ſo youthful an Age.

II. *Meſſiah*, a ſacred Eclogue, in Imitation of *Virgil*'s *Pollio*. In this Piece there are theſe Lines on the coming of our Saviour;

Lo! Earth receives him from the bending Skies!
Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Vallies riſe:
With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars, Homage pay;
Be ſmooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give way;
The Saviour comes! by ancient Bards foretold——

III. *Windſor Foreſt*, to the Right Honourable *George* Lord *Lanſdown*. This Poem chiefly conſiſts of Rural Deſcription, the Sports and Exerciſes belonging to a Country Life, Hunting, Fiſhing, *&c.* intermixed with curious Hiſtory, fine Alluſions and Similies. In the Beginning are theſe Verſes to my Lord *Lanſdown*;

Granville

Granville *commands, your Aid, O Muſes, bring!*
What Muſe for Granville *can refuſe to ſing?*

IV. *An Eſſay on Criticiſm.* This Piece is juſtly admired for its great Wit, beautiful Turns, Variety of Metaphors, and Obſervations on Poetry and Criticiſm: It begins with theſe Lines;

'Tis hard to ſay, if greater want of Skill
Appear in Writing, or in Judging ill;
But, of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' Offence
To tire our Patience, than miſlead our Senſe.
Some few in that, but Numbers err in this,
Ten Cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs.

And in another Place the Author has theſe Verſes on Wit.

True Wit is Nature to Advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe Truth convinc'd at Sight we find,
That gives us back the Image of our Mind.
As Shades more ſweetly recommend the Light,
So modeſt Plainneſs ſets off ſprightly Wit:
For Works may have more Wit than does 'em good,
As Bodies periſh through Exceſs of Blood.
And true Expreſſion like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all Objects, but it alters none.

V. *The Rape of the Lock:* A Poem, in five Canto's. This Piece has a great deal of Fancy and fine Humour; it was writ to expoſe the little unguarded Follies of the Fair Sex. The Paſſages are fabulous, and the Machines raiſed on the Founda-

tion of the *Rosicrucian* Doctrine of Spirits; according to which, the four Elements are supposed to be inhabited by Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs and Salamanders. The Poem begins with a Vision, and ends with an agreeable Transformation. The Lock is taken from the Lady's Neck, and the Fair One thus bewails the Loss of it;

Oh! hadst thou, cruel, been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any Hairs but these.

These Lines being thought a little ludicrous by the Fair Sex, and censured by some of them, an ingenious Gentleman has this Couplet in Vindication of the Author:

Who censure most, more precious Hairs would lose,
To have the Rape recorded by his Muse.

VI. *The Temple of Fame.* A Poem full of Invention, describing the Addresses of all Sorts of Persons to the Goddess, wherein the Learned are first brought in, in this Manner;

First at the Shrine the learned World appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their Pray'r:
Long have we sought t'instruct and please Mankind,
With Studies pale, with Midnight Vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior Throne:
On Wit and Learning the just Prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below.

The Hint of this Piece was taken from *Chaucer*'s *House of Fame*; but the Design is entirely altered, the Descriptions and most of the Thoughts being perfectly new.

VII. *January*

VII. *January* and *May*; or, *The Merchant's* Tale, from *Chaucer*. The Theme is an old Knight married to a young Lady, who has an amorous Intrigue with his 'Squire. The Poet makes the aged Knight pronounce these Lines to recommend himself to the Lady.

Think not my Virtue lost, tho' Time has shed
These rev'rend Honours on my hoary Head;
Thus Trees are crown'd with Blossoms white as Snow,
The vital Sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty Limbs appear
Like Winter Greens, that flourish all the Year.

VIII. *The Wife of* Bath, from *Chaucer*. An Emblem of Matrimony, displayed in the Tale of a Woman who had five Husbands. It begins thus:

Behold the Woes of matrimonial Life,
And hear with Rev'rence an experienc'd Wife!
To dear-bought Wisdom give the Credit due,
And think, for once, a Woman tells you true.

IX. *Sapho* to *Phaon*, from *Ovid*.

X. *Vertumnus* and *Pomona*, from the 14th Book of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoses*.

XI. The *Fable* of *Dryope*: From the Ninth Book of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoses*.

XII. The first Book of *Statius* his *Thebais*, translated in the Year 1703.

XIII. Part of the 13th Book of *Homer*'s *Odysses*.

XIV. The Gardens of *Alcinous*, from the 7th Book of *Homer*'s *Odysses*.

XV. Ode for Musick on St. *Cecilia*'s Day.

XVI. Two Chorus's to the Tragedy of *Brutus*, not yet publick; one of *Athenians*, and the other of Youths and Virgins.

XVII. Verſes to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady.

XVIII. To Mr. *Jervas*, with Mr. *Freſnoy*'s Art of Painting, tranſlated by Mr. *Dryden*.

XIX. To a young Lady with the Works of *Voiture*.

XX. On a Fan of the Author's Deſign, in which was painted the Story of *Cephalus* and *Procris*, with the Motto *Aura veni*.

XXI. On Silence; in Imitation of the Style of the late E. of *R*.

XXII. An Epitaph.

XXIII. Prologue to Mr. *Addiſon*'s Tragedy of *Cato*. This is one of the beſt Prologues in the *Engliſh* Language, and perfectly agreeable to the celebrated Piece to which it is prefix'd. It begins,

To wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
To raiſe the Genius, and to mend the Heart;
To make Mankind, in conſcious Virtue bold,
Live o'er each Scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragick Muſe firſt trod the Stage.——

And lower are theſe Lines;

While Cato *gives his little Senate Laws,*
What Boſom beats not in his Country's Cauſe?

XXIV. Epilogue to *Jane Shore*.

XXV. Occaſioned by ſome Verſes of his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*.

XXVI. *Eloiſa* to *Abelard*. The Poet has touched the Paſſion of Love very finely in this Poem, where he cauſes *Eloiſa* (in a Convent) thus to expreſs her ſelf.

What

What Scenes appear where'er I turn my View,
The dear Ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the Grove, before the Altar riſe,
Stain all my Soul, and wanton in my Eyes!
I waſte the Matin Lamp in Sighs for thee,
Thy Image ſteals between my God and me:
Thy Voice I ſeem in ev'ry Hymn to hear,
With ev'ry Bead I drop too Soft a Tear.
When from the Cenſer Clouds of Fragrance roll,
And ſwelling Organs lift the riſing Soul;
One Thought of thee puts all the Pomp to flight,
Prieſts, Tapers, Temples, ſwim before my Sight.
In Seas of Flame my plunging Soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

And, in another Place, are theſe Verſes.

Oh happy State! when Souls each other draw,
When Love is Liberty, and Nature Law.

All theſe Pieces are lately publiſhed in one Volume, Folio, and in Quarto, at *London*; and ſo great are their Fame in foreign Countries, that they have been Re-printed in Octavo, both in *Holland* and *Ireland*.

XXVII. *Homer*'s *Iliad*, tranſlated in ſix Volumes, Folio, printed for *Bernard Lintott*. This is an excellent Tranſlation; and to ſhew that Mr. *Pope* has Fire and Spirit equal to this important Undertaking, I ſhall conclude with ſome of his Lines deſcribing the Confuſion of a Battel.

Now Shield with Shield, with Helmet Helmet clos'd,
To Armour Armour, Lance to Lance oppos'd:
Hoſt againſt Hoſt with ſhadowy Squadrons drew;
The ſounding Darts in Iron Tempeſts flew:

Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous Cries,
And shrilling Shouts and dying Groans arise:
With streaming Blood the slipp'ry Fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd Heroes swell the dreadful Tide.
As Torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous Rills,
With Rage impetuous down their ecchoing Hills;
Rush to the Vales, and pour'd along the Plain,
Roar thro' a Thousand Channels to the Main;
The distant Shepherd trembling hears the Sound;
So mix both Hosts, and so their Cries rebound.

The Horse and Foot in mingled Deaths unite,
And Groans of Slaughter mix with Shouts of Fight;
Hurl'd from their Cars the bravest Chiefs are kill'd,
And Rage and Death and Carnage load the Field.

This Translation has an admirable Preface, which shews the Author excellent in Prose as well as Verse. He finish'd this great Work in the Year, 1720. It is also Reprinted in *Holland*.

Matthew Prior, *Esq*;

A Poet likewise now living, of the greatest Eminence. He is the Son of Mr. *George Prior*, Citizen of *London*; who dying while he was very young, left him to the Care of his Uncle, which prov'd Paternal, as Mr. *Prior* through the Course of his Life has always acknowledged with the greatest Gratitude. He was bred at *Westminster* School, where, as Dr. *Sprat* says of Mr. *Cowley*, he early obtained and increased the noble Genius peculiar to that Place. He was thence removed to St. *John*'s College in *Cambridge*, of which Society

Society soon after he had taken the Degree of Batchelor of Arts, he was made Fellow, and retains the same Honour to this Day. He wrote several Copies of Verses when very Young, as appears by the first in his Printed Poems. In the Reign of King *James* II. jointly with Mr. *Montague*, since Earl of *Halifax*, he wrote the Poem called, *The City Mouse and Country Mouse*, in Answer to the famous *Hind and Panther* of Mr. *Dryden*. Upon the Revolution he was brought to Court by the late Earl of *Dorset*, that great Patron of all polite Learning, by whom from his Infancy he was beloved and encouraged, and as he grew up to Manhood, had a great Share in his Intimacy and Friendship. Under this noble Lord's Patronage he enter'd into publick Business, and was first made Secretary to their Majesties King *William* and Queen *Mary* at the Congress at the *Hague*, in 1690, the late Earl of *Berkeley* being their Majesties Plenipotentiary there. He was thence appointed Secretary of the Embassy to the present Earl of *Pembroke*, the late Earl of *Jersey*, and Sir *Joseph Williamson*, Ambassadors at the Peace of *Reswick* †; was likewise Secretary to the two succeeding Embassies in *France*; those of the late Earls of *Portland* and *Jersey*. He was Secretary of State in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, then one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, and by her late Majesty made one of the Commissioners of the Customs, and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary Minister in *France*, 1711. So that going into publick Business very young, and having continued therein for Seven and Twenty Years, his Poetry (to use his own Words in his Preface to his Poems) was only the Product of his leisure Hours, who

† *Many Memorials of his drawing up.* Vide *Books of the Treaty.*

who had Buſineſs enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident. In all his Employments he has acquitted himſelf with great Fidelity, and ſufficiently ſhewn his uncommon Abilities, to which his fine Learning hath not a little contributed. Tho' uſed to a Court, he is unskill'd in Flattery, and averſe to Grandeur. His Sincerity is very extraordinary; and as his Generoſity and Good-nature are the moſt extenſive, ſo are his Principles of Humanity. For his Talents, he is a Man of great Wit and Vivacity; admirable at Invention. His Thoughts are new and pleaſing, and happily work'd up: His Tales are inimitable; his Lines eaſy and harmonious, and a Maſterly Judgment is diſcoverable in all his Performances. Upon the whole, he is the *Cowley* of this Age. The Pieces written by this Gentleman are,

I. An Ode on *Exodus* iii. 14. *I am that I am.* Written in 1688, as an Exerciſe at St. *John*'s College *Cambridge*. This is an admirable Piece, and a diſcerning Eye might in this alone have ſeen the Promiſes of a *Solomon*.

II. *To the Counteſs of* Exeter *playing on the Lute.* In this Piece the Poet ſpeaking of the Beauty of this Lady, and her great Influence by her Qualifications, has this excellent *Simile*.

> *The* Perſians *thus firſt gazing on the Sun,*
> *Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it ſhone;*
> *But, as his Pow'r was known, their Thoughts were rais'd,*
> *And ſoon they worſhipp'd what at firſt they prais'd.*

III. *On the Picture of* Seneca *dying in a Bath, by* Jordan. At the Right Honourable the Earl of *Exeter*'s at *Burleigh-Houſe*.

IV. An Ode. This Piece ſeems to be writ to the Author's Miſtreſs. It begins thus: *While*

While blooming Youth, and gay Delight
Sit on thy roſy Cheeks confeſt,
Thou haſt, my Dear, undoubted Right
To triumph o'er this deſtin'd Breaſt.
My Reaſon bends to what thy Eyes ordain;
For I was born to Love, and thou to Reign.

V. An Epiſtle to *Fleetwood Shepherd*, Eſq; This is a very humorous Piece; it has finely expos'd our Modern Poets, Criticiſm, and the Manner of forming of Poems.

VI. To the Counteſs of *Dorſet*. Written in her *Milton*.

VII. To the Lady *Durſley* on the ſame Subject.

Both theſe Pieces are very much admir'd. In the firſt, to the Lady *Dorſet*, (ſpeaking of *Eve* in the Creation) the Author has theſe Lines:

Yours, the beſt Copy of th' Orig'nal Face,
Whoſe Beauty was to furniſh all the Race.

And in the laſt to the Lady *Durſley*.

With Virtue ſtrong as yours had Eve *been arm'd,*
In vain the Fruit had bluſh'd, or Serpent charm'd:
Nor had our Bliſs by Penitence been bought;
Nor had frail Adam *fall'n, nor* Milton *wrote.*

VIII. To the Lord *Buckhurſt* very young, playing with a Cat.

IX. The Deſpairing Shepherd.

X. To the Honourable *Charles Montague*, Eſq;

XI. *Hymn to the Sun.* Set by Dr. *Purcel*, and ſung before their Majeſties on *New-Year's-Day*, 1694. This excellent Piece begins,

Light

Light of the World, and Ruler of the Year,
With happy Speed begin thy great Career;
And, as thou do'ſt thy radiant Journies run
Thro' ev'ry diſtant Climate own,
That in fair Albion *thou haſt ſeen*
The greateſt Prince, the brighteſt Queen,
That ever ſav'd a Land, or bleſt a Throne,
Since firſt thy Beams were ſpread, or genial
Pow'r was known.

XII. The Ladies Looking-Glaſs.

XIII. To Mrs. *Elizabeth Singer*, on her Paſtoral call'd *Love and Friendſhip.*

XIV. Seeing the Duke of *Ormond*'s Picture at Sir *Godfrey Kneller*'s. Theſe Verſes deſcribe the Duke of *Ormond*'s glorious Behaviour at the Battel of *Landen.*

XV. *Celia* to *Damon.*

XVI. An Ode. Preſented to King *William* on his Majeſty's Arrival in *Holland*, after the Queen's Death, 1695. The Poet ſets out thus:

At Mary's Tomb, (ſad ſacred Place!)
The Virtues ſhall their Vigils keep:
And ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace
In ſolemn State ſhall ever weep.

The future, pious, mournful Fair,
Oft as the rolling Years return,
With fragrant Wreaths, and flowing Hair,
Shall viſit her diſtinguiſh'd Urn.

For her the Wiſe and Great ſhall mourn;
When late Records her Deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and Men unborn
Shall ſigh her Name, and bleſs her Fate.

XVII. In

XVII. In Imitation of *Anacreon.*

XVIII. On the taking of *Namur.*

XIX. A Poem presented to the King at his Arrival in *Holland*, after the Discovery of the Conspiracy. 1696.

XX. To *Cloe* Weeping.

XXI. To Mr. *Howard.* An Ode.

XXII. *Love Disarm'd.* In this Piece, the Poet makes *Cupid* sleep on *Cloe*'s Breast, where she takes him Prisoner, and for his Releasement obtains his Bow and Dart, with which she wounds Mankind.

XXIII. *Cupid* and *Ganymede.*

XXIV. *Cupid* Mistaken.

XXV. *Venus* Mistaken.

XXVI. *The Dove a Poem.* In this Poem, *Venus* having lost her favourite Dove, sends *Cupid* to make a Search for it; who repairing to *Cloe*, examines her in Bed, and below her Bosom he finds the Feathers of the *Dove*, as is thus expressed in the last Stanza.

O! whither do those Fingers rove,
Cries Cloe, *treach'rous Urchin, whither?*
O Venus! *I shall find the Dove,*
Says He; for here I touch his Feather.

XXVII. A Lover's Anger.

XXVIII. *Mercury* and *Cupid.*

XXIX. On Beauty, a Riddle.

XXX. The Question to *Lisetta.* And her Reply.

XXXI. The Garland.

XXXII. *Cloe* Jealous. And an Answer to it.

XXXIII. *Pallas* and *Venus.* An Epigram. *Venus* naked meeting *Pallas* clad in shining Armour, boasts how potent she should be if thus dressed, to which *Pallas* answers,

Thou

Thou to be ſtrong muſt put off every Dreſs:
Thy only Armour is thy Nakedneſs:
And more than once, (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars *himſelf that Armour has been try'd.*

XXXIV. *To a young Gentleman in Love.* A Tale. This Tale has a very good Moral: And begins,

From publick Noiſe and factious Strife,
From all the buſy Ills of Life,
Take me, my Cloe, *to thy Breaſt;*
And lull my wearied Soul to Reſt:
For ever, in this humble Cell,
Let thee and I, my Fair one, dwell;
None enter elſe, but Love——and He
Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.
To painted Roofs, and ſhining Spires
(Uneaſy Seats of high Deſires)
Let the unthinking many croud,
That dare be Covetous and Proud;
In Golden Bondage let them Wait,
And Barter Happineſs for State:
But Oh! My Cloe, *when thy Swain*
Deſires to ſee a Court again;
May Heav'n around this deſtin'd Head
The choiceſt of his Curſes ſhed:
To ſum up all the Rage of Fate,
In the two things I dread and hate,
May'ſt thou be Falſe, and I be Great.

XXXV. *An* Engliſh *Padlock.* The Author fixes the Padlock on the Mind.

XXXVI. *Hans Carvel.* This is a Tale of great Humour.

XXXVII.

XXXVII. *Paulo Purganti* and his Wife: An honeſt, but a ſimple Pair. *Paulo Purganti* is a Phyſician, who having married a young Wife, is not able to go through the repeated Duty deſired by her, whereupon he pretends ſhe is ſick, and that 'tis Poyſon to her.

What, in your Waters? are you mad!
Why Poyſon is not half ſo bad.
I'll do it —— But I give you Warning:
You'll die before to Morrow Morning. ——
'Tis kind, my Dear, what you adviſe,
The Lady with a Sigh replies:
But Life, you know, at beſt is Pain,
And Death is what we ſhould diſdain.
So do it therefore —— and adieu,
For I will die for love of you. ——
Let other Wives by Death be ſcar'd,
But, to my Comfort, I'm prepar'd.

XXXVIII. *The Ladle, a Tale.* This Tale, which ſeems low and trivial in the Wiſh for a Silver Ladle, the Husband's wiſhing it fixed in the Woman's Back-ſide, and afterwards wiſhing it out again; has an excellent Moral in the natural Propenſity of Mankind, to deſire ſomething they have not, and which they don't know what to do with when obtained.

That ſomething if we could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin from the Cradle,
'Tis all a Wiſh, and all a Ladle.

XXXIX. Verſes written in the Beginning of *Mezeray*'s Hiſtory of *France*.

XL. A Passage in the *Moriæ Encomium* of *Erasmus* imitated.

XLI. To Dr. *Sherlock*, on his Practical Discourse concerning Death.

XLII. *Carmen Seculare*, for the Year 1700. To the King. This is an excellent Poem, and very much in Praise of King *William*. The Reverend Mr. *Tho. Dibben* has given the World an admirable Translation of this Piece in *Latin*, which Mr. *Prior* himself owns comes up to the Original. This learned and ingenious Gentleman was bred up in *Trinity College*, *Cambridge*, and is now Rector of *Fontmel* in the County of *Dorset*. He is likewise Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of *London*, and attended his Lordship at the Congress at *Utrecht* in the Year 1711.

XLIII. An Ode inscribed to the Honourable Collonel *George Villiers*, drowned in the River *Piava* 1703. This Ode is extremely moving, and concludes with this Request of the Person who should find the Corps.

Who e'er thou art, whom Choice or Bus'ness leads
To this sad River, or the neighb'ring Meads;
If thou may'st happen on the dreary Shores
To find the Object which this Verse deplores;
Cleanse the pale Corps with a religious Hand
From the polluting Weed and common Sand;
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave,
(The only Honour he can now receive)
And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw,
And plant the Warrior Laurel o'er his Brow;
Light lie the Earth, and flourish green the Bough.
So when by the same Sentence breathless thou
And pale shalt lie, as what thou burie'st now;

May

May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
And equal Rites perform to That which once was
Thee.

XLIV. Prologue spoken at Court before the Queen, on her Majesty's Birth-Day 1704.

XLV. A Letter to Monsieur *Boileau Despreaux*, occasioned by the Victory at *Blenheim* 1704.

XLVI. For the Plan of a Fountain, on which is the Effigies of Queen *Anne* on a triumphal Arch, the Figure of the Duke of *Marlborough* beneath, and the chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

XLVII. *The Chamelion.*

XLVIII. *A Simile.* This is a Comparison of some Poets to Squirrels in a rowling Cage, ever aspiring, but always low.

XLIX. Epigrams, one whereof on a Poet's being called a Fool.

Yes, every Poet is a Fool:
By Demonstration Ned *can shew it:*
Happy, could Ned's *inverted Rule*
Prove every Fool to be a Poet.

L. *The Nut-brown Maid.* A Poem written three hundred Years since.

LI. *Henry* and *Emma*, a Poem upon the Model of the Nut-brown Maid. This Poem finely illustrates the Constancy of Love in the severest Tryal.

LII. An Ode humbly inscribed to Queen *Anne*, on the glorious Success of her Majesty's Arms 1706, written in Imitation of *Spencer*'s Style. Mr. *Prior* has made *Horace*'s fourth Ode in the fourth Book (where he wrote in Praise of *Drusus* after his Expedition into *Germany*, and of *Augustus* up-

on his happy Choice of that General) his Pattern in this Piece, and has ſhewn a great Excellency throughout.

LIII. *Cantata*, ſet by Monſieur *Galliard*.

LIV. A true Maid.

LV. A reaſonable Affliction.

LVI. *Phillis*'s Age.

LVII. *A Critical Moment*. This was a fatal Minute.

How capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell?
She was painting her Cheeks at the time her Noſe fell.

LVIII. An Epigram written to the Duke *de Noailles*.

LIX. *The Thief to the Cordelier*. This Piece has a great deal of Humour.

LX. *An Epitaph*, containing a very natural Deſcription of an eaſy indolent Life.

LXI. To the Right Honourable Mr. *Harley*, in Imitation of *Horace*, *Lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 9.

LXII. To Mr. *Harley*, wounded by *Guiſcard*, 1711, an Ode.

LXIII. Earl *Robert*'s Mice. A famous Tale, in *Chaucer*'s Style.

LXIV. On *Suſanna* and the two Elders, in the ſame Style.

LXV. To the Lady *Elizabeth Harley*, ſince Marchioneſs of *Carmarthen*, on a Column of her Drawing.

LXVI. *Protogenes* and *Apelles*.

LXVII. For the Author's own Tomb-Stone: An excellent Epigram.

LXVIII. *Gualterus Daniſtonus ad Amicos*, imitated.

LXIX. The firſt Hymn of *Callimachus* to *Jupiter*.

LXX. The ſecond Hymn of *Callimachus* to *Apollo*.

LXXI.

LXXI. *Charity:* A Paraphraſe on the 13th Chapter of the firſt Epiſtle to the *Corinthians*. This is an admirable Piece.

LXXII. Written in *Montaigne*'s Eſſays, given to the Duke of *Shrewsbury* in *France*, after the Peace, 1713.

LXXIII. An Epiſtle, deſiring the Queen's Picture. Written at *Paris*, 1714.

LXXIV. *Alma*; or, the Progreſs of the Mind. In three Canto's. This Poem has an infinite Variety of Invention.

LXXV. *Solomon*, on the Vanity of the World. A Poem in three Books: The firſt Book on Knowledge, the ſecond Pleaſure, and the third on Power. This ſublime and incomparable Poem begins thus;

Ye Sons of Men, with juſt Regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whoſe ſerious Muſe inſpires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think is vain:
That in this Pilgrimage of ſeventy Years,
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
Tir'd of the Toil, yet fearful of its End:
That from the Womb we take our fatal Shares
Of Follies, Paſſions, Labours, Tumults, Cares;
And at Approach of Death ſhall only know
The Truths, which from theſe penſive Numbers flow,
That we purſue falſe Joy, and ſuffer real Woe.

After an Enquiry into, and an excellent Deſcription of the various Operations and Effects of Nature, the Syſtem of the Heavens, *&c.* and not being fully informed of them, the firſt Book concludes;

How narrow Limits were to Wisdom giv'n?
Earth she surveys: She thence would measure
Heav'n:
Thro' Mists obscure, now Wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
And from the Summit of a pathless Coast
Sees INFINITE, *and in that Sight is lost.*

In the second Book the Uncertainty, Disappointments and Vexation attending Pleasure in general are admirably described; and in the Character of *Solomon* is sufficiently shewn, that nothing debases Majesty, (or indeed any Man) more than an ungovernable Passion.

When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love
In my swoln Bosom, with long War had strove;
At length they broke their Bounds; at length their
Force
Bore down whatever met its stronger Course:
Laid all the civil Bonds of Manhood waste,
And scatter'd Ruin as the Torrent pass'd.
So from the Hills, when swelling Rain——

The third Book, which takes particular Notice of the Trouble and Instability of Greatness and Power, considers Man through the several Stages and Conditions of Life, and has fine Reasoning upon Life and Death. On the last there are these Lines,

Cure of the Miser's Wish, and Coward's Fear,
Death only shews us what we knew was near.
With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour;
Dread not Death's Anger, but expect its Pow'r;

Nor

Nor Nature's Law with fruitless Sorrow mourn;
But die, O mortal Man! for thou wast born.

In another Place;

Joyous of Life, but not afraid to die.

And farther, the Poet has these Simile's on Life.

As Smoke that rises from the kindling Fires
Is seen this Moment, and the next expires:
As empty Clouds by rising Winds are tost,
Their fleeting Forms no sooner found than lost:
So vanishes our State; so pass our Days;
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Solomon at length finding human Reason too imperfect to resolve his Doubts, relating to Death and a future Being, has Recourse to Religion, which ends this Poem.

All these excellent Poems, with some other small Pieces, are lately published in one large Volume, Folio, with a Dedication to the Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, which, I may venture to say, is the best that ever was writ in the *English* Tongue.

Q.

Francis Quarles, *Esq*;

THE Life of this Gentleman I have written in my first Volume of the Lives of the Poets, so that my Business in this place is to give some Account, tho' short, of his Poetical Writings, not Dramatick; which I shall do as follows.

I. The History of *Sampson* done into Verse.

II. The History of *Jonah*.

III. Of *Job Militant*, a Piece much commended.

IV. The History of *Esther*.

V. Songs of *Sion*.

VI. *Sion*'s Elegies. All these are writ in a lofty Strain.

VII. *Argalus* and *Parthenia*. This Piece is mostly taken from Sir *Philip Sidney*'s *Arcadia*.

VIII. Epigrams, Emblems, *&c.*

He was Cotemporary with Mr. *Phineas Fletcher*, that Divine Poet, and great Philosopher; on whose Excellent Poem entitled the *Purple Island*, he wrote these Verses, comparing Man's Frame to a Building.

Man's Body like a House, his greater Bones
Are the main Timber; and the lesser ones
Are only Splints: His Ribs like Laths daub'd o'er
Plaister'd with Flesh and Blood: His Mouth's the Door,
His Throat's the narrow Entry, and his Heart
Is the great Chamber, full of curious Art:

His

His Midriff makes a large Partition Wall,
'Twixt the great Chamber, and the ſpacious Hall:
His Stomach is the Kitchin, where the Meat
Is often but half ſod for want of Heat:
His Spleen's a Veſſel, Nature does allot
To take the Scum that riſes from the Pot:
His Lungs are like the Bellows, that reſpire
In ev'ry Office, quickning every Fire:
His Noſe the Chimney is, whereby are vented
Such Fumes as with the Bellows are augmented:
His Bowels make the Sink, his Parts to drain
All noiſom Filth, and keep the Kitchen clean:
His Eyes are Criſtal Windows, clear and bright;
Let in the Object, and let out the Light.
And as the Timber is or great, or ſmall,
Or ſtrong, or weak, 'tis apt to ſtand or fall:
Yet is the likelieſt Building ſometimes known
To fall by obvious Chances; overthrown
Oft times by Tempeſts——

This Poet Flouriſh'd in the beginning of the Reign of King *James* the Firſt.

Mr. JOHN QUARLES.

SON to *Francis Quarles*, Eſq; and his Father's Genius was not only infus'd into him, but his ſound Principles of Loyalty. He was addicted to Arms as well as Arts, being a Captain in the King's Army; but on the Grand Rebellion Loyalty ſuffering an Eclipſe, he came up to *London*, and there continu'd 'till the great Sickneſs prevailed, which, amongſt vaſt Numbers of others, ſwept him away. His Poetical Pieces are,

I. An Excellent *Elegy* on the Lord *Capell.*

II. A Curse on the Enemies of Peace, a very Loyal Poem, concluding with this Line,

Who loves not Peace, in Peace shall never Die.

R.

Mr. William Ramsey.

A Poet in the Reign of King *Henry* the Second. He was Born in *Huntingtonshire*, in which County flourished the richest *Benedictines* Abbey in *England*, tho' he did not settle here, but removed to *Crowland*, where Prosperity attending him, he soon became Abbot. He was a Man of great naturalt Parts, a fine Scholar, and good Mathematician: And what is most worthy Observation in his Life (and very much so, considering him a Poet) was his accumulating great Wealth, and thereout discharging Forty Thousand Marks the Debt of others, for which his Convent was engaged. This was an immense Sum in that Age, but 'twas reported he had the Assistance of King *Henry*, who to expiate the Blood of *Becket*, was very bountiful to many Churches. He died about the Year 1180, and in his Lifetime wrote

I. The Life of St. *Edmond* the King.

II. Of St. *Guthlake.*

III. St. *Neots*; all in Verse.

Mr.

Mr. THOMAS RANDOLPH.

THE minuteſt particulars of this ingenious Gentleman's Life cannot be otherwiſe than entertaining, as he was a Favourite of the great *Ben. Johnſon*; for which reaſon, I ſhall add to what I have mentioned of him in the *Poetical Regiſter*, that his extraordinary Indulgence to the too liberal Converſe with the Multitude of his Applauders, drawing him to an immoderate way of Living, by the Influence of *Bacchus*, there happened on a time ſome Words to paſs between him and another Gentleman; which at length grew ſo high, that the Gentleman drew his Sword, and cut off Mr. *Randolph*'s little Finger, whereupon he Extempore, and with his uſual good Humour, made this Couplet.

A Finger's Loſs, I ſpeak it not in Sport,
Will make a Verſe a Foot at leaſt too ſhort.

After this, during his Stay in *London*, when his Circumſtances were very low, he reſolved a Viſit to *Ben. Johnſon*, and the reſt of the famous Wits of his time, which he was informed uſed to aſſociate, and keep a Club together at the *Devil Tavern* near *Temple-Bar*. Accordingly he repaired thither, but being dejected through his want of Money, he had not aſſurance to venture into the Room where *Ben.* and his Companions were aſſembled, but peeped in at them, whereupon *Ben. Johnſon*'s quick Eye ſoon diſcovered him, and he immediately ſaid *John* Bo-peep come in, and by that Encouragement he preſumed to approach the Company, where he was well

well received; tho' they began to make Verſes on the Meanneſs of his Habit, and asked him if he could not Rhime, at the ſame time requiring him to call for his Bottle; to which, there being four of them, he thus anſwered,

I John *Bo-peep, to you four Sheep,*
With each on his good Fleece,
If that you are willing, to give me five Shilling,
'Tis Fifteen-pence a piece.

By Jeſus, quoth *Ben. Johnſon* (his uſual Oath) I believe this is my Son *Randolph*, which being made known to them, he met with a very friendly Entertainment, and *Ben.* ever after called him his Son.

His Poems publiſhed after his Death, and uſhered into the World by the greateſt Wits of thoſe times, paſſed the Teſt with general Applauſe, and have bore ſeveral Impreſſions; amongſt which were moſt eſteemed, the two following Pieces, *viz.*

I. The *Cambridge Duns*, a very facetious entertaining Performance.

II. His Parley with his empty Purſe; a Piece admir'd for its Humour.

Captain ALEXANDER RATCLIFF.

AN Officer of the Army, devoted to *Parnaſſus*. He was a Man of a ſtrong propenſity to Mirth and Pleaſure, as generally moſt of our Military Gentlemen are. He wrote merrily in all his Performances, and the chief of his Works are,

I. *The Ramble.*

II. *A Call to the Guard by a Drum.*

III. News

III. *News from Hell.* All these Pieces have a great deal of low Humour.

Mr. REYNARDSON.

A Young Gentleman Educated at *Baliol* College in *Oxford*; he Studied Physick for some time at *Leyden*, where I am inform'd he took a Doctor's Degree. He is the Son of an eminent *Turkey* Merchant formerly of *London*, but now Collector of the Customs at *Bristol*. His Pieces are,

I. *The Stage.* A Poem. This Piece after a general Description of the Progress of the Stage, gives particular Characters of our most celebrated Poets and Actors.

II. *An Ode on Divine Vengeance.* This is an excellent Poem.

This Author, in his Poem on the Stage, taking notice of Foreigners being formerly rejected, but of late very much caress'd, has this Similie with relation to the *French.*

So Frogs by French-men *are as Dainties Stew'd,*
And what was Egypt's *Plague is* France's *Food.*

S.

HENRY SACHEVERELL, *D. D.*

THIS famous Divine was born at *Marlborough* in *Wiltshire.* He is a younger Son of the Reverend Mr. *Sacheverell* Minister of that Place; a Gentleman of great Character and Esteem

and Lord Chamberlain of the Houſhold to King *William* the Third, by whom he was created Earl of *Middleſex*, and made Knight of the Garter. He was the Wonder and Delight of all that knew him, and the great *Mecænas* of the laſt Age. As Mr. *Prior* has obſerv'd, a Thouſand Ornaments and Graces met in the Compoſition of this great Man, and contributed to make him univerſally belov'd and eſteem'd. While the Greatneſs of his Mien inform'd Men, they were approaching the Nobleman, the Sweetneſs of it invited them to come nearer to the Patron. His Behaviour was eaſy and courteous to all, but diſtinguiſh'd, and adapted to each Man in particular according to his Station and Quality. His Wit was abundant, noble, bold: And his extraordinary Genius was accompanied with a true Judgment in all kinds of Learning. This occaſion'd the moſt eminent Maſters in their ſeveral ways to appeal to his Determination, as *Waller*, *Dryden*, *Butler*, &c. His Thoughts were always new, and the Expreſſion of them very happy. His Satyr indeed is ſo ſeverely pointed, that in it he appears, what the Lord *Rocheſter* ſays he was;

The beſt good Man, with the worſt natur'd Muſe.

He was very ſharp in his Reflections, but never in the wrong Place. His Darts were ſure to wound; but they were ſure to hit none but thoſe whoſe Follies gave him very fair Aim. Mr. *Dryden* ſays his Lordſhip excell'd all others in the ſeveral Parts of Poetry he had undertaken: And he was not only an excellent Poet himſelf, but he knew how to ſet a Value upon the ingenious Performances of others, and to encourage them according to their Merit. His Generoſity was beyond all Example. He was the Support of all the Poets of his

his Time: And 'twas he that recommended the Late Lord *Halifax* to King *William*, promoted Mr. *Prior*, preferr'd Mr. *Mainwaring*, Mr. *Stepney* and many others who have made no inconsiderable Figure in Publick Employments. His Lordship liv'd to a fair Age, and died very much lamented at his Seat at *Withenham* near *Buckhurst* in *Suffex*. He Honour'd the World with the following Poems.

I. To the Countess of *Dorchester*, Mistress to King *James* II. This is a short, but very severe Satyr.

II. *The most eminent Ninnies*; a Satyr upon King *James*'s Courtiers; wherein the fair Sex have also a large Share of his Lordship's pointed Reflections.

III. To a Person of Honour, upon his Incomparable Incomprehensible Poem: The *British Princes*, an Heroick Poem, Written by the Honourable *Edward Howard*, Esq;.

IV. Madam *Maintenon*'s Advice to the *French* King.

V. Knotting, a Poem. And some other small Pieces.

GEORGE SANDYS, *Esq*;.

SON of Dr. *Sandys*, Archbishop of *York*; and a divine Poet and elegant Translator in the last Age, who oblig'd the Publick with an Admirable Translation of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoses*. He English'd *Ovid*'s Verses on Fame,

Jamque Opus exegi: Quod nec Jovis *ira, nec ignes,*
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.

Thus,

Thus,

And now the Work is ended, which Jove's *Rage,*
Nor Fire, nor Sword, shall raze, nor eating Age,
Come when it will my Death's uncertain Hour,
Which only of my Body hath a Pow'r:
Yet shall my better part transcend the Sky,
And my Immortal Name shall never dye:
For whereso'er the Roman *Eagles spread*
Their Conqu'ring Wings, I shall of all be read.
And if we Prophets can Presages give,
I in my Fame eternally shall Live.

Horace, Martial, Lucan, and other ancient Poets have Lines to the same purpose; as have likewise some of our Modern Bards; (tho' with less Right) which makes good the Motto.

Marmora Mæonij *vincunt Monumenta Libelli;*
Vivitur ingenio.——

Mr. *Addison,* Mr. *Pope,* Mr. *Sewel,* and several other Ingenious Gentlemen have lately given us an excellent Translation of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoses.*

The other Works of Mr. *Sandys,* are his Paraphrase on the Book of *Job, Psalms, Ecclesiastes,* &c.

Sir CAR SCROOP.

THIS Gentleman was an intimate of the late Lord *Dorset*'s; and famous for his Wit. He was descended from a very good Family in *Nottinghamshire*; and in his Younger Years he gave the Publick a Poem call'd,

The Parting of *Sireno* and *Diana*; and some other Pieces, in the Miscellanies.

Mr. GEORGE

Mr. GEORGE SEWEL.

AN ingenious Gentleman now living. He is the eldeſt Son of Mr. *John Sewel*, Treaſurer and Chapter-Clerk of the College of *Windſor*, where our Poet was born. He was educated at *Eaton* School, and afterwards ſent to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, and at *Peter-Houſe* College he took the Degree of Batchelor of Phyſick. Coming to *London*, he has practis'd as a Phyſician ſome years; but his Inclinations running ſtrong for Poetry, he has given the World ſeveral Performances very much applauded. He is a Man of Wit, Learning, and good Judgment; and beſides his excellent Tragedy of Sir *Walter Raleigh*, his Poems are the following, (*viz.*)

I. To his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, upon his going into *Germany*, *Anno* 1712. This Poem begins thus:

Go, mighty Prince, and thoſe great Nations ſee,
Which thy victorious Arms before made free;
View that fam'd Column, where thy Name engrav'd,
Shall tell their Children who their Empire ſav'd.
Point out that Marble, where thy Worth is ſhown
To every grateful Country, but thy own.

II. Upon his Majeſty's Acceſſion, inſcrib'd to his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*.

III. Verſes to her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs, on the Death of the young Prince.

IV. A Description of the Field of Battel, after *Cæsar* was Conqueror at *Pharsalia*. From the seventh Book of *Lucan*.

V. Translations from *Lucan*, occasion'd by the Tragedy of *Cato*.

VI. The fifth Elegy of the first Book of *Catullus*. To *Delia*.

VII. An Apology for loving a Widow.

VIII. The fifth Psalm paraphras'd.

IX. A Letter to Mr. *Thornhill*, written from *Hampstead*.

X. Upon Mr. *Addison*'s *Cato*.

XI. An Epistle to Mr. *Addison*, on the Death of the Earl of *Hallifax*. This is an excellent Poem; it begins,

And shall Great Halifax *resign to Fate,*
And not one Bard upon his Ashes wait?
Or is with him all Inspiration fled,
And lie the Muses with their Patron dead?
Convince us, Addison, *his Spirit reigns,*
Breathing again in thy immortal Strains:
To thee the list'ning World impartial bends,
Since Halifax *and Envy now are Friends.*

XII. *Cupid*'s Proclamation: A Poem.

This Gentleman assisted Mr. *Rowe* in his Translation of *Callipœdia*; and he was one of the Translators of Mr. *Addison*'s Latin Poems.

The

The Right Noble JOHN SHEFFIELD, *Duke of* Buckinghamshire, *Marquiss of* Normanby, *Earl of* Mulgrave, *&c.*

THIS illustrious Nobleman, the greatest Honour to his Country, and the *Mecœnas* of this Age, is descended from Sir *Robert Sheffield* Knight, who lived in the time of King *Henry* III. *Robert*, Son of the said Sir *Robert*, was likewise Knighted by King *Edward* I. and in Right of his Wife *Genet*, eldest Daughter and Coheir to *Alexander Lownde* Esq; became Lord of the Mannor of *Botterwick* in the County of *Lincoln*. *Robert*, Grandson of the last nam'd Sir *Robert Sheffield*, was Father of another *Robert*, who marry'd a Daughter of Sir *Thomas Staunton* of the County of *York*, and by her had *Robert Sheffield* Esq; his Son and Heir: which *Robert* had Issue, Sir *Robert Sheffield*, who, in the Reign of King *Henry* VII. was Speaker of the House of Commons. Sir *Robert*, by *Helen*, Daughter and Heir to Sir *John Delves*, had Issue *Robert Sheffield*, Father of *Edmund Sheffield*, advanc'd to the Dignity of Baron of *Botterwick* in the first Year of *Edward* VI. This *Edmund* marry'd *Anne*, Daughter of *John Vere* the sixth Earl of *Oxford*, and by her left Issue *John* his Son and Heir: He was a Nobleman of great Loyalty and Valour, but was unfortunately slain by Rebels upon the Insurrection of the Commons in *Norfolk*. *John* his Son, by *Dowglas* Daughter to *William* Lord *Howard* of *Effingham*, had a Son likewise nam'd *Edmund*, made Knight of the Garter by Queen *Elizabeth*,

IV. A Description of the Field of Battel, after *Cæsar* was Conqueror at *Pharsalia*. From the seventh Book of *Lucan*.

V. Translations from *Lucan*, occasion'd by the Tragedy of *Cato*.

VI. The fifth Elegy of the first Book of *Catullus*. To *Delia*.

VII. An Apology for loving a Widow.

VIII. The fifth Psalm paraphras'd.

IX. A Letter to Mr. *Thornhill*, written from *Hampstead*.

X. Upon Mr. *Addison*'s *Cato*.

XI. An Epistle to Mr. *Addison*, on the Death of the Earl of *Hallifax*. This is an excellent Poem; it begins,

And shall Great Halifax *resign to Fate,*
And not one Bard upon his Ashes wait?
Or is with him all Inspiration fled,
And lie the Muses with their Patron dead?
Convince us, Addison, *his Spirit reigns,*
Breathing again in thy immortal Strains:
To thee the list'ning World impartial bends,
Since Halifax *and Envy now are Friends.*

XII. *Cupid*'s Proclamation: A Poem.

This Gentleman assisted Mr. *Rowe* in his Translation of *Callipœdia*; and he was one of the Translators of Mr. *Addison*'s Latin Poems.

The

The Right Noble JOHN SHEFFIELD, *Duke of* Buckinghamshire, *Marquiss of* Normanby, *Earl of* Mulgrave, *&c.*

THIS illustrious Nobleman, the greatest Honour to his Country, and the *Mecœnas* of this Age, is descended from Sir *Robert Sheffield* Knight, who lived in the time of King *Henry* III. *Robert*, Son of the said Sir *Robert*, was likewise Knighted by King *Edward* I. and in Right of his Wife *Genet*, eldest Daughter and Coheir to *Alexander Lownde* Esq; became Lord of the Mannor of *Botterwick* in the County of *Lincoln*. *Robert*, Grandson of the last nam'd Sir *Robert Sheffield*, was Father of another *Robert*, who marry'd a Daughter of Sir *Thomas Staunton* of the County of *York*, and by her had *Robert Sheffield* Esq; his Son and Heir: which *Robert* had Issue, Sir *Robert Sheffield*, who, in the Reign of King *Henry* VII. was Speaker of the House of Commons. Sir *Robert*, by *Helen*, Daughter and Heir to Sir *John Delves*, had Issue *Robert Sheffield*, Father of *Edmund Sheffield*, advanc'd to the Dignity of Baron of *Botterwick* in the first Year of *Edward* VI. This *Edmund* marry'd *Anne*, Daughter of *John Vere* the sixth Earl of *Oxford*, and by her left Issue *John* his Son and Heir: He was a Nobleman of great Loyalty and Valour, but was unfortunately slain by Rebels upon the Insurrection of the Commons in *Norfolk*. *John* his Son, by *Dowglas* Daughter to *William* Lord *Howard* of *Effingham*, had a Son likewise nam'd *Edmund*, made Knight of the Garter by Queen *Elizabeth*,

and created Earl of *Mulgrave* by King *Charles* I. and he had Iſſue ſix Sons; but all dying young, he was ſucceeded by *Edmund* his Grandſon. This *Edmund* marrying *Elizabeth*, Daughter to *Lionel* Earl of *Middleſex*, Lord Treaſurer to King *James* the Firſt, had by her *John*, the now living Ornament of this noble Family; who having travell'd abroad in *France* and *Italy* for ſome time, was (during the *Dutch* Wars) a Volunteer with the Earl of *Oſſery*, in that bloody Engagement at *Soldbay*, and behav'd himſelf ſo gallantly, that he had immediately given him the Command of the *Royal Catherine*, a Firſt-Rate Ship: But his Royal Highneſs the Duke of *York*, under whom he ſerv'd, being forc'd to quit the Sea after that Summer was over, on account of his Religion, this Lord had firſt a new-rais'd Regiment given him, and ſoon after an old one, call'd the *Holland* Regiment; his new one and that being incorporated, it became to have twenty four Companies, and ſo continu'd all that *Dutch* War.

Afterwards he was in favour enough to be made a Lord of the Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the Garter, and when the Duke of *Monmouth* loſt all his Commands, ſucceeded him in the Government of *Hull*: All which Imployments he kept for many Years, till he was made Lord Chamberlain. And it ſhould not be forgotten, that during his remaining in the Army, he went ſeveral times either to the *Dutch* or the *French*, according as *England* engag'd in thoſe Quarrels; and when *Tangier* was beſieg'd by the *Moors*, he, by his own Requeſt, obtain'd the commanding a Detatchment thither of two thouſand five hundred of our beſt Troops; which, tho' tranſported with much Difficulty and extraordinary Haſte, not arriving till juſt after the Siege was rais'd, and a Truce made

for

for five Months, with a Prospect of future Peace, his Lordship return'd with such a surprizing Account, sign'd by all the Officers there, of its being not tenable (by the *Moors* being improv'd in Cannon) and consequently of the King's having been deceiv'd in expending five hundred thousand Pounds to make a Mole there, that it was thought fit to be all blown up at last.

When the Revolution happen'd, his Lordship, tho' not in any way contributing to it, was so kindly us'd, and such an Opinion had King *William* of his great Merit, that, after King *James*'s Death, he made him of his Cabinet-Council, and a Marquiss, with a Pension of 3000 *l.* a year. Upon the Death of King *William*, the first Ministers of Queen *Anne* were the Duke of *Marlborough*, the Earl of *Godolphin*, the Earl of *Nottingham*, the Earl of *Rochester*, and this noble Lold, whom that Princess made Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, and Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, with a Pension added to it; which, on some Change in Affairs, he could not be prevail'd with to continue, even with Offers of greater Favours. But in the Year 1710. he was made first Lord Steward, and afterwards President of the Council: This important Place he kept till the Queen's Death, and consequently had the greatest Post in the Regency.

His Lordship's Valour has been sufficiently prov'd, and his other Abilities are not confin'd to Letters only, and the Encouragement of Learning; for in him we see the most accomplish'd Nobleman, the excellent Poet, the shining Orator, the polite Courtier, and most consummate Statesman, attended with the utmost Honour and Generosity: He has adorn'd the high Station of President of the Council more than once, and acquitted himself therein with that Grace and Fidelity, as to

be thought worthy imitation by his greateſt Succeſſors.

This great Perſon (beſides two excellent Tragedies in Blank Verſe, which, tho' never ſo much importun'd, yet he has not ſuffer'd to be acted) has honour'd the World with the following Poems, *viz.*

I. *An Eſſay on Poetry.* My Lord, in this admirable Poem, has not only ſhewn his very great Wit, but, as Mr. *Pope* obſerves, reſtor'd Wits fundamental Laws, it containing the beſt Rules for Poetry of any Piece written in the *Engliſh* Language; and my Lord of *Roſcommon*'s *Eſſay on tranſlated Verſe*, in compliment to the Duke of *Buckingham*, begins,

Happy that Author, whoſe correct * *Eſſay*
Repairs ſo well our old Horatian *way.*

II. *An Ode of* Brutus, in anſwer to that of the famous *Cowley*, and no way inferior to it.

III. *A Poem in praiſe of* Hobbs.

IV. *The Temple of Death.* This is an admirable Piece.

V. *The Rapture*, an excellent Poem.

VI. *The Happy Night*, miſprinted as being written by the Earl of *Rocheſter*; with ſeveral Copies of Love-Verſes ſpread up and down in the Miſcellanies, without his Lordſhip's Permiſſion, under the Names of Earl of *Mulgrave* and Marquiſs of *Normanby*. His Eſſay on Poetry begins thus:

Of Things in which Mankind does moſt excel,
Nature's chief Maſter-Piece is writing well;
And of all ſorts of Writings, none there are
That can the leaſt with Poetry compare:

* Eſſay on Poetry.

No

No kind of Work requires ſo nice a Touch,
And if well finiſh'd nothing ſhines ſo much:
But Heav'n forbid we ſhould be ſo profane,
To grace the Vulgar with that ſacred Name.
'Tis not a Flaſh of Fancy, which ſometimes
Dazling our Minds, ſets off the ſlighteſt Rhymes;
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;
True Wit is everlaſting like the Sun:
Which tho' ſometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound,
Which never does the Ear with Harſhneſs wound,
Are neceſſary, yet but vulgar Arts;
For all in vain theſe ſuperficial Parts,
Contribute to the Structure of the whole
Without a Genius too, for that's the Soul;
A Spirit which inſpires the Work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the World about;
A Heat which glows in every Word that's writ,
'Tis ſomething of Divine, and more than Wit;
It ſelf unſeen, yet all things by it ſhown,
Deſcribing all Men, but deſcrib'd by none.

I am inform'd alſo, that my Lord of late has written in Proſe, equal to his Compoſitions of Poetry, *two Dialogues of the Dead*; one of them between *Mahomet* and the Duke of *Guiſe* about Religion, the other between *Auguſtus Cæſar* and Cardinal *Richlieu* of Politicks: *A Satyrical Feaſt of the Gods*, in imitation of *Julian*; and his excellent *Character of King* Charles *II.* got into Print, without his Leave, about five and twenty Years ago.

Sir Fleetwood Shepherd.

A Very ingenious Gentleman, who has oblig'd us with some Pieces of Poetry. He was Son of *William Shepherd*, of *Great Rowlright*, in the County of *Oxford*, Esq; and was born in the Year 1634. He studied for some time at *Oxford*, and afterwards liv'd with the late Lord *Dorset*, to whom he was a constant Companion and Friend. He was a Man of a great deal of Wit, commonly *extempore* and particular, and he had a fine way of Writing, which was both careless and new. The chief of his Performances was,

The Countess of Dorset*'s Petition to the late Queen* Mary *for Chocolate*, a very pretty out of the way Piece. He died of an Apoplexy at his Seat at *Rowlright* aforesaid, the 6th of *September*, 1698. and lies interr'd in the Chancel of the Church there, without any Memorial.

Sir Carles Sidley.

THIS accomplish'd Gentleman was descended from a very great and antient Family seated in the County of *Kent*. He was Father to the Countess of *Dorchester*; and his Lady, being a Roman Catholick, parted with him when he was very young. He appear'd in publick about the Year 1663, when the Court of King *Charles* the Second was in its full Splendor, and there were Men of such Perfections in Wit, Sense, and Learning, and that among some of the highest Rank, as no Age of the *English* Court had ever seen before. He was

a

a Man celebrated for Wit and Gallantry, and highly applauded in all Converſations. It happen'd by him in reſpect of the King, as is ſaid of the famous Cardinal *Richlieu*, that they who recommended him to his Majeſty thereby ſupplanted themſelves, and afterwards envied him. He had a maſterly Genius in Poetry, an exuberant Fancy, and a Happineſs beyond moſt Men in expreſſing himſelf. In all he wrote, we find nothing indecent or obſcene, tho' that was the faſhionable Vice of the Poets in thoſe Days. In the moſt wanton of his Verſes he is mannerly and modeſt, yet in words inimitably ſoft, and Expreſſions extremely paſſionate. He not only out-did, but out-liv'd moſt of his Contemporaries; tho' he diſlik'd the Town as he grew into Years, eſpecially after King *Charles* the Second's Death. At the Revolution, he appear'd warm on the ſide of King *William*, particularly in voting the Throne vacant, and filling it up: Upon which, it was ſaid, he paſſed that bitter Jeſt upon King *James*, viz. *That he was even with that Prince in point of Civility: For as he made his Daughter a Counteſs, ſo he had helped to make his Daughter a Queen.* He liv'd to the beginning of Queen *Anne*'s Reign, and died at about the Age of ninety, the Gaiety of his Wit and Humour continuing to the laſt. His Poems are,

I. *A Dialogue between* Amintas *and* Celia.

II. *The Platonick.*

III. *The Indifference.* This Poem ſhews that a Coldneſs in Love ſufficiently effects a Cure of the Paſſion.

IV. *Conſtancy.*

V. *The Submiſſion.*

VI. *To Celia*, and ſeveral other ſmall Love-Pieces.

Sir

Sir *Charles*, in his Poem called the *Indifference*, has these Verses;

In losing me, proud Nymph, you lose
The humblest Slave your Beauty knows;
In losing you, I but throw down
A cruel Tyrant from her Throne.

This Gentleman likewise translated several Pieces from *Virgil*, *Horace*, and other antient Poets.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

A Gentleman of immortal Fame for Arts and Arms, and the Glory of the *English* Nation, in a Reign which was only worthy of him, that of the Great Queen *Elizabeth*. He was Son of Sir *Henry Sidney*, several times Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, and was born at *Penshurst* in the County of *Kent*, in the Year 1554. He had his Education at *Christ's-Church* College in *Oxford*, where he excell'd all his Cotemporaries for polite Literature, and was the greatest Honour to the University. From hence he was invited to Court, by his Uncle *Robert Dudley* Earl of *Leicester*, who married his Mother's Sister; whereupon he quitted his Academical Life, and, coming to *London*, he apply'd himself to the Business of the State. Here he soon became the glorious Star of his Family: His exquisite Learning and fine Parts so endear'd him to Queen *Elizabeth*, that she sent him upon a very important Embassy to the Emperor of *Germany*; and by his Travels he became renown'd throughout *Europe*. He was the Admiration of all Countries,

tries, and unequall'd Abroad as well as at Home; which, as ſome Authors tell us, occaſion'd his being put in Election for the Kingdom of *Poland*. He return'd from his Embaſſy with unuſual Honour and Reputation, and his great Virtue, excellent Wit, and ſweet Temper, did not more recommend him to the Affection of Mankind, than his great Courage and Conduct proclaim'd his Fame amongſt the Heroes of his time. During the *Dutch* Wars, he was made Governor of *Fluſhing*; but at length in an Action before *Zutphen*, in the midſt of Victory, he was unfortunately wounded in the Thigh, whereof he died ſome Days after. This fatal Skirmiſh happen'd in the Year 1586. and took off the fineſt Gentleman in the World in his Prime. His Behaviour was ſuch, that 'tis queſtionable whether his Wiſdom, Induſtry, or Valour may challenge to it ſelf the greateſt Praiſe and Commendation; and all *Chriſtendom* had a Loſs in his Fall. *Nat. Lee*, in his Dedication to *Cæſar Borgia*, ſays, Sir *Philip Sidney* was ſo extravagantly great, that he refus'd to be a King. He was at once a *Cæſar* and a *Virgil*, the leading Soldier, and the foremoſt Poet. He obliged the World with the following Pieces, *viz.*

I. *His Arcadia*, an incomparable Romance, dedicated to his Siſter the Counteſs of *Pembroke*. This Piece, beſides the moſt entertaining Novels, and Intrigues, has in it all the Strains of Poetry, and ſhews a very great Genius in the Author.

II. *Aſtrophel* and *Stella*. This Work contains ſeveral Poems and Songs in Praiſe of his Lady, whom he celebrated under the bright Name of *Stella*; ſhe was Daughter to the Great Sir *Francis Walſingham*.

III. *A Defence of Poeſy*, a very good Piece in thoſe Days. He alſo tranſlated part of that excellent

cellent Treatise of *Philip Morney du Plessis, of the Truth of the Christian Religion.*

He was not so fond of his *Arcadia,* as the Bishop of *Heliodorus* was of his amorous Book; for a little before his Death he desir'd an intimate Friend of his to burn it; but what Answer his Friend made is uncertain: However, this gave the Subject for the following *Latin* Epigram:

Ipse tuam moriens (sed Conjuge *Teste) jubebas*
Arcadiam *Sævis ignibus esse Cibum:*
Si meruit Mortem, quia Flammam accendit Amoris,
Mergi, *non* Uri, *debuit iste Liber.*
In librum quæcunq; cadat Sententia: Nulla
Debuit Ingenium morte perire tuum.

In his last Agonies, when his Friends were about him, and express'd the greatest Sorrow at his approaching Fate, taking notice of his quitting Life for eternal Happiness, he made these Lines:

Why mourn you thus, my Parents, Friends, and Kin?
Lament ye when I lose, not when I win.

His Body was brought over from *Holland* to *England,* and interr'd with great Solemnity in St. *Paul*'s Church *London.* There was an Epitaph on his Tomb, the Contents of which was, that *England* had his Body, the *Netherlands* his Blood.

The Heavens have his Soul, the Arts his Fame;
All Soldiers share his Grief, and the World his good
(*Name.*

King *James* the First wrote these *Latin* Verses on the Death of this Gallant and Accomplish'd Gentleman.

Armipotens

Armipotens cui jus in fortia pectora Mavors,
Tu Dea quæ cerebrum perrumpere digna tot antis,
Tuque adeo bijugæ proles Latonia *rupis*
Gloria, deciduæ cingunt quam collibus artes,
Duc tecum, & querela Sidnæi *funera voce*
Plangite; nam vester fuerat Sidnæus *alumnus,*
Quid genius, & Proavos, & Spem, Floremq; Juventæ,
Immaturo obitu raptum sine fine retexo?
Heu frustra queror? heu rapuit Mors omnia secum,
Et nihil ex tanto nunc est Heroe superstes,
Præterquam Decus & Nomen virtute paratum,
Doctaque Sidneas *testantia Carmina laudes.*

These Lines of Majesty, tho' a great Honour to his Memory, did not exceed his Merit: And Sir *John Harrington* made this Epigram upon Occasion of them:

If that be true, the latter Proverb says,
Laudari a Laudatis *is most Praise:*
Sidney, *thy Works are in Fame's Books enroll'd,*
By Princes Pens, which have thy Acts extoll'd,
Whereby thy Name shall last to endless Days.

Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

AN ingenious Lady now living: She is the Daughter of a considerable Clothier of *Frome* in *Somersetshire*, and since the Writing most of her Poems, she has been married to Dr. *Rowe* an eminent Physician; but is now a Widow. She is

a Woman of great Religion, and retir'd from the World; and having formerly ſtudied very much, particularly Poetry, by the Encouragement of the Lady *Weymouth* of *Long-Leat*, and the Lady *Winchelſea*, ſhe has writ ſeveral Pieces very well receiv'd; the chief whereof are the following:

I. *A Paſtoral on the Nativity of our Saviour*; in imitation of an *Italian* Paſtoral. This is an excellent Poem.

II. *In Praiſe of Memory.*

III. *Taſſo's Jeruſalem*, Book the fourth engliſh'd.

IV. *The Viſion*, a Piece of great Fancy.

V. *The Creation.* This is a very good Poem, and it concludes ſomething like Sir *Richard Blackmore's* Poem of the ſame Name:

Hail! mighty Maker of the Univerſe!
My Song ſhall ſtill thy glorious Deeds rehearſe:
Thy Praiſe, whatever Subject others chuſe,
Shall be the lofty Theme of my aſpiring Muſe.

VI. *Love and Friendſhip, a Paſtoral.* This Piece is very much commended, in a Copy of Verſes to the Author, by Mr. *Prior.*

Mr. John Skelton.

THIS Poet was born at *Dis*, a ſmall Town in *Norfolk*, and had beſtow'd on him a good Education. He compleated his Studies at the Univerſity of *Oxford*, where, according to *Bale*, he took the Degree of Doctor in Divinity; but this ſeems to be a Miſtake: Certain it is, he was in Prieſt's Orders, and Rector of *Dis*, the Place of his

his Nativity. As he perpetually oppos'd the Order of *Dominicans*, for this and some other Errors, being married, or at least keeping a Concubine, he fell under the Censure of Dr. *Richard Nykke* Bishop of *Norwich*; tho' this was not so fatal to him as the Prosecution of Cardinal *Woolsey*, whom he had bitterly revil'd in several of his Writings. The Cardinal, who had so little Charity as never to forgive an Injury, pursu'd his Resentment to that Extremity, that he was forc'd to fly for Sanctuary to *Westminster*, where notwithstanding the violent Proceedings of his powerful Adversary, he grew in great Favour with Abbot *Islip*; but he did not survive the Cardinal, nor his Confinement: for he died in Restraint, about a Year before the Fall of that Prelate. Whether he was Poet Laureat to King *Henry* the Eighth, as *Bale* and some others stile him, is uncertain; if he held that Place, as probably he might, it is reasonable to suppose it must be before Cardinal *Woolsey* was advanc'd in Power. During his Restraint, either to amuse his Solitude, or at the Request of the Abbot, he adorn'd the Monuments of several great Personages in *Westminster-Abbey* with Tables and Epitaphs; as those of *Sigebert* the *Saxon*, *Henry* VII. *Chaucer*, and others; some of which still remain, tho' most of them were destroy'd in the grand Rebellion. As to his Temper, if we may judge by his Writings, it was very jocose, but an ill-natur'd Wit attending it, which prov'd very much to his Prejudice. This brought upon him the Hatred and Ill-Will of several learned Men of his time, among which was Mr. *Lilly* the famous Grammarian; against whom our *Skelton* had writ a severe Satire, which *Lilly* answer'd in as sharp a manner; and indeed he was generally call'd the *Democritus* and *Lucian* of *England*.

land. But as his great Learning puffed him up to insult several of his Contemporaries, so in a great measure it skreen'd him from their Resentments; for altho' these Poetical Feuds and Differences were carry'd to a great height, he was always esteem'd by the most learned Men of that Age, both at Home and Abroad; and *Erasmus*, that great Master of Wit, and Restorer of Learning, writing of *Skelton* to King *Henry* VIII. calls him, *Britanniarum Literarum Lumen ac Decus.* The chief of his Performances are,

I. *On the Death of King* Henry *the Fourth.*

II. *Speak Parrot.*

III. *Beware the Hawk.*

IV. *The Tunning of* Elianor Rumming. This Piece has been lately reprinted. His Stile in his Poetry is loose and rambling; and his Measure of Verse a little uneven.

He dy'd in Sanctuary at *Westminster*, in the 21st Year of *Henry* VIII. and was bury'd in St. *Margaret*'s Church, with this Inscription upon his Tomb.

Johannes Skeltonus vates Pierius hic situs est,
Animam egit (ejecit) xxi. *Junii, A. D.* 1529.

Dr. GEORGE SMALLRIDGE, *late Bishop of* Bristol.

A Very pious and learned Prelate, born in the City of *Litchfield* in *Staffordshire*, and educated as a King's Scholar under Dr. *Busby* at *Westminster* School; from whence he was elected to *Christ-Church* College in *Oxford.* Here he became an excellent *Latin* Poet, and was very much admir'd

mir'd for his great Learning, obliging Converſation, and exemplary Piety. He was Regius-Profeſſor in Divinity at *Oxford*: And as to his Preferments in the Church, he was firſt made Canon of *Chriſt-Church*, afterwards Dean of *Carliſle*, and Biſhop of *Briſtol*, and Dean of *Chriſt-Church*. He was likewiſe Lord Almoner to her late Majeſty Queen *Anne*, and alſo to his preſent Majeſty for ſome time after his Acceſſion to the Throne. He has writ ſeveral *Latin* Poems, eſpecially the following:

On the Death of Queen Anne, *and the Acceſſion of King* George; a Poem, tranſlated by an eminent Hand. This is an admirable Piece; but what gain'd him the greateſt Reputation was his *Auctio Davaſiana*, a *Latin* Poem deſign'd for a publick Performance at an Act on the Theatre, eſteem'd the moſt finiſh'd Piece of the kind that had been produc'd in that Univerſity.

JOHN *Lord* SOMERS.

THIS excellent Lawyer, and great Stateſman, was not only an Encourager of Poetry, but a Poet himſelf in his younger Years, before he was advanc'd to the important Truſt of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of *England*, when he wrote ſome Poems, which were very well receiv'd by the Publick; the moſt remarkable whereof is, *Dryden*'s *Satire to his Muſe*, a famous Piece.

Dr. THOMAS SPRAT, *late Bishop of* Rochester.

THIS eminent Divine, and celebrated Poet, was the Son of a Country Clergyman, and, in the time of the Great Rebellion, admitted on the Foundation of *Wadham*-College in *Oxford*, under that great Genius Dr. *Wilkins*, afterwards Bishop of *Chester*; having the Lord *Wilmot*, after Earl of *Rochester*, his Fellow-Collegiate and Friend; and there appear'd an Emulation in the Juvenile Writings of these two Gentlemen, for they kept up a kind of Rivalry in Wit between them. He soon distinguish'd himself by his great Parts and Learning, and made his Character early known to the World, by publishing young *his Plague of Athens*: but his *Commendatory Ode in praise of Mr.* Cowley, very much increas'd his Reputation. This brought him acquainted with that Gentleman, who lik'd him and his Complement so well, that he most effectually recommended him to the Patronage of the late Duke of *Buckingham*, his great Benefactor. His Grace immediately receiv'd him as his Chaplain, and took him into his Intimacy and Friendship; and King *Charles* the Second, who delighted in his Conversation, soon made him Dean of *Westminster*, and Bishop of *Rochester*. He was of a most graceful Person, and in his Behaviour a compleat and accomplish'd Gentleman. He was a great Refiner of our *English* Language; and in Gratitude to Mr. *Cowley*, he wrote an incomparable Life of him before his Works. His Poems are the following:

I. *A*

I. *A Pindarick Ode*, written when he presented *Cowley*'s Poems to *Wadham* College.

II. *On his Mistress drown'd.*

III. *To the Memory of the Lord Protector* Cromwell.

IV. *The Plague of* Athens, *translated.* This Plague was first describ'd in *Greek* by *Thucydides*; and then in *Latin* by *Lucretius.* In the *English* Translation by Dr. *Sprat*, are these Lines:

The Afric *Deserts straight were double Deserts grown:*
The rav'nous Beasts were left alone,
The rav'nous Beasts then first began,
To pity their old En'my Man,
And blam'd the Plague for what they would themselves (have done.

Mr. EDMUND SPENSER.

A Poet of the greatest Reputation, who liv'd in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; an Age remarkable for producing eminent Genius's of very different kinds. He was born in *London*, and educated at *Pembroke-Hall* in *Cambridge*; where he arriv'd to be an excellent Scholar, and stood for a Fellowship in competition with Mr. *Andrews*, afterwards Bishop of *Winchester*; but loosing it, this Disappointment, with the Narrowness of his Circumstances, forc'd him from the University. After this he took up his Residence for some time with some Friends in the *North*, where he fell in Love with his *Rosalind*, whom he so finely celebrates in his Pastoral Poems. On his coming to Town, he soon grew acquainted with the famous Sir *Philip Sidney*, his great Friend and Patron;

who was then in the higheſt Reputation for his Wit, Gallantry, and polite Accompliſhments. The Story of his commencing Acquaintance with this univerſally admir'd Gentleman, runs thus: It is ſaid, that being a Stranger to Sir *Philip*, after he had begun to write his *Fairy-Queen*, he took Occaſion to go to *Leiceſter-Houſe*, and to introduce himſelf, by ſending in to Sir *Philip Sidney* a Copy of the ninth Canto of the firſt Book of that Poem. Sir *Philip*, after he had read ſome Stanza's, being much ſurpriz'd with his *Deſcription of Deſpair*, and in an unuſual kind of Tranſport on the Diſcovery of ſo great and uncommon a Genius, turn'd to his Steward, and bid him give the Perſon that brought thoſe Verſes Fifty Pounds; but upon reading the next Stanza, he order'd the Sum to be doubled; and reading one Stanza more, Sir *Philip* increaſed his Bounty to Two Hundred Pounds, and commanded his Steward to give it immediately, leſt, as he read further, he might be tempted to give away his whole Eſtate. By Sir *Philip*'s means he was made known and receiv'd at Court: In the Year 1579. he was ſent abroad by the Earl of *Leiceſter*, and afterwards recommended to the Lord *Grey* as Secretary, who was choſen Deputy of *Ireland*. Here 'tis reported he writ the greateſt part of his *Fairy Queen*; but his firſt Attempt in Poetry, and which gain'd him a general Eſteem, was his *Shepherd's Calendar*. It was about this time he contracted an intimate Friendſhip with the great and learned Sir *Walter Raleigh*, who was then a Captain under the Lord *Grey* in *Ireland*; his Sonnets were a kind of ſhort Hiſtory of the Progreſs of a new Amour, which terminated in Marriage, and gave occaſion to an excellent Epithalamium: Now tho' he paſs'd his Life for ſome time very ſerenely, yet a Train of Misfortunes purſu'd him;

and

and in the Rebellion of the Earl of *Desmond*, he was plunder'd of his Estate. This oblig'd him to return to *England*, where his Afflictions were very much augmented by the Death of his generous Friend Sir *Philip Sidney*. He was at length reduc'd to Poverty, a Fate which generally follows Poets of Eminence——*Peculiari Poetis fato semper cum Paupertate conflictatus est*——whereupon he address'd himself to his great Mistress Queen *Elizabeth* (to whom he was Poet Laureat, but for some time without the Pension) presenting her with some Poems; with which she was so well pleas'd, that she order'd him a very considerable Gratuity; but the noble Bounty intended was abridged to One Hundred Pounds by the Management of the Lord Treasurer *Burleigh*, who conceiv'd a Hatred of him for some Reflections which he apprehended were made on him by Mr. *Spenser*, in his *Mother* Hubberd's *Tale*; for which reason he is said to have intercepted the Queen's Favour to this unfortunate and ingenious Man.

As the most elegant Minds have the quickest Sense of ill Treatment from the Great and Powerful, who should countenance and protect them, it is no wonder that this Misfortune made a deep Impression on our Author's Spirit: And we find him, in many Parts of his Works, complaining of so hard and undeserved Usage, especially in a Poem call'd, *The Ruins of Time*; where he has these Lines:

O let not those, of whom the Muse is scorn'd,
Alive or dead be by the Muse adorn'd.

The Lines suppos'd to give Offence to the Lord Treasurer (in his *Mother* Hubberd's *Tale*) are the

following, which describe Dependence on Court-Favour.

Full little knowest thou, that hast not try'd,
What Hell it is, in suing long to bide,
To lose good Days, that might be better spent,
To waste long Nights in pensive Discontent;
To speed To-day, to be put back To-morrow,
To feed on Hope, to pine with Fear and Sorrow;
To have thy Prince's Grace, yet want her Peers;
To have thy asking, yet wait many Years:
To fret thy Soul with Crosses and with Cares,
To eat thy Heart thro' comfortless Despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

These are the Verses objected against by the Lord *Burleigh.*

And as the ingenious Mr. *Hughes* observes, in his Life of this Poet, even the Sighs of a miserable Man are sometimes resented as an Affront by him that is the Occasion of them. *Spenser* surviv'd his generous Patron about twelve Years, but spent the latter part of that time with much Grief of Heart, under the Disappointment of a broken Fortune. He died the same Year with his potent Adversary the Lord *Burleigh*, which was in 1598.

He was the first of our *English* Poets that brought Heroick Poesy to any Perfection; and *Dryden* says, the *English* have only to boast of *Spenser* and *Milton* in Heroick Poetry.

His *Fairy Queen*, for great Invention and Poetick Height, is judg'd little inferiour, if not equal to the chief of the antient *Greeks* and *Latins*. He had a large Spirit, a sharp Judgment, and a Genius beyond any that have writ since *Virgil*; his Flights of Fancy are noble, and his Execution excellent;

cellent; but sometimes his Judgment is overborne by the Torrent of his Imagination, and he seem'd to want a true Idea and Uniformity; tho' whatever Fault this may be, he endows all his Heroes with some moral Virtue (tho' in a romantick Story) and makes Instruction the Subject of his Epick Poem, which is very much for his Praise. The Original of every Character was living in the Court of Queen *Elizabeth*, when he writ his *Fairy Queen*; and he attributed to each of them that Virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them. The several Books in this Poem appear rather like so many several Poems, than one entire Fable; each of them has his peculiar Knight, and is independent of the rest. His Figures and Similes, which occur almost in every Page, are extremely beautiful and surprizing; particularly the following, being an Image of *Strength*, in striking a Club into the Ground.

As when Almighty Jove, *in wrathful Mood,*
To wreak the Guilt of mortal Sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thund'ring Dart with deadly Food,
Enroll'd in Flames and smouldring Dreariment,
Thro' riven Clouds and molten Firmament
The fierce three-forked Engine making way,
Both lofty Tow'rs and highest Trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry Passage stay,
And shooting in the Earth, casts up a Mount of Clay.
His boisterous Club so bury'd in the Ground,
He could not reaven up again.——

And also that of the Giant's Fall,

That down he tumbled as an aged Tree,
High growing on the Top of rocky Cliff;
Whose Heart-strings with keen Steel nigh hewen be:

The mighty Trunk, half-rent with ragged Rift,
Doth roll adown the Rocks, and fall with fearful Drift

His Simile on the Old Man, almoſt waſted away with Study, is excellent;

With ſnowy Locks adown his Shoulder ſpread,
As hoary Froſt with Spangles doth attire
The moſſy Branches of an Oak half-dead.

I cannot omit in this Place inſerting ſome of *Spenſer*'s Lines, from his Deſcription and Speech of *Deſpair*, in the ninth Canto of his *Fairy Queen*, ſo much applauded by Sir *Philip Sidney*. Deſcribing the *Cave of Deſpair*, he has theſe Lines:

——*Low, underneath a craggy Clift,*
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy Grave,
That ſtill for Carrion Carcaſſes doth crave:
On Top whereof there dwelt the ghaſtly Owl,
Shricking his baleful Note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearful Fowl;
And all about it wand'ring Ghoſts did wail and howl.

That darkſome Cave they Enter, where they find
That curſed Man, low ſitting on the Ground,
Muſing full ſadly in his ſullen Mind;
His greaſy Locks, long growen, and unbound,
Diſorder'd hung about his Shoulders round,
And hid his Face; through which his hollow Eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and ſtared as aſtoun'd;
His raw-bone Cheeks, through Penury and Pine,
Were ſhrunk into his Jaws, as he did never dine.

His

His Garment, nought but many ragged Clouts,
With Thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
The which his naked Sides he wrap'd abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the Graſs
A dreary Corſe, whoſe Life away did paſs,
All wallow'd in his own yet luke-warm Blood,
That from his Wound yet Welled freſh alas;
In which a ruſty Knife faſt-fixed ſtood,
And made an open Paſſage for the guſhing Flood.

Which piteous Spectacle, approving true
The woful Tale that Trevisan *had told,*
When as the gentle Redcroſs *Knight did view,*
With fiery Zeal he burnt in Courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his Blood were cold:
And to the Villain ſaid; Thou damned Wight,
The Author of this Fact, we here behold,
What Juſtice can but judge againſt thee right,
With thine own Blood to price his Blood, here ſhed in Sight.

What frantick Fit (quoth he) hath thus diſtraught
Thee, fooliſh Man, ſo raſh a Doom to give?
What Juſtice ever other Judgment taught,
But he ſhould die, who merits not to live?
None elſe to Death this Man deſpairing drive,
But his own guilty Mind deſerving Death.
Is then unjuſt to each his Due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living Breath?
Or let him die at eaſe, that liveth here uneath?

Who travels by the weary wand'ring way,
To come unto his wiſhed Home in haſte,
And meets a Flood that doth his Paſſage ſtay,
Is not great Grace to help him over paſt,
Or free his Feet, that in the Mire ſtick faſt?

Moſt

Most envious Man that grieves at Neighbour's good,
And fond, that joyest in the Woe thou hast,
Why will not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the Bank, yet wilt thy self not pass the Flood?

He there does now enjoy eternal Rest
And happy Ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little Pain the Passage have,
That makes frail Flesh to fear the bitter Wave?
Is not short Pain well born, that brings long Ease,
And lays the Soul to sleep in quiet Grave?
Sleep after Toil, Port after stormy Seas,
Ease after War, Death after Life, does greatly please.

The first Edition of the *Fairy Queen* was publish'd and corrected by *Spenser* himself, with several Copies of Verses to the Author; and Verses of the Author to most of the Nobility in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Court, about two Years before his Death; and the Title of his Poem is, *The Faerie Queene; dispos'd into twelve Books, fashioning twelve moral Virtues. London*, Printed for *William Ponsonbie*, 1596.

Besides those Pieces of Mr. *Spenser*'s, which have been preserv'd, he writ several others, *viz.* Nine Comedies, in imitation of the Comedies of his admir'd *Ariosto*, inscrib'd with the Name of the *Nine Muses*; *the Dying Pelicane*; *Court of* Cupid; *Hell of Lovers*; *Epithalamium Thamesis*, and some others, with a Treatise in Prose, call'd, *The* English *Poet*. All his Pieces show a prodigious Genius, and tho' in his Versification he is not always equal to himself, yet he is superior to all his Contemporaries. And as for his *Fairy Queen*, tho' it was never taken to be a perfect Poem, yet it was from the beginning allow'd to be admirable.

This

This Great Poet was bury'd in *Westminster-Abbey*, near the Remains of *Geoffry Chaucer*, as he had desir'd. His Obsequies were attended by the Poets of that time, and many others, who paid the last Honours to his Memory. Several Copies of Verses were thrown after him into his Grave; and his Monument was erected at the Charge of the famous *Robert Devereux*, the unfortunate Earl of *Essex*: But the Inscription on the Tombstone is not to be depended upon, with respect to his Birth and the time of his Dying *; and in a *Latin* Treatise, describing the Monuments of *Westminster* in the Year 1600, suppos'd to be publish'd by Mr. *Camden*, it is as follows:

Edmundus Spenser, *Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi fuit Princeps, quod ejus Poemata, faventibus Musis & victuro Genio conscripta, comprobant. Obiit immatura morte, Anno Salutis,* 1598. *& prope* Galfredum Chaucerum *conditur, qui felicissime Poesin Anglicis Literis primus illustravit. In quem hæc scripta sunt Epitaphia.*

Hic prope Chaucerum *situs est* Spenserius *illi*
Proximus Ingenio, proximus ut Tumulo.
Hic prope Chaucerum Spensere *Poeta Poetam*
Conderis, & versu quam Tumulo propior;
Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitq; Poesis,
Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, Mori.

The late Mr. *Hughes* has given the Publick a correct Edition of all *Spenser*'s Works in six Volumes, *Duodecimo*; to which he has prefix'd (besides the Life of Mr. *Spenser*) *An Essay on Allegorical*

* *See Mr.* Hughes's *Life of* Spenser, *before his Works, pag.* 16.

Poetry,

Poetry, &c. with Remarks on the *Fairy Queen*, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and the other Writings of this Poet.

Mr. Stafford.

A Great Friend of Mr. *Dryden*'s and Colonel *Sackvil*, of the Family of the Lord *Dorset*. He tranſlated the following Pieces.

I. The eight and tenth Eclogues of *Virgil*, amongſt Mr. *Dryden* and others.

II. Epiſode on the Death of *Camilla*, from the eleventh Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneids*.

III. The eighth Satire of the firſt Book of *Horace*.

Thomas Stanley, *Eſq*;

A Gentleman, born at *Cumberlo-Green* in *Hertfordſhire*, the Seat of his Family. He had the Reputation of a general Scholar, a Philoſopher, Hiſtorian, and Poet. He was a great Tranſlator of the antient *Greek*, and modern *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, and *French* Poets; and gave the World a Tranſlation of the Tragedies of Æschylus, which was eſteem'd well done in the laſt Age.

He likewiſe wrote the Lives of the Philoſophers, and publiſh'd a Volume of Poems in the Year one thouſand ſix hundred fifty one; which, beſides many excellent occaſional Pieces, contains ſeveral Tranſlations; particularly the Works of *Anacreon*, *Bion*, and *Moſchus*, with a *Platonick* Diſcourſe upon Love;

Love; and two Novels: I. The *Prince*. II. The *Cyprian Virgin*.

GEORGE STEPNEY, *Esq;*

THIS Gentleman was descended from the Family of the *Stepney*'s in *Pembrokeshire*, but born in *Westminster* in the Year 1663. For his Education he was first sent to *Westminster*-School, and, after having made a good Progress in Literature there, he was remov'd to *Trinity-College* in *Cambridge*, where he was Cotemporary with *Charles Montague* Esq; afterwards Lord *Halifax*: And being of the same College with him, a very great Friendship was contracted between them. He was invited from the University to Town, with Mr. *Montague*, by the late Earl of *Dorset*; and soon receiv'd the Applauses of all polite Gentlemen for his uncommon Learning, extraordinary Wit, engaging Conversation, and great Experience in political Affairs. His excellent Qualifications and great Merit at length recommended him to the Favour of King *William*, who sent him, in the Quality of Envoy, to the Elector of *Brandenburgh* in the Year 1692. to the Imperial Court in 1693. to the Elector of *Saxony* in 1694. to the Electors of *Mayence*, *Cologne*, &c. and the Congress at *Frankfort* in 1696. In the Year 1697. he was made one of the Commissioners of Trade, and in 1698. sent a second time Envoy to the Elector of *Brandenburgh*, to the King of *Poland* in 1699. and again to the Emperor in 1701. and in 1706. the late Queen sent him Envoy to the States-General. He was very happy and successful in all his Negotiations,

tions, which occasion'd a constant Employment in the most weighty Affairs. At his leisure Hours he wrote some Pieces of Poetry, which are very much admir'd for the Politeness and Elegancy of his Stile, as well as his great Wit. They are,

I. *A Poem to King* James *the Second*, on the Death of King *Charles* the Second.

II. *An Epistle to* Charles Montague *Esq*; (since Lord *Halifax*) on his Majesty's Voyage to *Holland*.

III. *To the Earl of* Carlisle, *upon the Death of his Son.*

IV. *The* Austrian *Eagle.*

V. *The Nature of Dreams.*

VI. *A Poem dedicated to the Memory of Queen* Mary.

He died at *Chelsea* in the Year 1707. and was bury'd in *Westminster-Abbey*, where a fine Monument is erected over him, with the following Inscription, on the Pedestal.

H. S. E.
Georgius Stepneius, *Armiger*,
Vir
Ob Ingenii acumen,
Literarum Scientiam,
Morum Suavitatem,
Rerum Usum
Virorum Amplissimorum Consuetudinem,
Linguæ Styli ac Vitæ Elegantiam,
Præclara Officia cum Britanniæ tum Europæ
Præstita,
Suæ ætate multum celebratus,
Apud posteros semper celebrandus;
Plurimas Legationes obiit
Ea Fide, Diligentia, ac Felicitate,
Ut Augustissimorum Principum
Gulielmi & Annæ

Spem

Spem in illo repoſitam
Nunquam fefellerit,
Haud raro ſuperavit.
Poſt longum honorum Curſum
Brevi Temporis Spatio confectum,
Cum Naturæ parvæ Fama ſatis vixerat
Animam ad altiora aſpirantem placide effluvit.

On the Left Hand.

G. S.
Ex Equeſtri Familia Stepneiorum,
De Pendegraſt, *in Comitatu*
Pembrochienſi Oriundus,
Weſtmonaſterii *natus eſt, A D.* 1663.
Electus in Collegium
Sancti Petri Weſtmonaſt. A. 1676.
Sancti Trinitatis Cantab. 1682.
Conſiliariorum quibus Commercii
Cura Commiſſa eſt 1697.
Chelſeiæ *mortuus, & Comitante*
Magna Procerum
Frequentia huc elatus, 1707.

On the right Hand is a particular Account of all his Employments abroad.

Sir RICHARD STEELE.

THIS ingenious Gentleman, beſides his excellent Plays, has given us ſome Poetical Writings, which deſerve Notice in this Place, tho' they are few in Number, and generally eſteem'd, not the beſt of his Performances; but all Perſons allow there is good Senſe through-

throughout, and some of the Wit natural to Sir *Richard Steele*. They are,

I. *An Imitation of* Horace's *sixth Ode*, apply'd to the Duke of *Marlborough*.

II. *The Procession, a Poem on the Funeral of Queen* Mary; written in the Year 1695. This Piece expresses the universal Concern of the Nation for the Loss of this incomparable Princess.

III. To Mr. *Congreve*, occasion'd by his Comedy, call'd, *The Way of the World*.

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

AMONGST the Poems written by this excellent Person, and bound up with his Plays, are the following Pieces very much applauded.

I. *A Session of the Poets*. This Piece has a great deal of diverting Humour, at the Expence of the Contenders for the Bays, and is often referr'd to in this Work.

II. *On Fruition*, an excellent Poem, and some others.

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

A Clergyman, now living, of great Wit. He was born in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, of *English* Parents, and educated in *Trinity*-College near *Dublin*. He left *Ireland* as soon as he had taken Orders, and coming into *England*, I am inform'd, he was some time entertain'd by the famous Sir *William Temple*. He was then receiv'd into the Family

Family of the late Earl of *Berkeley*, in the Quality of a Chaplain; and attended his Lordſhip at the time he was one of the Lords Juſtices of *Ireland*. After this, I have been told, he was intimate with the late Lord *Halifax*; but on the Turn of Affairs, my Lord *Oxford* drew him into his Intereſt, when he was concern'd in writing the famous State-Paper, call'd, *The Examiner*. He has ſince been prefer'd to the Deanery of St. *Patrick*'s in *Ireland*, which he holds, with one of the beſt Livings in that Kingdom.

His *Baucis* and *Philemon*; imitated from the eighth Book of *Ovid*, is a Piece celebrated for its Humour; and his Writings in general are too well known to pretend to give a Character of them.

Mr. JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

A Very eminent Tranſlator in the Reign of King *James* the Firſt. He tranſlated ſeveral Works of the Divine *Du Bartus*; particularly, *Eden, the Ark, the Fathers, Jonas, Babylon, the Triumph of Faith*, &c. and *The ſix Day's Work of the Creation* gain'd him a great deal of Fame, having many Admirers, and being uſher'd into the World by the greateſt Wits of that Age: Amongſt others, the immortal *Ben Johnſon* thus wrote to him:

If to Admire were to Commend, my Praiſe
Might then both thee, thy Work, and Merit raiſe;
But as it is, how can I ſpeak, but err,
Since they can only judge that can confer?
Behold! the Reverend Shade of Bartus *ſtands*
Before my Thought, and (in thy Right) commands

That to the World I publiſh for him this:
Bartus *doth wiſh the* Engliſh *now were his,*
So well in that are his Intentions wrought,
As his will now be the Tranſlation thought,
Thine the Original; and France *ſhall boaſt*
No more thoſe Maiden Glories ſhe has loſt.

T.

Mr. JOHN TATEHAM.

A Poet in the Reign of King *Charles* the Firſt, who writ a Volume of Poems, entitled, *Fancy's Theatre*; theſe Poems have ſeveral Copies of Verſes in their Commendation.

Mr. JOHN TAYLOR.

THIS Poet was born in *Glouceſterſhire*, and he was a Perſon of very good natural Parts, but of a ſmall ſhare of Learning, having, in the Progreſs of Letters, gone very little beyond his Accidence, as we may collect from one of his Pieces, where he ſays,

I muſt confeſs I do want Eloquence,
And never ſcarce did learn my Accidence;
For having got from Poſſum *to* Poſſet,
I there was gravel'd, could no further get.

He

He wrote some Pieces, dedicated to King *James* and King *Charles* the First, and by them well accepted, considering his Education; but it is to be consider'd, that Poetry, in former times, when there was less of it, was more encourag'd and regarded than in this Age, when the World is so much loaded with it. He for some time kept a publick House near *Long-acre*, and, upon the Murder of King *Charles* the First, set up the Sign of the *Mourning Crown*; but this open Piece of Loyalty was counted malignant in those Days, and being oblig'd to pull down his Sign, he hung up his own Picture in the stead of it, with these Lines underneath,

Kings Heads are hung up for a Sign,
And many a Saints, then why not mine?

He died about the Year 1654. having spent the latter part of his Life in Mirth and Jollity.

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD.

THIS Gentleman, besides his Dramatick Works, has given us several Poems and Translations, which have met with Approbation. They chief of them are,

I. *The Cave of Poverty*, an excellent Poem.

II. *A Poem on the Death of Queen* Anne.

III. Translations from *Ovid*'s Metamorphoses, *&c.* I am inform'd this Gentleman has a Brother, who has lately publish'd a small Miscellany of Poems; but as I have not seen it, I cannot pretend to give any Account of them.

THOMAS TICKELL, *Esq;*

A Gentleman of Merit, now living. He is Son to the late Reverend Mr. *Richard Tickell*, a Clergyman well preferr'd in the *North* of *England*. He was educated at *Queen's*-College, *Oxford*, of which he is at this time Fellow; and from thence he wrote an excellent Copy of Verſes to Mr. *Addiſon*, upon his *Roſamond* an Opera, which firſt made him known to the World, and recommended him to the Favour of that Gentleman. On Mr. *Addiſon*'s Promotion to be Secretary of State, he appointed him Under-Secretary, which Place he now enjoys under the Right Honourable Mr. Secretary *Craiggs*. He has oblig'd the Publick with ſeveral fine Poems and Tranſlations.

I. *To his Excellency the Lord Privy Seal, on the Proſpect of Peace.* This Poem has had ſix Editions.

II. *An Imitation of the Prophecy of* Nereus. This Piece found likewiſe very good Succeſs.

III. *On an Original Painting of King* Charles *I.* taken at the time of his Trial.

IV. *A Fragment of a Poem on Hunting.*

V. *A Deſcription of the Phœnix*: Tranſlated from *Claudian.*

In utmoſt Ocean lies a lovely Iſle,
Where Spring ſtill blooms, and Greens for ever (ſmile;
In theſe ſoft Shades, unpreſt by human Feet,
The happy Phœnix keeps his balmy Seat
Far from the World——

The

The three Performances laſt mention'd are publiſh'd in the Miſcellanies, as alſo ſome other ſmall Copies of Verſes, written by this Author.

VI. *An Epiſtle from a Lady in* England *to a Gentleman at* Avignon. This Poem has ſold five Editions.

VII. *An Ode to the Lord* Stanhope, on his going to *France* to make Propoſals of Peace with *Spain*. This has had two Editions.

VIII. *Part of the fourth Book of* Lucan *tranſlated*. This Piece is inſerted in the Miſcellanies.

IX. *The firſt Iliad of* Homer *tranſlated*. This Tranſlation, and that by Mr. *Pope* were made publick at the ſame time, and both their Performances are extremely well done. It could be wiſh'd that this Gentleman would tranſlate his *Odyſſes*, purſuant to his Intentions mention'd in his Preface.

The Reverend Mr. JOSEPH TRAPP.

THIS Gentleman is ſecond Son to the Reverend Mr. *Joſeph Trapp*, Rector of *Cherington* in *Glouceſterſhire*, at which Place he was born. His firſt Rudiments of Learning he had under his Father, and at private Schools, from whence he went for ſome time to *New-College* School in *Oxford*; and removing from thence, was, for many Years, Scholar and Fellow of *Wadham-College* in the ſame Univerſity, where he took the Degree of Maſter of Arts. At *Oxford* he was unanimouſly choſen Profeſſor of Poetry in the Year 1708. being the firſt of the kind, and is ſucceeded in that Office (which can be held but for ten Years) by

Mr. *Thomas Wharton*, Fellow of *Magdalen-College*. This Poetry-Lecture was founded by Dr. *Henry Birkhead*, formerly Fellow of *All-Souls*. As to what he has publish'd under his own Name, his Pieces are the following, *viz.*

I. *A Poem upon the lamented Death of his Highneſs the Duke of* Glouceſter.

II. *A Poem on the Death of King* William. Both theſe Pieces are very well writ, and contain a great variety of Poetry.

III. *To the Queen, on the Death of his Royal Highneſs Prince* George *of* Denmark.

IV. *A Poem upon the Death of Queen* Anne.

V. *A Paraphraſe upon the* 104*th Pſalm.*

VI. *The Deſcription of the Prodigies which attended the Death of* Julius Cæſar, tranſlated into Blank Verſe, from the latter end of the firſt Book of *Virgil's Georgicks.*

VII. *The Story of* Phaeton, an excellent Tranſlation, from the firſt and ſecond Books of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes.*

VIII. *The Love of* Gallus, tranſlated from *Virgil's* tenth Eclogue.

IX. *A Copy of Verſes upon the Duke of* Beaufort's *Seat at* Badmington *in* Glouceſterſhire.

X. *The Æneis of* Virgil, tranſlated into Blank Verſe, with large Notes and Obſervations; in two Volumes.

Beſides theſe, Mr. *Trapp* has one *Latin* Poem in the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*, and his *Prælectiones Poeticæ* publiſh'd in three Volumes, *duodecimo.*

Mr.

Mr. THOMAS TUSSER.

AN antient Poet, born at *Riven-Hall* in *Eſſex*. His Father, who deſign'd him for a Muſician, plac'd him firſt to *Walling ford* School, and from thence he was ſent to learn Muſick at St. *Paul*'s; and having attain'd ſome Skill in that Art, he was afterwards ſent to *Eaton*-School, to compleat himſelf in the *Latin* Tongue, from whence he remov'd to *Trinity-Hall* in *Cambridge*; but being there viſited with extreme Sickneſs, he was oblig'd very ſoon to quit the Univerſity. After the Recovery of his Health, he follow'd the Court, and liv'd ſome Years in the Family of the Lord *Paget*: But not meeting with the Encouragement he expected, he left the Town, and retir'd into *Suffolk*, where he Rented a Farm, and apply'd himſelf to Husbandry: After this he was a Singing-Man at *Norwich*, and was ſucceſſively a Muſician, School-maſter, Husbandman, and Poet; but had little Proſperity in either of his Stations: So that he might ſay with the Poet:

——*Monitis ſum minor ipſe meis.*

He flouriſh'd in the Reign of King *Edward* the Sixth, and at laſt died in *London*, *Anno* 1580. He was bury'd at St. *Mildred*'s Church in the *Poultrey*.

Dr. CHRISTOPHER TYE.

THIS Poet liv'd in the Reigns of King *Henry* VIII. and *Edward* VI. to which laſt he was one of the Gentlemen of the Chappel, and probably Organiſt, he being bred up to Muſick. Upon the Diſſolution of the Abbies, when Church-Muſick receiv'd a very great Wound in *England*, he was its principal Support, and by his great Skill and Diligence, he kept it in good Credit at Court, and in all Cathedrals during his Life. He tranſlated,

The Acts of the Apoſtles into Verſe, and ſet part of it to Muſick, which he dedicated to King *Edward* VI. a little before his Death.

V.

GEORGE VILLERS, *late Duke of* Buckingham.

THIS incomparable Nobleman was Son of *George Villiers*, the Great Duke of *Buckingham*, who was ſtabb'd by *Felton*, and deſcended from a Family of great Antiquity (originally of *French* Extraction) ſeated at *Brooksby* in *Leiceſterſhire*. He was bred up with the politeſt Prince that ever ſat upon the *Engliſh* Throne, and was the greateſt Ornament

nament of his Court. In his Perſon he was a very fine Gentleman, and his Converſation was eaſy and charming; ſerious when Occaſion requir'd it, tho' generally facetious, and turning upon Mirth. He had a Genius that fitted him for the higheſt Poſts in the Government; but Pleaſure, which was his predominant Paſſion, made him ridicule all manner of Buſineſs; and by a neglect of himſelf and his Affairs, he very much ſuffer'd in his Eſtate. He was very ſerviceable in the Royal Cauſe, and ventur'd himſelf freely for his Prince, whom he accompany'd in the fatal Battle of *Worceſter*. Afterwards he attended King *Charles* the Second in his Exile, and at the Reſtoration he found himſelf poſſeſſed of one of the moſt conſiderable Eſtates in the Kingdom: He was likewiſe made Maſter of the Horſe to the King; but as he affected Magnificence beyond his Fortune, tho' ſo great, his Patrimony ſenſibly decay'd. In the midſt of his Grandeur, he was ſent Embaſſador to the King of *France*, to break the Triple League; and the *French* King knowing him to be a moſt accompliſh'd Nobleman, and *un homme de plaiſir*, prepar'd an Entertainment for him, that might have befitted the Magnificence of the greateſt Emperor. In the latter part of his Life, having been guilty of ſome irregular Conduct at Court, he retir'd into *Yorkſhire*, where he died. His Grace's excellent Compoſitions are,

I. *A Pindarick Poem, on the Death of the Lord* Fairfax.

II. *Advice to a Painter, to draw my Lord* A——ton, Grand Miniſter of State. This is a ſevere Satire, and begins with theſe Lines:

Firſt draw an arrant Fop, from Top to Toe,
Whoſe very Looks, at firſt ſight, ſhew him ſo:

Give

Give him a mean proud Garb, which ſuits Diſgrace,
A pert dull Grin, a black Patch croſs his Face;
Two goggle Eyes, ſo clear, tho' very dead,
That one may ſee thro' them quite thro' his Head.
Let every Nod of his, and ſubtile Wink,
Declare the Fool would Talk, but cannot Think.

III. *Timon.* A Satire on ſeveral Plays. My Lord *Rocheſter* aſſiſted in the Compoſure of this Piece.

IV. *A Conſolatory Epiſtle to Captain* Julian, *the Muſes Newſmonger.*

V. *A Familiar Epiſtle to* Julian, *Secretary to the Muſes.*

VI. *Upon the Monument*

VII. *Upon the Inſtallment of the Duke of* Newcaſtle.

VIII. *The Rump-Parliament:* A Satire.

IX. *To his Miſtreſs.*

X. *The Loſt Miſtreſs.*

XI. *A Deſcription of Fortune.* This is an excellent Piece; it begins,

Fortune, made up of Joys and Impudence,
Thou common Jade, that haſt not common Senſe!
But fond of Buſ'neſs, inſolently dares
Pretend to rule, and ſpoil the World's Affairs.
She fluttering up and down, her Favours throws
On the next met, not minding what ſhe does,
Nor why, or whom ſhe helps or injures knows.
Sometimes ſhe ſmiles, then like a Fury raves,
And ſeldom truly loves but Fools or Knaves.

Mr.

W.

Mr. WALDREN.

A Gentleman descended from an antient Family in the *West* of *England*, and born near *Exeter* in *Devonshire*, at which Place he had his Education. From *Exeter*-School he remov'd to *Oxford*, being first admitted a Commoner of *Exon*-College, and afterwards elected Fellow of *All-Souls* College in the same University. Here he apply'd himself to the Study of Physick, for some time, and afterwards went down to *Exeter*, where he practis'd with good Reputation in that Faculty. Upon the Death of the Honourable Dr. *Leopold Finch*, late Head of *All-Souls College Oxford*, his Friends sent for him up out of the *West*, in order to succeed in that Headship; but by the Journey, he contracted such an Indisposition, as occasion'd his Death in a few Days; and he lies bury'd in the outward Chappel belonging to that Society. He was a well-bred genteel Man, the most agreeable Conversation, very polite in his Compositions, and peculiarly happy in the Expression of his Thoughts. The *West* Country Gentlemen mention him with great Esteem, and his Name and Character are very much respected in the University. There are several Poetical Performances of his in the *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Miscellany; amongst which the chief are,

I. *Essay upon Death*, an excellent Piece.

II. *A Poem on St.* Stephen's *Day*.

EDMUND

EDMUND WALLER, *Esq;*

THE Life and Character of this excellent Poet I have writ in the former part of this Work; so that I shall here make it my Business to take notice of his admirable Poems only, which are all of them highly worthy Imitation.

I. *To King* Charles *the First on his Navy:* Written in the Year 1626. This Poem begins:

Where-e'er thy Navy spreads her Canvas Wings,
Homage to thee, and Peace to all she brings.

II. *Instructions to a Painter for drawing the Posture and Progress of his Majesty's Forces at Sea, and the Battel and Victory obtain'd over the* Dutch, 1665.

III. *On the War with* Spain, *and Fight at Sea by General* Montague, in the Year 1656. In this Poem there are these excellent Lines:

The Squadrons soon begin the Tragick Play,
And with their smoaky Cannon banish Day:
Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meet,
And in their sable Arms embrace the Fleet:
Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullets fly,
And of one Wound hundreds together die:
Born under diff'rent Stars, one Fate they have,
The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave.

IV. *The Battel of the Summer Islands:* In three Canto's. In the first Canto are these Verses to *Sacharissa.*

O

O! how I long my careleſs Limbs to lay
Under the Plantane's Shade, and all the Day
With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my Vein!
There while I ſing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings ſo high,
With the ſweet Sound of Sachariſſa's *Name,*
I'll make the liſt'ning Savages grow tame.

V. *To the Queen*, a Poem; which very much ſhews the Author's Art of Praiſing.

VI. *To the Queen-Mother of* France, *upon her landing in the Year* 1638.

VII. *Upon the Death of* Oliver Cromwell.

VIII. *To King* Charles *the Second, on his happy Reſtoration:* Both theſe laſt are admirable Poems.

IX. *On the Lady* Mary, *Princeſs of* Orange.

X. *On my Lady* Dorothy Sidney's *Picture.* This Lady was his famous *Sachariſſa.*

XI. *To* Vandike.

XII. *The Story of* Phœbus *and* Daphne *apply'd.* This is one of the moſt gallant and beſt-turn'd Copies of Verſes in the *Engliſh* Tongue: And the Application is to himſelf and *Sachariſſa*, eſpecially where the Succeſs of his Love is painted in theſe Lines:

Thyrſis, *a Youth of the inſpired Train,*
Fair Sachariſſa *lov'd, but lov'd in vain.*
All but the Nymph, that ſhould redreſs his Wrong,
Attend his Paſſion, and approve his Song:
Like Phœbus *thus, acquiring unſought Praiſe,*
He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

XIII. *To the Counteſs of* Carliſle *in Mourning.*

XIV. *To my Lord* Falkland.

XV. *To*

XV. *To my Lord* Leiceſter.

XVI. *To the Lord* Northumberland, *on the Death of his Lady.*

XVII. *Upon* Ben. Johnſon.

XVIII. *To Sir* William D'Avenant, *upon his two firſt Books of his* Gondibert.

XIX. *Upon the Earl of* Roſcommon's *Tranſlation of* Horace, De Arte Poetica.

XX. *To Mr.* Evelyn, *upon the Tranſlation of* Lucretius.

XXI. *A la Malade.*

XXII. *On my Lady* Iſabella *playing on the Lute.*

XXIII. *To my Lady* Morton *on New-Year's Day*, 1650.

XXIV. *To* Amoret *and* Phillis. Mr. *Waller* has imitated *Anacreon* very happily in theſe Pieces, where he begins:

Phillis, why ſhould we delay
Pleaſure's ſhorter than the Day?
Cou'd we (which we never can)
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span,
Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies:
Or wou'd Youth and Beauty ſtay,
Love has Wings, and will away.

In another Place, ſpeaking of Love, he has theſe Lines:

All that the Angels do above,
Is that they ſing, and that they love.

XXV. *On a Girdle.*

XXVI. *The Triple-Combat.* This Piece deſcribes the meeting of the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine* with the Dutcheſſes of *Portſmouth* and *Cleaveland.*

XXVII.

XXVII. *To a Friend, on the different Succeſs of their Loves.* This Piece ends with theſe Verſes:

So like the Chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are:
In Love the Victors from the Vanquiſh'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they Purſue that Die.

XXVIII. *Of Divine Love, in ſix Canto's.*

Mr. *Waller* likewiſe wrote ſome other Divine Poems, and a great many other ſmall Pieces; and he is every where happy in fine Metaphors and beautiful Similes.

I ſhall finiſh my Account of him, with his excellent Lines on *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, in his Poem call'd *St. James's Park.*

From hence we may that antique Pile behold,
Where Royal Heads receive the ſacred Gold;
It gives them Crowns, and does their Aſhes keep,
There made like Gods, like Mortals there they ſleep:
Making the Circle of their Reign compleat,
Thoſe Suns of Empire, where they Riſe they Set.

WILLIAM WALSH, *Eſq;*

A *Worceſterſhire* Gentleman, educated at the Univerſity of *Oxford.* He was a very learned and judicious Man, and by his particular Application to the Studies of the Muſes, became a good Poet, and an excellent Critick. He was choſen Knight of the Shire for the County of *Worceſter*, in ſeveral Parliaments, and made Gentleman of the Horſe to King *William* and Queen *Mary*, under the Duke of *Somerſet.* He writ,

I. *The*

I. *The Golden Age Reſtor'd*, an Imitation of the fourth Eclogue of *Virgil*; a famous State-Poem, publiſh'd a little after King *William*'s Death.

II. *Horace*, *Lib.* 3. *Ode* 3. imitated.

III. *Love-Poems*, *Paſtoral Eclogues*, &c. wherein the Paſſion of Love is admirably deſcrib'd.

He has likewiſe a Collection of Letters amorous and gallant, bound with his Poetry, which are full of Wit and Humour. His firſt Poem in his Miſcellany is to his Book, and begins thus:

Go, little Book, and to the World impart
The faithful Image of an am'rous Heart:
Thoſe who Love's dear deluding Pains have known,
May in my fatal Stories read their own.

He has this Epigram to *Chloe*:

Chloe, *new-married, looks on Man no more,*
Why then 'tis plain for what ſhe look'd before.

Mr. *Pope*, in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, has theſe commendatory Lines on Mr. *Walſh*;

——Walſh, *the Muſe's Judge and Friend,*
Who juſtly knew to blame, or to commend;
To Failings mild, but zealous for Deſert;
He had the cleareſt Head, and the ſincereſt Heart.

Beſides his Poetry and Letters, this Author wrote an ingenious Piece in Proſe, call'd, *Æſculapius*, or *The Hoſpital of Fools*; a Dialogue after the manner of *Lucian*.

Mr.

Mr. JAMES WARD.

A Gentleman, of the Roman Catholick Religion, who has given us ſome Pieces of Poetry, which have been very well receiv'd, and ſhew him to be a Perſon of Wit. They are,

I. *Phœnix-Park.* This Piece begins thus:

Shall Cooper's-Hill *Majeſtick riſe in Rhyme,*
Strong as its Baſis, as its Brow ſublime?
Shall Windſor-*Foreſt win immortal Praiſe,*
It ſelf out-laſting in its Poet's Lays;
And Thou, O Phœnix-Park, remain ſo long
Unknown to Fame, and unadorn'd in Song.

II. Imitation of *Horace*, &c.

Mr. EDWARD WARD.

A Very voluminous Poet, and an Imitator of the famous *Butler*. Of late Years he has kept a publick Houſe in the City (but in a genteel way) and with his Wit, Humour, and good Liquor has afforded his Gueſts a pleaſurable Entertainment; eſpecially the High-Church Party, which is compos'd of Men of his Principles, and to whom he is very much oblig'd for their conſtant Reſort. The chief of his Pieces are,

I. *Hudibras Redivivus*, a Political Poem.

II. *Don* Quixote, done into *Hudibraſtick* Verſe.

III. *Eccleſiæ & Factio*; a Dialogue between *Bow-Steeple* Dragon, and the *Exchange* Graſhopper.

IV. *A Ramble thro' the Heavens*; or, the Revels of the Gods, *&c.*

V. *The Cavalcade*, a Poem.

VI. *Marriage Dialogues*, or a Poetical Peep into the State of Matrimony.

VII. *A Trip to* Jamaica, *&c.*

VIII. *Sot's Paradiſe*; *or, the Humours of a* Darby *Alehouſe.*

IX. *Battel without Bloodſhed*; or, Military Diſcipline Buffoon'd. On the Train'd Bands. *Cum multis aliis*, to the Bulk of five Volumes, *octavo.* But the Author is beſt known by his *London Spy*, a famous Piece in Proſe.

Mr. William Warner.

THIS Poet flouriſh'd in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and I know nothing of him, but that he wrote a Poem, call'd, *Albion*'s *England.* It is Hiſtorical, and deduc'd from the peopling of the Earth by the Sons of *Noah*, bringing his Hiſtory ſuccinctly to the Siege of *Troy*, from thence to the coming of *Brute* into this Iſland; and ſo down, touching upon the moſt important Matters, to the Conqueſt of *England* by *William* Duke of *Normandy*; and from his time the publick Affairs to the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth.* It is writ in the old-faſhion'd kind of ſeven-footed Verſe; and begins thus,

I tell

I tell of Things done long ago, of many Things in few,
And chiefly of this Clime of ours, the Accidents pur-
(ſue;
Thou high Director of the ſame, aſſiſt my artleſs Pen,
To write the Jeſts of Brutons *ſtout, and Arts of* Eng-
(liſhmen:

Mr. WATTS.

A Nonconformiſt Miniſter, and ingenious Man now living, Author of a Volume of Poems very much commended; particularly his Pieces on,

Friendſhip, which are excellent.

Mr. WELSTED.

A Gentleman now living, deſcended from a good Family in *Leiceſterſhire*, and educated at *Weſtminſter*-School. He hath for ſome time apply'd himſelf to Poetical Studies, tho' he has oblig'd us with but few Performances. His Patron, I take it, is the Duke of *Newcaſtle*, who is a great Encourager of polite Literature. The *Free-Thinker* has mention'd him with a great deal of Honour, but perhaps not more than he deſerves. His Poetical Writings are the following, (*viz.*)

I. *To the Earl of* Clare, *on his being created Duke of* Newcaſtle. This is a very good Poem.

II. *The Triumvirate*; or a *Letter from* Palemon *to* Celia, from the *Bath*.

III. *A Letter to his Grace the Duke of* Chandois; lately publiſh'd.

IV. *To the Duke of* Buckingham, *on his Eſſay on Poetry.*

V. Several ſmall Love-Poems in the *Free-Thinker.*

He has alſo tranſlated *Longinus*'s *Treatiſe* De Sublimitate.

Sir GEORGE WHARTON.

THIS Gentleman was famous for his Loyalty to King *Charles* the Firſt. He was a good Soldier, and an excellent Poet, and exerted both his Pen and his Sword in the Cauſe of his Royal Maſter. He rais'd a Troop of Horſe for the King at his own Expence, and approv'd himſelf, at the Head of it, a Man of true Valour: But Rebellion meeting Succeſs, he was forc'd to give way to it, and at length was caſt into Priſon; and he found the greater Severity, on Account of a Satire he wrote upon the Enemies of the Royal Cauſe, which was ſo biting, that they could not forgive him. His Sufferings continu'd till the coming in of King *Charles* the Second, when the Reſtoration of that Prince reſtor'd him to his Liberty, and his former Services entitled him to an honourable Preferment, which he had conferr'd on him, and made him happy the remainder of his Life. His Poems were publiſh'd together in a Volume, *Anno* 1683. among which is the Satire above-mention'd, call'd, *Elenchus*; an excellent Piece, containing the ſevereſt Reflections on the Oppoſers of the pious Monarch.

Sir

Sir THOMAS WIAT.

AS *Fulk Grevile*, Lord *Brook*, thought his Friendſhip to Sir *Philip Sidney* ſuch an Honour to him, that he had it inſerted in his Monumental Inſcription; ſo it is ſufficient Reputation to this Gentleman to be amongſt the Number of the Friends of *Henry Howard*, the Great Earl of *Surrey*. He was born at *Allington-Caſtle* in the County of *Kent*, the Seat of his Family; which afterwards he repair'd with magnificent Buildings, fit for the Reception of one of his noble Spirit, and refin'd Taſte of Life; which were more ſuperior to his Anceſtors, than his ſtately Manſion, by the coſtly Reparations, exceeded the former antient Structure. He was in high Favour with King *Henry* the Eighth, who was a great Admirer of his extraordinary Qualities; but in the Affair of *Anne Bullen* he was involv'd in ſome Difficulties, and had like to have felt the weight of the King's Diſpleaſure; tho' from this he extricated himſelf, by his Innocence, Prudence, and Induſtry. He travell'd into *Italy* with the Earl of *Surrey*, and there taſted the ſtately Meaſure and Stile of the *Italian* Poeſy, and returning, greatly poliſh'd our rude and homely manner of writing. At laſt he was ſent Ambaſſador by *Henry* VIII. to *Charles* V. Emperor of *Germany*, then reſiding in *Spain*; but died of the Peſtilence in the *Weſt* Country before he could take Shipping, *Anno* 1541. He was call'd Sir *Thomas Wiat* the Elder, to diſtinguiſh him from Sir *Thomas Wiat*, the Raiſer of the Rebellion in the time of Queen *Mary*. He tranſlated *Da-*

Vid's Pſalms into *Engliſh* Meeter; and *Leland* compares him to *Dante* and *Petrarch*;

Bella ſuum merito jactet Florentia Dantem
Regia Petrarchæ *carmina* Roma *probat*,
His non inferior Patrio Sermone Viattus,
Eloquii ſecum qui decus omne tulit.

Upon the Death of Sir *Thomas Wiat*, the Earl of *Surrey* wrote thus:

Thy Fame, Great Wiat, *ſhall by all be read*;
What Vertues rare were temper'd in thy Breaſt?
Honour that England *ſuch a Jewel bred,*
And kiſs the Ground whereon thy Corps did reſt.

JOHN WILMOT, *Earl of* Rocheſter.

THIS ſhining Nobleman was the Son of *Henry* Earl of *Rocheſter*; whoſe Fame, for Loyalty and Valour, equall'd his Son's for his ſurprizing Wit and Genius. He was born at *Dichley*, near *Woodſtock*, in *Oxfordſhire*, in the Year 1648. and educated in *Wadham*-College, *Oxford*, under the Tuition of Dr. *Blandford*, afterwards ſucceſſively Biſhop of *Oxford* and *Worceſter*. He was a Perſon of moſt excellent Parts and great Learning, being thorowly acquainted with all Claſſick Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*. He early ſuck'd in thoſe Perfections of Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry, which made him the Wonder of the Age wherein he liv'd. In all his Compoſures there is ſomething peculiarly Great and New; and tho' he has lent to many, he has borrow'd of none: Nor was he deficient

deficient in his other perſonal Accompliſhments, which were very much improv'd by his Travels; for in all the Qualifications of a Gentleman for the Court or the Country, he was univerſally known, and acknowledg'd to be a very great Maſter; but the natural Tendency of his Temper unhappily inclin'd him to Exceſſes of Pleaſure and Wantonneſs. He had a ſtrange Vivacity of Thought, and Vigour of Expreſſion; his Style was clear and ſtrong, and his Figures very lively, and few Men ever had a bolder Flight of Fancy, more ſteddily govern'd by Judgment than his Lordſhip. He laid out his Wit very freely in Libels and Satires, in which he had a peculiar Talent of mixing his Wit with his Malice, and fitting both with ſuch apt words, that Men were tempted to be pleaſed with them. From thence his Compoſitions came to be eaſily known, few or none having ſuch an artful way of tempering theſe together as he had: And his Satire he always defended, by alledging there were ſome Perſons that could not be kept in Order, or admoniſh'd, but in this way. His Poetry has eminently diſtinguiſh'd it ſelf from that of other Men, by a thouſand irreſiſtable Beauties: 'Twas all Original, like himſelf; the Excellencies are many and maſterly, and the Faults few and inconſiderable; and thoſe it has are of the kind, which *Horace* ſays, can never offend.

——*Quas aut incuria fudit*;
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.

But in his Choice of Subjects, he frequently border'd on Obſcenity. He would often retire into the Country, and be for ſome Months wholly employ'd in Study, or the Sallies of his Wit: His Studies were

divided between the comical and witty Writings of the Antients and Moderns, the *Roman* Authors, Books of Hiſtory and Phyſick; and *Boileau* among the *French*, and *Cowley* among the *Engliſh* Wits, were thoſe he admir'd moſt. Nature had fitted him for great Things, and his Knowledge and Obſervation qualified him to have been one of the moſt extraordinary Men *England* has produc'd: But Death took him off in the three and thirtieth Year of his Age. He died in the Ranger's-Lodge in *Woodſtock*-Park, on the 26th of *July*, 1680. of a lingring Diſeaſe (which was attended with great Marks of Repentance for his Vices and Extravagancies) and was bury'd in a Vault under the North Iſle joining to *Spellesbury* Church in *Oxfordſhire*. The chief of his incomparable Poems are the following:

I. *A Satire againſt Man*; an inimitable Piece, and the ſevereſt Satire that ever was penn'd.

II. *Horace*'s *tenth Satire of the firſt Book imitated.* This Poem laſhes Mr. *Dryden* and ſeveral of the top Poets of his time.

III. *A Satire upon the Times.*

IV. *Satire on the King*, for which he was baniſh'd the Court, and afterwards ſet up in *Tower-ſtreet* for an *Italian* Mountebank; which occaſion'd his famous Speech of *Alexander Bendo.*

V. *Tunbridge-Wells*, a Satire.

VI. *Bath Intrigues.*

VII. *The young Stateſman*, a Satire.

VIII. *A Satire againſt Marriage.*

IX. *A Seſſion of the Poets.* This is a comical Satire on the Dramatick Poets.

X. *The Rehearſal*, a Satire.

XI. *A Defence of Satire.* This Poem begins,

When

When Shakeſpear, Johnſon, Fletcher *rul'd the Stage,*
They took ſo bold a Freedom with the Age,
That there was ſcarce a Knave or Fool in Town
Of any Note, but had his Picture ſhown.

And in his Anſwer to the Defence of Satire, written by Sir *C. S.* he has theſe Lines:

Satire is of Divine Authority,
For God made one of Man, when he made Thee.

XII. *On the Death of Mr.* Greenhill, *the famous Painter.*
XIII. *Upon Nothing,* an excellent Piece.
XIV. *The Perfect Enjoyment.*
XV. *The Diſappointment.*
XVI. *The Virgin's Deſire.*
XVII. *Et Catera.*
XVIII. *To his Miſtreſs.*
XIX. *On a falſe Miſtreſs.*
XX. *An Extempore,* upon receiving a Fall at *Whitehall*-Gate, by attempting to ſalute the Dutcheſs of *Cleaveland,* as ſhe was ſtepping out of her Chariot.

There are ſeveral other Poems of this celebrated Nobleman's, and, as a certain Author has already obſerv'd, to trace and ſingle out the ſeveral Graces, may be a Task as difficult, as to deſcribe to a Lover the Lines and Features of his Miſtreſs's Face: However, I ſhall inſert ſome of his Verſes from his *Satire on Man,* to ſhew his prodigious Spirit.

Were I (who, to my Coſt, already am
One of thoſe ſtrange prodigious Creatures Man)

A Spirit free to chuſe for my own Share,
What Caſe of Fleſh and Blood I'd pleaſe to wear;
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear?
Or any thing but that vain Animal,
Who is ſo proud of being rational.
The Senſes are too groſs, and he'll contrive
A Sixth to contradict the other Five:
And before certain Inſtinct will prefer
Reaſon, which fifty times for one does err;
Reaſon, an Ignis Fatuus *in the Mind,*
Which, leaving Light of Nature, Senſe, behind.
Pathleſs, and dang'rous wand'ring Ways it takes,
Thro' Errors fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes:
While the miſguided Follow'r climbs, with Pain,
Mountains of Whimſeys heap'd in his own Brain;
Stumbling, from Thought to Thought, falls headlong (down
Into Doubts boundleſs Sea, where, like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To ſwim with Bladders of Philoſophy;
In hopes ſtill to o'ertake th' eſcaping Light,
Till ſpent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
Huddled in Dirt the reas'ning Engine lies,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe:
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And made him venture to become a Wretch:
His Wiſdom did his Happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know what World he ſhould enjoy:
And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence
Of pleaſing others at his own Expence:
For Wits are treated juſt like Common Whores,
Firſt they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
Women and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Thoſe Creatures are the wiſeſt, who attain,
By ſureſt Means, the Ends at which they aim:

If

If therefore Jowler *finds and kills his Hare,*
Better than Meers *ſupplies Committee-Chair;*
Tho' one's a Stateſman, th'other but a Hound,
Jowler *in Juſtice would be wiſer found.*
Birds feed on Birds, Beaſts on each other prey,
But ſavage Man alone does Man betray:
Preſs'd by Neceſſity, they kill for Food;
Man undoes Man, to do himſelf no Good.
With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's Allowance, to ſupply their Want:
But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendſhip, Praiſe,
Inhumanely his Fellow's Life betrays;
With voluntary Pains works his Diſtreſs,
Not thro' Neceſſity, but Wantonneſs:
The Good he acts, the Ills he does endure,
'Tis all for Fear, to make himſelf ſecure:
Merely for Safety, after Fame we thirſt;
For all Men would be Cowards if they durſt.
And Honeſty's againſt all common Senſe,
Men muſt be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence:
Nor can weak Truth your Reputation ſave.
The Knaves will all conſpire to call you Knave;
Long ſhall he live inſulted o'er, oppreſs'd,
Who dares be leſs a Villain than the reſt.

Take him out of Satire, he was likewiſe excellent, as appears by theſe Lines of his Lordſhip's on Love:

Love, the moſt gen'rous Paſſion of the Mind,
The ſofteſt Refuge Innocence can find:
The ſafe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wiſhes, and ſecur'd by Truth:
This Cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous Draught of Life go down.

My

My Lords Satire on Man was answer'd satirically by Dr. *P*——

Mr. George Withers.

A Poet, born in *Hampshire*, who flourish'd in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second. He was very much of the Temper of some of our modern Poets and Pamphleteers, who are never better pleas'd than when their Pens are employ'd in satirizing the Government. He pretended to great Zeal against the Vices of the Times, and did not stick to abuse the greatest Persons in Power; which brought upon him frequent Imprisonments, but to little purpose; for his Spirit of Contradiction remain'd to the last. His Poetical Performances were the following, *viz.*

I. *The Songs of* Moses.
II. *Britain's Remembrancer.*
III. *Abuses stript and whipt.*
IV. *Philaret.*
V. *Campo Musæ.*
VI. *Opo-Balsamum.*
VII. *The two Pitchers*, &c.

Robert

ROBERT WOOSLEY *Esq*;

SON of Sir *Charles Wooſley* of *Staffordſhire*, who ſtood up for the Parliament, in the time of the unhappy Troubles of King *Charles* the Iſt, and for his Services was made one of *Cromwell*'s Lords. He was a younger Brother, and being in favour with King *William*, about the Year 1693. was ſent Envoy to *Bruſſels*. He was a Man very much addicted to Pleaſure; and he writ ſome Pieces of Poetry.

I. *On the Prince of* Orange's *coming to* England *with an Army to Reſtore the Government.*

II. *Cato*'s *Anſwer to* Labianus, when he adviſ'd him to conſult the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon.*

III. *Æneas, his meeting with* Dido *in the* Elyzian *Fields.* Tranſlated from the ſixth Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneis.*

This was the Gentleman as wrote the extraordinary Preface to my Lord *Rocheſter*'s *Valentinian.*

Y.

THOMAS YALDEN, *D. D.*

AN eminent Divine, now living, born in the City of *Exon*, and the youngeſt of ſix Sons of Mr. *John Yalden* of *Suſſex*. He was educated in the Grammar-School belonging to *Magdalen*-College in *Oxford*. In the Year 1690. he was admitted a Commoner of *Magdalen*-Hall, under that excellent Tutor and great Maſter of Logick Mr. *John Pullen*; and the following Year he was Scholar of *Magdalen*-College. Here he became a Fellow-Pupil with the celebrated Mr. *Addiſon* and Dr. *Henry Sacheverel*, and early contracted a particular Intimacy and Friendſhip with thoſe two Gentlemen. This Academical Affection, I am inform'd, the late Mr. Secretary *Addiſon* preſerv'd, not only Abroad in his Travels, but alſo on his Advancement to his conſiderable Employments at Home, and kept the ſame eaſy and free Correſpondence with him to the very laſt, as when their Fortunes were more on a Level. The Year 1700. he was admitted actual and perpetual Fellow of *Magdalen-College*, and qualify'd himſelf the next Year, by taking Orders, as the Founder's Statutes require. After his Admiſſion, he receiv'd two publick Marks of Favour from that Society: The firſt was a Preſentation to a Living in *Warwickſhire*, conſiſtent with his Fellowſhip; and the other his being elected Moral Philoſophy-Reader, an Office for Life, endow'd with a handſome Stipend, and peculiar

peculiar Privileges. In 1706. he was receiv'd into the Family of his Noble and kind Patron the late Duke of *Beaufort*; with whom he was in great Favour, having in many Inſtances experienc'd his Bounty and Generoſity. In the following Year he compleated his Academical Degrees, by proceeding Doctor in Divinity: He preſented to the Society their Founder's Picture at full length, which now hangs up in the publick Hall; and afterwards he deliver'd in to the Preſident a voluntary Reſignation of his Fellowſhip and Moral Philoſophy-Lecture. He is at preſent Rector of *Chalton* and *Cleanville*, two adjoining Towns and Rectories in *Hampſhire*. He has Prebends, or ſine Cures, the *Deans*, *Hains*, and *Pendles* in the County of *Devon*; and he was elected, by the Preſident and Governors of *Bridewell*, Preacher of that Hoſpital, upon the Reſignation of *Francis* preſent Lord Biſhop of *Rocheſter*. His Reſidence in a noble Family recommended him to the Acquaintance of many of the beſt Quality and Character in the Kingdom; and by his chearful Temper, pleaſing and inſtructive Converſation, extenſive Learning, and good Manners, he has retain'd their Friendſhip and Eſteem. His Poetical Works, in *Engliſh* Verſe, are,

I. *A Pindarick Ode*, preſented to King *William* on taking *Namur*.

II. *The Temple of Fame*. A Poem on the Death of the Duke of *Gloceſter*.

III. *On the late Queen's Acceſſion to the Throne*: A Poem. Theſe three are all excellent Pieces.

IV. *Æſop at Court*: Or, State-Fables.

V. *An Eſſay on the Character of Sir* William Aſhton; a Poem.

VI. *On the Mines of Sir* Carbery Price: A Poem occaſion'd by the Mine-Adventure Company.

VII. *On*

VII. *On the Death of Mr.* John Partridge, *Professor in Leather and Astrology.*

VIII. *To Mr.* Watson, *on his Ephemeris of the Celestial Motions*, presented to her late Majesty.

XI. *Against immoderate Grief.*

X. *The Force of Jealousy.*

XI. *An Ode for St.* Cecilia's *Day*, 1693. compos'd by Dr. *Purcel*—

XII. *A Hymn to the Morning, in Praise of Light*: An Ode. This Piece has the following admirable Lines:

Parent of Day! whose beauteous Beams of Light
Spring from the darksome Womb of Night,
And 'midst their native Horrors show
Like Gems adorning of the Negro's Brow.
Not Heaven's fair Bow can equal Thee,
In all its gaudy Drapery:
Thou first Essay of Light, and Pledge of Day!
Rival of Shade! Eternal Spring! Still Gay!
From thy bright unexhausted Womb
The beauteous Race of Days and Seasons come.
Thy Beauty Ages cannot wrong,
But, 'spite of Time, thou'rt ever young.
Thou art alone Heav'n's modest Virgin Light,
Whose Face a Veil of Blushes hides from humane Sight.
At thy Approach, Nature erects her Head;
The smiling Universe is glad;
The drowsy Earth and Seas awake,
And from thy Beams new Life and Vigour take.
When thy more chearful Rays appear,
Ev'n Guilt and Women cease to fear:
Horror, Despair, and all the Sons of Night,
Retire before thy Beams, and take their hasty Flight.
Thou riseſt in the fragrant East,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy Nest;

But yet thy fading Glories soon decay,
Thine's but a momentary Stay;
Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our Sight,
Borne down the Stream of Day, and overwhelm'd with
(Light.

Thy Beams to thy own Ruin haste,
They're fram'd too exquisite to last:
Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd State;
Pity so fair a Birth should yield so soon to Fate.

Besides these Pieces, this Gentleman has translated the second Book of *Ovid*'s *Art of Love* (the first and third Books being done by Mr. *Congreve* and Mr. *Dryden*) with several other occasional Poems, and Translations, publish'd in the third, fourth, and fifth Volumes of *Tonson*'s Miscellanies. *The Medicin*, a Tale in the second Volume of *Tatlers*, and *Mr.* Patridge's *Appeal to the learned World, or a further Account of the manner of his Death*, in Prose.

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG.

SON of the Reverend Dr. *Young*, late Dean of *Salisbury*; who being Chaplain and Clerk of the Closet to the late Queen, her Majesty honour'd him with standing Godmother to this our Poet. He was bred at *All-Souls* College in *Oxford*, of which he was some time Fellow; and he has lately had conferr'd on him the Degree of Doctor of Laws. He has writ the following Pieces of Poetry.

I. *A Poem on the Last Day*; in three Books, dedicated to Queen *Anne*. This is an excellent Poem.

II. *The Force of Religion*; *or Vanquish'd Love.* Illustrated in the History of the Lady *Jane Grey.* A Poem in two Books; and likewise an admirable Piece.

III. *A Paraphrase upon* Job. This is God's Speech to *Job* in the Extremity of his Affliction.

IV. *On* Michael Angelo's *painting the Crucifixion.*

V. *An Epistle to the Right Honourable the Lord* Lansdown.

VI. *On the late Queen's Death, and his Majesty's Accession.* Inscrib'd to Mr. *Addison.*

VII. *To Mr.* Tickell *on the Death of Mr.* Addison. His Poem on the *Last Day* begins thus:

While others Sing the Fortune of the Great,
Empire and Arms, and all the Pomp of State;
With Britain's *Hero set their Souls on fire,*
And grow Immortal as his Deeds inspire;
I draw a deeper Scene: A Scene that yields
A louder Trumpet, and more dreadful Fields;
The World alarm'd, both Earth and Heav'n o'er-
(thrown,
And gasping Nature's last tremendous Groan;
Death's ancient Scepter broke, the teeming Tomb,
The righteous Judge, and Man's Eternal Doom.

This Author has also writ a Tragedy, call'd *Busiris,* lately acted at the Theatre-Royal.

AN

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WRITINGS OF Our Dramatick Poets, out of the Dramatick way.

A.

JOSEPH ADDISON *Esq*;

TO the Account of this celebrated Person, I am to add, that he has lately resign'd to Fate, and left a very great Example to the World of an excellent Poet, and a good Man. He was some time since marry'd to the Countess of *Warwick*

and *Holland*, a beautiful and virtuous Lady, one who can well distinguish Merit, and generously prefer the Gifts of the Mind to all other Considerations; and herein she was not mistaken in her Choice of Mr. *Addison*. He made a most affectionate Husband to his Lady, and his Respect to her Quality equall'd his Love, so that every thing contributed to her Felicity. He dy'd, very much lamented, the 17th Day of *June*, 1718. in the forty eighth Year of his Age, at *Holland-House* near *Kensington*; and was interr'd in *Westminster-Abbey*. His *Latin* and *English* Poems are the following:

I. *Pax Gulielmi Auspiciis Europæ reddita:* The Peace of *Reswick*. Dedicated to the late Earl of *Halifax*. This is an incomparable Piece; the Images are chosen with nice Judgment, and work'd up with great Delicacy of Imagination; and every thing strikes at the first View.

II. *Resurrectio delineata ad Altare Coll. Magd. Oxon.* This is a very masterly Performance, and the finest Sketch of the Resurrection that any Age or Language has produc'd. It begins:

Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque Ora
Judicis, & Simulacra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, Tu Carmina Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende Furores.

III. *Ad Insignissimum Virum D.* Tho. Burnettum, *Sacræ Theoriæ Telluris Autorem.* In this Ode the Conflagration by Fire is thus expres'd, in the Translation:

And now the kindling Orbs on high
All Nature's mournful End proclaim;
When thy great Work (alas!) must die,
And feed the rich victorious Flame;

Give

Give Vigour to the waſting Fire,
And with the World too ſoon expire.

IV. *Ad D. D.* Hannes, *Inſigniſſimum Medicum & Poetam.* This Ode has the following excellent Lines to Dr. *Hannes.*

One certain Fate by Heav'n decreed,
In ſpite of thee we all muſt try——
Thou too ſhalt with pale Horror ſee
The fabled Ghoſts that glare below,
Which to the Shades, reſtrain'd by Thee,
In thinner Shoals deſcending, flow;
And Death, whoſe Pow'r you now defy,
Shall boaſt, her Conqueror can die.

V. *Barometri Deſcriptio*; a fine Philoſophical Poem.

VI. *Sphæriſterium.* The Bowling-Green. This Poem contains an admirable Deſcription of the Diverſion of Bowling, *&c.*

VII. *Machinæ Geſticulantes.* The Puppet-Show.

VIII. ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟ-ΜΑΧΙΑ, *ſive Prælium inter Pygmæos & Grues commiſſum.* This Piece and the *Puppet-Show* are of the Mock Heroick Kind of Poetry, and extremely diverting; the Humour is fine, and tho' the Subjects are mean and trivial, they are rais'd by a Pomp of Verſe, Metaphors, and Similes drawn from things of a higher Claſs, and ſuch as are well ſuited to convey Ideas of Greatneſs to the Mind.

IX. *Diſſertatio de Inſignioribus Romanorum Poetis.* Theſe are all Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Latin* Pieces, and they are lately tranſlated by ſeveral Hands. His *Engliſh* Works are as follow.

X. *A Poem to his Majeſty King* William *III. Preſented to the Lord Keeper* Somers *in the Year* 1695.

This was Mr. *Addiſon*'s firſt Attempt in *Engliſh* Verſe, of a publick Nature, and it was very much applauded.

XI. *A Letter from* Italy, *to the Right Honourable* Charles *Lord* Halifax, *in the Year* 1701. This Poem has theſe admirable Lines on Liberty:

O Liberty! *thou* Goddeſs *Heav'nly bright,*
Profuſe of Bliſs, and pregnant with Delight,
Eternal Pleaſures in thy Preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train!
Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy Sight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt Beauty to the Sun, and Pleaſure to the Day.
Thee, Goddeſs, Thee Britannia's *Iſle adores;*
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her Stores,
How oft in Fields of Death thy Preſence ſought;
Nor thinks the mighty Prize too dearly bought.

XII. *The Campaign. A Poem. To his Grace the Duke of* Marlborough. This is an excellent Piece, the beſt of Mr *Addiſon*'s Performances in *Engliſh* Poetry. His Similes in this Poem are ſurprizingly beautiful, particularly the following, after a Deſcription of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s giving ſedate Orders in the Heat of Battle.

——*Inſpir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,*
And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage.
So when an Angel, by Divine Command,
With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land;
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia *paſt,*
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious Blaſt;
And pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.

XIII.

XIII. *An Account of the Greateſt* Engliſh *Poets. To Mr.* H. S. This Poem contains Characters of *Chaucer, Spenſer, Cowley, Milton, Waller, Dryden,* Lord *Halifax,* &c.

XIV. *To Mr.* Dryden. A Poem.

XV. *An Ode for St.* Cecilia's *Day.* The words of this Piece are extremely fine, well adapted to the Day, and exactly fitted for Muſick.

XVI. *Milton's Stile imitated, in a Tranſlation of a Story out of the third* Æneid.

XVII. *A Tranſlation of all* Virgil's *fourth* Georgick, *except the Story of* Ariſteus.

XVIII. *Ovid's Metamorphoſes,* the ſecond and third Books, and part of the fourth.

XIX. *On the Lady* Manchester.

XX. *To her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of* Wales, *with the Tragedy of* Cato.

XXI. *To Sir* Godfrey Kneller, *on his Majeſty's Picture.* This is an admirable Poem; and the Author thus writes to *Kneller:*

The Magick of thy Art calls forth
His ſecret Soul and hidden Worth,
His Probity and Mildneſs ſhows
His Care of Friends, and Scorn of Foes:
In ev'ry Stroke, in ev'ry Line,
Does ſome exalted Virtue ſhine,
And Albion's *Happineſs we trace*
Thro' all the Features of his Face.
Thou haſt in Robes of State array'd,
The Kings of half an Age diſplay'd.——
O may fam'd Brunſwick *be the laſt,*
(Though Heav'n ſhould with my Wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy Art in Thee)
The Laſt, the Happieſt Britiſh *King,*
Whom Thou ſhalt paint, or I ſhall ſing.

The last Lines of this Poem were very prophetick with relation to himself. These are all the Works of Mr. *Addison*, besides his *Rosamond*, and *Cato*; *Remarks upon several Parts of* Italy *in his Travels*; *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, &c. And two Pieces in Prose, publish'd since his Death, one a *Treatise upon Medals*, and another upon the *Christian Religion*. His Works are printed in three Volumes, *4to*.

C.

William Congreve *Esq*;

THE ingenious Mr. *Congreve*, besides his excellent Dramatick Works, has oblig'd the Publick with the following Poems and Translations.

I. *An Epistle to the Right Honourable* Charles *Lord* Halifax, *&c.* In this Poem the Author has these Verses to his Lordship:

O had your Genius been to Leisure born,
And not more bound to Aid us, than Adorn!
Albion *in Verse with antient* Greece *had vy'd,*
And gain'd alone a Fame, which, there, seven States (divide.

II. *The Mourning-Muse of* Alexis. *A Pastoral*; *lamenting the Death of Queen* Mary. This Piece concludes with these admirable Lines:

See where Pastora *lies it spreads around,*
Shewing all radiant bright the sacred Ground;
While from her Tomb, behold a Flame ascends
Of whitest Fire, whose Flight to Heav'n extends!

On

On flaky Wings it mounts, and quick as Sight
Cuts thro' the yielding Air, with Rays of Light.
'Till the blue Firmament at laſt it gains,
And, fixing there, a glorious Star remains:
Faireſt it ſhines of all that light the Skies,
As once on Earth were ſeen PASTORA's
(*Eyes.*

III. *To the King, on the taking of* Namur.

IV. *A Pindarique Ode on the Victories of the Duke of* Marlborough, *humbly offer'd to Queen* Anne. This is an excellent Piece, and the Author's Diſcourſe on Pindarique Ode, ſhews him to be perfectly accompliſh'd in this way of writing.

V. *To the Right Honourable the Earl of* Godolphin, *Lord High Treaſurer of* Great Britain. Pindarique Ode.

VI. *The Tears of* Amaryllis *for* Amyntas. *A Paſtoral on the Death of the Marquiſs of* Blandford.

VII. *The Birth of the Muſe. To the Lord* Halifax. This is an excellent Poem.

VIII. *Of Pleaſing; an Epiſtle to Sir* Richard Temple.

IX. *To Sir* Godfrey Kneller, *occaſion'd by* L--y---s *Picture.* He has this Couplet in compliment to Sir *Godfrey*:

Thy lively Pictures, when once brought to view,
At once they're known, and ſeem to know us too.

X. *To Mr.* Dryden, *on his Tranſlation of* Perſius.

XI. *To Sleep.* Elegy.

XII. *Epitaph upon* Robert Huntington, *Eſq; and* Robert *his Son.*

XIII. *To* Cynthia, *weeping.*

XIV. *To a Candle.* This is a Simile relating to Man's Life, *&c.*

XV.

XV. *Amoret.*

XVI. *Doris.* This Piece contains a fine Character of a Libertine Lady of Quality.

XVII. *On Mrs.* Arabella Hunt, *Singing.*

XVIII. *A Hymn to Harmony.*

XIX. *The Reconciliation.*

XX. Priam's *Lamentation and Petition to* Achilles *for the Body of his Son* Hector.

XXI. Homer's *Hymn to* Venus. *Tranſlated into* Engliſh *Verſe.* This eſteem'd is a very juſt and excellent Tranſlation.

XXII. *An Imitation of* Horace, Ode 9, *&c.*

XXIII. *The eleventh Satire of* Juvenal.

XXIV. Ovid's *third Book of the Art of Love, Tranſlated into* Engliſh *Verſe.* With ſeveral other ſmall Pieces publiſh'd in the third Volume of his Works. *Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naſo)* was born at *Sulmo*, about twenty Miles diſtant from *Rome*, in the ſecond Year of the 184th Olympiad, one and forty Years before Chriſt. He ſpent his Youth in the Studies of the Law, and coming to *Rome*, he was once in great Favour with *Auguſtus*; but for ſome Freedom with his Daughter *Julia*, he baniſh'd him to *Pontus*, at fifty Years of Age; where, after eight Years and ſome Months, he died. He was a Poet of excelling Wit, and great Learning, and in his Works appears great Sweetneſs.

Mr. Abraham Cowley.

THE Life of this admirable Poet, with a ſhort Character of his Talents in general, being inſerted in my firſt Volume of this Work, I ſhall here deſcend to ſome Particulars, for the Com-

Compleature of the Account of our *Engliſh Pindar*, Dr. *Sprat*, late Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, in his Life of Mr. *Cowley*, tells us, he underſtood exceeding well the Variety and Power of Poetical Numbers, and practis'd them with great Happineſs. If his Verſes in ſome Places ſeem not ſo ſoft and flowing as ſome would have them, it was his Choice, not his Fault. He knew that in diverting Mens Minds, there ſhould be the ſame Variety obſerv'd, as in the Proſpects of their Eyes; where a Rock, a Precipice, or a riſing Wave, is often more delightful than a ſmooth even Ground, or a calm Sea. His Invention was great and powerful, and the Variety of Arguments, that he has manag'd, is ſo large, that there is ſcarce any Particular of all the Paſſions of Men, or Works of Nature and Providence, which he has paſs'd by undeſcrib'd; and in all he obſerves the Rules of Decency, a due Figure of Speech, and a proper Meaſure of Wit. He had a perfect Maſtery in both the Languages in which he writ. He excell'd both in Proſe and Verſe; and both together have that Perfection, which is commended by ſome of the antient Writers, above all others, that they are very obvious to the Conception, but moſt difficult in the Imitation. In his *Latin* Poems, he has expreſs'd to Admiration all the Numbers of Verſes, and Figures of Poeſy, that are ſcatter'd up and down among the Antients: This is the more extraordinary, in that it was never yet perform'd by any ſingle Poet of the antient *Romans* themſelves. And he imitated *Pindar* in *Engliſh*, without the Danger that *Horace* preſag'd to the Man who ſhould dare to attempt it. His Works, when they were firſt printed, were divided into four Parts, *viz.*

I. *His Miſtreſs*; which deſcribes the Paſſion of Love more lively, and ſhews the prodigious Wit of

of the Author, beyond any Poetry ever printed in the *Engliſh* Tongue.

II. *His Miſcellaneous Works*; *or*, *Poems on ſeveral Occaſions:* which are alſo incomparable.

III. *Davideis, an Heroick Poem.* This Divine Piece has a Greatneſs of Spirit, and Sublimity of Thought rarely to be met with; and tho' Mr. *Rimer* would not allow the Troubles of *David* to be a Title or Matter proper for an Heroick Poem, yet he ſays, there is ſomething of a more fine, more free, and more noble Air in *Cowley*'s *Davideis*, than in the *Hieruſalem* of *Taſſo*.

IV. *His Pindarique Odes*, excellent, beyond all others written of his time or ſince.

He likewiſe wrote a Volume of *Latin* Poems, and tranſlated two Books of his *Davideis* into *Latin* Verſe. Mr. *Flatman* tells us, *Cowley*, as *Apollo*'s *Columbus*, found out new worlds of Poetry, and has theſe Lines upon him,

He, like an Eagle, ſoar'd aloft,
To ſeize his noble Prey;
Yet, as a Dove's, his Soul was ſoft,
Calm as the Night, but bright as Day.

D.

Mr. SAMUEL DANIEL.

THIS Gentleman's Life you'll find in my Poetical Regiſter; his Father was an eminent Maſter of Muſick, and his harmonious Mind made ſo great an Impreſſion on his Son's Genius, that he prov'd to be one of the Darlings of the Muſes, an excellent Poet. His Poems were univerſally receiv'd, the chief whereof are the following:

I. *The Civil Wars between the two Houſes of* York *and* Lancaſter; *an Heroick Poem.*

II. *Muſophilus*; *or a general Defence of Learning.* Dedicated to Sir *Fulk Grevil.*

III. *A Letter from* Octavia *to* Marcus Antonius.

IV. *Complaint of* Roſamond.

V. *His Panegyrick, Delia,* &c. The firſt in Eſteem is the firſt mention'd, *viz. The Civil Wars between the Houſes of* York *and* Lancaſter, which begins thus:

I ſing the Civil Wars, tumultuous Broils,
And bloody Factions of a mighty Land,
Whoſe People haughty, proud with foreign Spoils,
Upon their ſelves turn back their conquering Hand.
While Kin their Kin, Brother the Brother ſoils,
Like Enſigns, all againſt like Enſigns ſtand:

Bows

Bows against Bows, a Crown against a Crown,
While all pretending Right, all Right are throwing
(down.

He flouriſh'd in the time of King *James* the Firſt, and dy'd about the latter end of that Reign.

Sir JOHN DENHAM.

AN incomparable Poet, whoſe Virtue and Memory will ever be as dear to all Lovers of Poetry, as his Perſon was to Majeſty, *viz.* K. *Charles* the Firſt and Second. His Elegy on Mr. *Cowley* render'd his Name famous to Poſterity; and his *Cooper's-Hill* has gain'd him Immortal Fame. The following Lines in this Poem, *on Hunting the Stag*, are inimitable.

At length the great and unexpected Sound
Of Dogs and Men his wakeful Ears does wound:
Rous'd with the Noiſe, he ſcarce believes his Ear,
Willing to think th' Illuſion of his Fear
Had giv'n this falſe Alarm: But ſtrait his View
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his Strength, the Wood beſet,
All Inſtruments, all Arts of Ruin met;
He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Sped;
His winged Heels, and then his armed Head:
With thoſe t'avoid, with this his Fate to meet,
But Fear prevails, and bids him truſt his Feet.
So faſt he flies, that his reviewing Eye
Has loſt the Chacers, and his Ears the Cry:
Exulting, 'till he finds their noble Senſe
Their diſproportion'd Speed does recompence;

Then

Then curſes his conſpiring Feet, whoſe Scent
Betray that Safety which their Swiftneſs lent.
Next tries his Friends; amongſt the baſer Herd,
Where he ſo lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His Safety ſeeks: The Herd, unkindly wiſe,
Or chaces him from thence, or from him flies:
Like a declining Stateſman, left forlorn
To his Friend's Pity, and Purſuer's Scorn;
With ſhame remembers, when himſelf was one
Of the ſame Herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Then to the Coverts, and the conſcious Groves,
The Scenes of his paſt Triumphs and his Loves;
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own;
And, like a bold Knight-Errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame.
And taught the Woods to Eccho to the Stream,
His dreadful Challenge, and his claſhing Beam:
Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife;
So much his Love was dearer than his Life!
Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath,
Preſents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.
Weary'd, forſaken, and purſu'd, at laſt
All Safety in Deſpair of Safety plac'd,
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their Aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wiſhes for the Fight,
That Strength he waſted in ignoble Flight:
But when he ſees the eager Chace renew'd,
Himſelf by Dogs, the Dogs by Men purſu'd;
He ſtrait revokes his bold Reſolve, and more
Repents his Courage than his Fear before;
Finds that uncertain Ways unſafeſt are,
And Doubt a greater Miſchief than Deſpair.
Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,
Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he ſhapes his Courſe;

Thinks

Thinks not their Rage so desp'rate to essay
An Element more mercileſs than they:
But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the Flood
Quench their dire Thirſt; alas! they thirſt for
(Blood.
As tow'rds a Ship the Oar finn'd Galleys ply,
Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt Fury of expreme Deſpair.
So fares the Stag among th' inraged Hounds,
Repells their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds:
But vain's his Strife, at laſt reſigns his Blood,
And ſtains the Chryſtal with a Purple Flood.

In the ſame Poem, his Lines on the *Thames* vaſtly ſurpaſs all Deſcriptions of Rivers, either of the Antient or Modern Poets of our own, or any other Nation; they are,

Thames, *the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons*
By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs;
Haſting to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.
Tho' with thoſe Streams he no Reſemblance hold,
Whoſe Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;
His genuine and leſs guilty Wealth t' explore:
Search not the Bottom, but ſurvey his Shore:
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious Wing,
And hatches Plenty for th' enſuing Spring;
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a Stay,
Like Mothers who their Children overlay:
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous Wave,
Like Kings profuſe, reſumes the Wealth he gave:
No unexpected Inundations ſpoil
The Mower's Hopes, nor mock the Ploughman's Toil;
But, God-like, his unweary'd Bounty flows,
Firſt loves to do, then loves the Good he does.

Nor

Nor are his Blessings to his Banks confin'd,
But free and common, as the Sea or Wind;
When he, to boast or to dispense his Stores,
Full of the Tribute of his grateful Shores,
Visits the World, and, in his flying Tow'rs,
Brings Home to us, and makes both Indies *ours.*
O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
My great Example, as it is my Theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without Rage, without O'erflowing, full;
Heav'n her Eridanus *no more shall boast,*
Whose Fame's in thine, like lesser Currents, lost:
Thy nobler Streams shall visit Jove's *Abodes,*
To shine among the Stars, and bathe the Gods.

The Simile of the *Thames* running to the Sea, to Man's Life meeting Eternity, is the finest that ever was, for its prodigious Strength and religious Application; and the many other Allusions and Similies have their Beauties and Excellencies difficult to be describ'd. The Life of this celebrated Poet is written in my first Volume of this Work.

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

IF I did not allow this Gentleman to be a good Poet, and the greatest Critick of this Age, I should be wanting in Justice to his Character. In his *Grounds of Criticism*, he observes, that the antient Poets deriv'd that Advantage which they have over the Moderns, to the constituting their Subjects after a Religious manner; and he proves from the Precepts of *Longinus*, tho' that Author did not make the Discovery, that the greatest Sub-

limity is to be deriv'd from Religious Ideas. He is of Opinion, that one of the principal Reasons that has made the modern Poetry so contemptible, is, that by divesting it self of Religion, it is fallen from its Dignity, and its original Nature and Excellence; and from the greatest Production of the Mind of Man, is dwindled to an extravagant and vain Amusement. These Reflections are very much for the Reputation of the Author; and in another Place, speaking of Subjects for Poetry, There are some Persons (says he) mov'd by Love, and are not touch'd by Ambition; others are animated by Ambition, and only laugh at Love: Some are pleas'd with a brave Revenge, others with a generous Contempt of Injuries; but the Eternal Power, and infinite Knowledge of God, the Wonders of the Creation, and the beautiful Brightness of Virtue, make a powerful Impression on all. Mr. *Dennis* is very fond of *Milton*, a certain Demonstration of his sound Judgment, and in his Blank Verse he has come neares that sublime Poet of any of his Cotemporaries. His Poems are the following.

I. *Upon our Victory at Sea, and burning the* French *Fleet at* La Hogue *in* 1692. This Poem is writ in Rhyme, and, after an admirable Description of the Enemy's Fleet shatter'd and destroy'd, the Author has this Simile.

Thus a large Row of Oaks does long remain
The Ornament and Shelter of the Plain:
With their aspiring Heads they reach the Sky,
Their huge extended Arms the Winds defy;
The Tempest sees their Strength, and sighs, and passes by:
When Jove, *concern'd that they so high aspire,*
Amongst them sends his own Revenging Fire:

Which

Which does with dismal Havock on them fall,
Burns some, and tears up some, but rends them all:
From their dead Trunks their mangled Arms are torn,
And from their Heads their scatter'd Glories born:
Upon the Heath they blasted stand, and bare;
And those, whom once they shelter'd, now they scare.

II. *A Pindarick Ode on the King: Written in the Year* 1691. *occasion'd by the Victory of* Aghrim.

III. *To Mr.* Dryden, *upon his Translation of the Third Book of* Virgil's Georgicks. This is an excellent Pindarick, and begins thus:

While mounting with expanded Wings,
The Mantuan *Swan unbounded Heav'n explores;*
While with Seraphick Sounds he tow'ring sings,
Till to Divinity he soars;
Mankind stands wond'ring at his Flight——

IV. *Part of the* Te Deum *paraphras'd,* in Pindarick Verse.

V. *The Court of Death: A Pindarick Poem, dedicated to the Memory of her most sacred Majesty Queen* Mary. This is a very good Piece; it has these Lines on Death:

Thou, whose impartial Scepter injures none,
The justest Potentate that fills a Throne,
Supremely Just, and merciful alone:
Who stand'st with Arms extended to embrace
The Wretches, that in Thee their utmost Refuge place;
And tam'st proud Monarchs with an Iron Sway,
Whom soon or late the Imperial Slaves obey.

VI. *The Passion of* Byblis; *made* English *from the ninth Book of* Ovid's Metamorphoses.

VII. *The Monument: A Poem sacred to the Immortal Memory of King* William *the Third. Dedicated to* William *Duke of* Devonshire.

VIII. *A Poem on the Battel of* Blenheim, *dedicated to Queen* Anne. This is the chief of Mr. *Dennis*'s Performances, and is indeed an admirable Poem. The following Lines in it, in my Opinion, are very near upon an Equality with *Milton*, and they are wrote after the manner of his *Hymn to the Creator.*

Begin my Soul, and strike the living Lyre!
Join ye deliver'd Nations in the Song!
Your Voices ye deliver'd Nations join!
All your harmonious Instruments unite.
And thou, Great Queen, the Glory of thy Sex,
The Prop and Glory of the noblest Isle;
On whom e'en William *looks admiring down——*

Germania! *raise thy tuneful Voice to Heaven;*
Let thy fierce Eagle tow'ring to the Skies,
In Thunder bear thy Maker's Praise to Heav'n,
Who has for thee perform'd amazing things,
Which but to hope had been Presumption thought——

And thou too with thy Maker's Praise resound,
Thou Field of Blenheim, *once obscure, accurst,*
But now Great Blenheim's *happy glorious Field!*
Thou who wert charm'd with the transporting Sight,
Who saw'st the Godlike Men, the Godlike Deed,
Who saw'st them thund'ring in the fierce Pursuit,
While Danube, *rising with revenging Flood,*
Swallow'd whole Legions with a hideous Roar:
Immortal Blenheim! *pre-ordain'd by Fate*
To be the blissful Spot that frees the World;
Raise to the raviſh'd Skies thy thund'ring Voice,
And for thy mighty Bliss thy Maker praise;
For thou to all Posterity art blest:

Blest

Bleſt above all the beauteous Fields, o'er which
The winding Danube *curls his amorous Arms,*
No length of Days thy Glory ſhall deface,
Nor ever Darkneſs of the Night obſcure.

IX. *On the Battel of* Ramellies. *A Poem, in five Books, dedicated to* Charles *Lord* Halifax. The Author in this Piece, deſcribing the Death of Colonel *Bringfield* remounting the Duke of *Marlborough*, has theſe Verſes:

Marlb'rough *remounted, feels the Joys of Heav'n,*
The Wiſdom and the Force of Gods He feels:
And now he leads the ſhouting Squadrons on——

X. *On the Acceſſion of King* George *to the* Britiſh *Throne.*

Mr. *Dennis*, in all his Writings, is a zealous Defender of Liberty; and, in his Military Poems, there appears great Spirit, and Thoughts very beautiful. He has written, beſides his Poetry, *An Eſſay on Publick Spirit*, and ſeveral other learned Tracts in Proſe; and a *Collection of Letters* very much admir'd.

JOHN DRYDEN, *Eſq*;

THERE remains nothing to be ſaid of this excellent Poet, after his Life, and the incomparable Character of him and his Talents, by the ingenious Mr. *Congreve*, in my *Poetical Regiſter*, but to give ſome Account of his many admirable Perfor-

mances out of the Dramatick way. The moſt conſiderable of them are,

I. *Mack-Flecknoe.* This is a ſevere Satire on Mr. *Shadwel* and ſome other Poets.

II. *Abſalom* and *Achitophel.* This inimitable Poem was writ by Mr. *Dryden* at the Requeſt of King *Charles* the Second: It contains Satyrical Characters of the moſt conſiderable Perſons then at Court; particularly the Duke of *Monmouth*, Lord *Shaftesbury*, the late Duke of *Buckingham*, &c. It begins thus:

In pious Times, e'er Prieſtcraft did begin,
Before Polygamy was made a Sin;
When Man on many multiply'd his Kind,
E'er one to one was curſedly confin'd:
When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd
Promiſcuous Uſe of Concubine and Bride:
Then Iſrael's *Monarch, after Heav'ns own Heart--*

III. *The Medal. A Satire againſt Sedition.*

IV. *Heroick Stanza's on* Oliver Cromwel: *Written after his Funeral.*

V. *Aſtræa Redux: A Poem on the happy Reſtoration and Return of his Sacred Majeſty King* Charles *the Second.* This is an incomparable Piece.

VI. *To his Sacred Majeſty* Charles *the Second on his Coronation.*

VII. *To the Lord Chancellor* Hyde, *preſented on New-Year's Day*, 1662.

VIII. *Religio Laici*; *or, a Layman's Faith*, an excellent Poem. The Earl of *Roſcommon* very much commends this Piece, in a Copy of Verſes to the Author.

IX. *Annus Mirabilis: The Year of Wonders*, 1666. *An Hiſtorical Poem.* This Piece is written upon a very Heroick Subject; the Poet having deſcrib'd the

the Motives, Beginning, Progreſs and Succeſſes of a moſt juſt and neceſſary War; and in it the Care and Prudence of the King, the Conduct and Valour of his Generals, Admiral, &c. It is compoſed in alternate Verſe, and in Stanza's of Quartains like Sir *William Davenant*'s *Gondibert*.

X. *Threnodia Auguſtalis*: *A Funeral Pindarick Poem ſacred to the happy Memory of King* Charles *II.*

XI. *To Sir* Godfrey Kneller. This Piece has a very great Compliment to Sir *Godfrey*, and his Art.

XII. *Boileau's Art of Poetry. Made* Engliſh *by Sir* William Soame, *Reviſ'd and Alter'd.*

XIII. *The Hind and the Panther. A Poem. In three Parts.* This is the famous Piece written in the Reign of King *James* the Second, which made ſo much Noiſe, and was anſwer'd by the late Lord *Halifax* and Mr. *Prior*, in the *City-Mouſe and Country-Mouſe.*

XIV. *Eleonora: A Panegyrical Poem. Dedicated to the Memory of the Counteſs of* Abingdon.

XV. *Upon the Death of the Earl of* Dundee.

XVI. *To Sir* Robert Howard, *on his excellent Poems.*

XVII. Veni Creator Spiritus, *tranſlated in Paraphraſe.*

XVIII. Horat. Ode 3. lib. 1. *inſcrib'd to the Earl of* Roſcomon, *on his intended Voyage to* Ireland.

XIX. *The Speech of* Venus *to* Vulcan.

XX. *Tranſlations from* Lucretius.

XXI. Daphnis. *From* Theocritus, Idyll. 27.

XXII. Perſius *tranſlated. Tranſlations from* Juvenal, Virgil, &c. *Virgil (Publius Virgilius Maro)* the Prince of the *Latin* Heroick Poets, was the Son of *Maro*, a Potter, born in the third Year of the 177th Olympiad, about 67 Years before Chriſt, at *Andes*, a Village not far from *Mantua*, whence he is ſtil'd, *The* Mantuan *Swan*. He dy'd at *Brunduſium*,

ſium, a City in *Italy*, the ſecond Year of the 190th Olympiad, in the 51ſt Year of his Age.

Mr. *Dryden* was the moſt elegant Tranſlator of Poetry that any Age has produc'd: His Works ſufficiently ſhew what our Language is capable of; and to give Specimens of his Beauties, would be endleſs, he has ſo many Excellencies, and was ſuch a univerſal Writer; I ſhall therefore conclude with Mr. *Dennis*'s admirable Ode to him, upon his Tranſlation of the third Book of *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*.

Sometimes of humble rural Things,
Thy Muſe, which keeps great Maro *ſtill in Sight,*
In middle Air with varied Numbers ſings,
And ſometimes her ſonorous Flight
To Heav'n ſublimely wings:
But firſt takes time with Majeſty to riſe,
Then without Pride, divinely great,
She mounts her Native Skies;
And, Goddeſs-like, retains her State,
When down again ſhe flies:
Commands which Judgment give, ſhe ſtill obeys,
Both to depreſs her Flight and raiſe.
Thus Mercury *from Heav'n deſcends,*
And to this Under-World his Journey bends,
When Jove *his dread Command has giv'n;*
But, ſtill deſcending, Dignity maintains,
As much a God upon our humble Plains,
As when he tow'ring reaſcends to Heav'n.

But when thy Goddeſs takes her Flight,
With ſuch a Majeſty, to ſuch a Height,
As can alone ſuffice to prove,
That ſhe deſcends from mighty Jove;
Gods! how thy Thoughts then riſe, and ſoar, and ſhine!
Immortal Spirit animates each Line:

Each

Each with bright Flame that fires our Souls is (crown'd,
Each has Magnificence of Sound,
And Harmony Divine.
Thus the first Orbs, in their high Rounds,
With shining Pomp advance,
And to their own Celestial Sounds
Majestically dance:
On with eternal Symphony they roll,
Each turn'd in its harmonious Course,
And each inform'd by the prodigious Force
Of an Empyreal Soul.

E.

Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

AS the Publick are oblig'd to this ingenious Gentleman for three excellent Comedies; so are we also for several Poems publish'd in the *Miscellanies:* They are the following:

I. *The Forsaken Mistress.* A Dialogue.
II. *The Divided Heart.* A Love Poem.
III. *Voiture's Urania.*
IV. *To a young Lady.*
V. *To* Sylvia. This Poem concludes with these Verses:

The desp'rate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty, and Rigour, are both in Excess;
In Sylvia *they meet, so unhappy am I,*
Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

VI. *The*

VI. *The Imperfect Enjoyment.* In this Poem are these amorous Lines;

Her Eyes the Rudeneſs of her Arms excuſe,
Whilſt thoſe accept what theſe ſeem to refuſe:
To eaſe my Paſſion, and to make me bleſt,
Th' obliging Smock falls from her whiter Breaſt:
Then with her lovely Hands ſhe does conceal
Thoſe Wonders, Chance ſo kindly did reveal;
In vain, alas! her nimble Fingers ſtrove
To ſhield her Beauties from my greedy Love;
Guarding her Breaſts, her Lips ſhe did expoſe,
To ſave a Lilly, ſhe muſt loſe a Roſe:
Sighing, at length her Force ſhe does recal,
For ſince I muſt have part, ſhe'll give me all.
Her Arms the joyful Conqueror embrace——

G.

The Right Honourable GEORGE GRANVILLE, *Lord* Lanſdowne.

THE Works of this celebrated Nobleman are univerſally admir'd, for their ſuperiour Merit, and uncommon Excellence; an Elegancy of Stile, harmonious Numbers, and beautiful Similes and Metaphors. His Lordſhip, by his Writings, has ſhewn himſelf a Perſon of Wit and Gallantry, a fine Gentleman, and an admirable Poet; and, as a Patron, he is equal to the Greateſt. The chief of his Lordſhip's Pieces, not Dramatick, are the following, *viz.*

I. *On the Earl of* Peterborough's *Negotiation of the Marriage between his Royal Highneſs the Duke of* York *(afterwards King* James*) and the Princeſs of* Modena.

II. *Spoken by the Author, being but twelve Years of Age, to her Royal Highneſs the Dutcheſs of* York, *at* Trinity-*College in* Cambridge.

III. *To the King, in the firſt Year of his Majeſty's Reign.*

IV. *To Mr.* Waller. In this ſhort Copy of Verſes my Lord has this Compliment on Mr. *Waller*, and the King and Queen he celebrates.

Ages to come ſhall ſcorn the Pow'rs of old,
When in thy Verſe of Greater Gods they're told.
Our beauteous Queen, and martial Monarch's Name,
For Jove *and* Juno *ſhall be plac'd by Fame:*
Thy Charles, *for* Neptune, *ſhall the Seas command,*
And Sachariſſa *ſhall for* Venus *ſtand;*
Greece *ſhall no longer boaſt, nor haughty* Rome,
But think from Britain *all the Gods did come.*

V. *To the Immortal Memory of Mr.* Waller, *upon his Death.*

VI. *To Dr.* Garth *in his Sickneſs.* This Piece does the Doctor a great deal of Honour.

VII. *To Mr.* Dryden, *on his excellent Tranſlations.*

VIII. *An Eſſay upon unnatural Flights in Poetry.*

IX. *To* Myra. His Lordſhip has a great many Pieces in praiſe of *Myra*; and the Paſſion of Love is ſo nicely touch'd in them all, that 'tis impoſſible for any Perſon, not impotent, to read them without Rapture. His firſt Piece begins thus:

Tune, tune thy Lyre: Begin my Muſe,
What Nymph? what Queen? what Goddeſs ſhall (we chuſe?
Whoſe

Whose Praises sing? what Charmer's Name
Transmit Immortal down to Fame?
Strike, Strike thy Strings; let Echo take the Sound,
And bear it far to all the Mountains round:
Pindus *again shall hear, again rejoice,*
And Hæmus *too, as when th'enchanting Voice*
Of tuneful Orpheus *charm'd the Grove,*
Taught Oaks to dance, and made the Cedars move.
Then sing my Muse, let Myra *be our Theme*——

X. *To* Myra. *The Inchantment. In Imitation of the* Pharmacentria *of* Theocritus.

XI. *The Discovery. To the Countess of* N——

XII. *To my Lady* Hyde.

XIII. *Verses under the Dutchess of* Bolton's *Name, upon a Drinking-Glass.*

XIV. *A Morning-Hymn to her Grace the Dutchess of* Hamilton.

XV. *The Progress of Beauty.* This excellent Poem traces Beauty from the most distant Climates, and most early Times, to *Great Britain*, and the Reign of King *James* the Second, and ends with the Ladies of the Court.

XVI. *Love*; a Poem.

XVII. *To* Phyllis *drinking.* This Piece has the following Verses:

While Phyllis *is drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance,*
With Forces united bid resistless Defiance;
By the Touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles higher,
And her Eyes, by her drinking, redouble their Fire.

Her Cheeks grow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;

His

His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame more (enduring.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and Deſiring,
Relieving each other, the Pleaſure is laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a taſting.

Then Phyllis *begin, let our Raptures abound,*
And a Kiſs and a Glaſs be ſtill going round;
Our Joys are Immortal, while thus we remove
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

XVIII. *To* Celia.

XIX. *Upon a Hearing in the Houſe of Lords, of a Cauſe between her Grace the Dutcheſs of* Grafton, *and the Lord Chief Juſtice.*

XX. *To an unknown Lady,* who had ſent his Lordſhip a Copy of Verſes on his Retiring into the Country. The Lady begins thus,

Why Granville, *is thy Life confin'd*
To Shades? Thou whom the Gods deſign'd
In publick, to do Credit to Mankind!
Why ſleeps the noble Ardour of thy Blood,
Which from thy Anceſtors ſo many Ages paſt,
From Rollo *down to* Bevil *flow'd,*
And then appear'd again at laſt
In Thee, when thy victorious * *Lance*
Bore the diſputed Prize from all the Youths of France?
So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why ſhould you from Courts or Camps retire?

My Lord's incomparable Anſwer to the Lady, was the following:

* *At a Carouſal at* Paris, *in the Year* 1686.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er Thou art, who tempt'st in such a Strain,
Sweet is thy Syren Song, but sung in vain:
When the Winds rage, and loud the Billows roar,
What Fool will trust the Sea, and quit the Shore?
Early and vain into the World I came,
Big with false Hopes, and eager after Fame;
'Till looking round me, e'er the Race began,
Madmen and giddy Fools were all that ran:
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the List retire,
And thank the Gods who my Retreat inspire.
Survey the World, and, with impartial Eyes,
Consider, and examine, all who rise;
Weigh all their Actions, and their treacherous Ends,
How Greatness grows, and by what Steps ascends.
What Murders, Treasons, Perjuries, Deceit,
How many fall, to make one Monster great.
Wou'd you command? Have Fortune in your Pow'r?
Hug whom you stab, and smile when you devour:
Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lye,
Turn Pander, Pathick, Parasite, or Spy,
Such thriving Arts may your wish'd purpose bring,
At least a General be——perhaps a King.
Fortune we most unjustly partial call,
A Mistress free, who bids alike to all;
But on such Terms as only suit the Base,
Honour denies, and shuns the foul Embrace:
The honest Man, who starves, and is undone,
Not Fortune, but his Virtue, keeps him down.
Had Cato *bent beneath the conquering Cause,*
He might have liv'd to give new Senates Laws:
But on vile Terms disdaining to be Great,
He perish'd by his Choice, and not his Fate:
Honour and Life th' Usurper bids, and all
That vain mistaken Men good Fortune call;
Virtue forbids, and sets before his Eyes
An honest Death, which he accepts, and dies.

O

O glorious Resolution! Noble Pride!
More honour'd than the Tyrant liv'd, he dy'd
More prais'd, more lov'd, more envy'd in his Doom,
Than Cæsar trampling on the Rights of Rome.
The Virtuous nothing fear, but Life with Shame,
And Death's a pleasant Road, that leads to Fame.
On Bones and Scraps let me be always fed,
My Limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my Head
To bleakest Colds, a Kennel be my Bed.
This, and all other Martyrdom, for thee
Seems glorious all, thrice beauteous Honesty!
Ye great Disturbers, who in endless Noise,
In Blood and Horror seek unnatural Joys;
For what is all this Bustle, but to shun
Those Thoughts, with which you dare not be alone?
As Men in Misery, oppress'd with Care,
Seek, in the Rage of Wine, to drown Despair.
Let others fight, and eat their Bread in Blood,
Not caring if the Cause be bad or good;
Or cringe in Courts, depending on the Nods
Of strutting Pigmies, who would pass for Gods;
For me, unpractis'd in the Courtier's School,
Who loath a Knave, and tremble at a Fool.
What can I hope in Courts? or how succeed?
Tygers and Wolves shall in the Ocean breed;
The Whale and Dolphin in the Forest feed;
And every Element exchange its Kind,
When thriving Honesty in Courts we find.
Happy the Man, of Mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet Mind from vain Desires is free;
Whom neither Hopes deceive, nor Fears torment,
But lives, at Peace within himself, content:
In Thought, or Act, accountable to none
But to himself, and to his God alone.
O Sweetness of Content! Seraphick Joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.

Where

Where dwells this Peace, this Freedom of the
(Mind?
Where but in Shades remote from human Kind;
In flow'ry Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds meet,
But never comes within the Palace-Gate.
Farewel then Cities, Camps, and Courts, farewel,
Welcome ye Groves, here let me ever dwell;
From Care, from Buſineſs, and Mankind remove,
All but the Muſes, and inſpiring Love.
How ſweet the Morn! How quiet is the Night!
How calm the Evening! And the Day how bright!
From hence, as from a Hill, I view below
The crouded World, which like ſome Wood does ſhow,
Where ſev'ral Wand'rers travel Day and Night
By ſeveral Ways, and none are in the right.

This Noble Author has likewiſe writ ſeveral other Pieces, very much applauded; and, upon the whole, I may ſay, he is at leaſt a ſecond *Waller*.

J.

Ben Johnson.

IT is generally allow'd, that this Great Man was the moſt Learned, Judicious, and Correct of all the *Engliſh* Dramatick Poets; and he was the more to be admir'd for being ſo, for that neither the Height of natural Parts, nor the Coſt of extraordinary Education, but his own Induſtry, and Application to Books, advanc'd him to this Perfection. Beſides his numerous Productions for the Stage,

Stage, some † whereof equal the chief of the ancient *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, he has writ a Volume of Epigrams, Poems, *&c.* dedicated to the Earl of *Pembroke*, which he calls in his Dedication his Riper Studies: And Mr. *Winstanley* tells us, in his Poetry not Dramatick, he is sometimes very bold and strenuous, sometimes magisterial, and oftentimes full of Fancy. He begins to the Reader thus:

Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my Book in Hand,
To read it well; that is, to understand.

The next Epigram he writes on his Book, and then proceeds to his Bookseller:

Thou, that mak'st Gain thy End, and wisely well
Call'st a Book good, or bad, as it does sell,
Use mine not so———

Then he has an Epigram to King *James*, which begins:

How, best of Kings, dost thou a Scepter bear?
How, best of Poets, dost thou Laurel wear!

A Lord having endeavour'd to reproach *Ben* with the Name of Poet, he wrote to him by the Name of my Lord *Ignorant*.

Thou call'st me Poet, as a Term of Shame,
But I have my Revenge made in thy Name.

The Issue of his Brain was more lasting than that of his Body, he having several Children, yet

† *The* Fox, Alchymist, *and* Silent Woman.

none living, to ſurvive him; and this he made as part of an Epitaph on his eldeſt Son:

Reſt in ſoft Peace, and ask'd, ſay, Here doth lie
Ben. Johnſon *his beſt Piece of Poetry.*

To Madam *Would-be*, a barren Lady, *Ben.* writes thus:

What ſhould the Cauſe be? Oh! you live at Court;
And there's both Loſs of Time, and Loſs of Sport
In a great Belly. Write then on thy Womb;
Of the not born, yet buried, here's the Tomb.

His Epigrams are numerous, and to theſe are ſubjoin'd.

I. A Poem, call'd, *The Voyage.*

II. *The Foreſt*, a Poem divided into many Parts, on various Subjects.

III. *A Panegyre on the Entrance of King* James *the Firſt, to his firſt Seſſion of Parliament in this Kingdom, in the Year* 1603.

IV. *To Heaven.*

V. *Rules for the Tavern-Academy*, &c. And over the Door of the *Apollo*, he writ theſe Lines:

Welcome all that lead or follow
To the Oracle of Apollo——
Ale and Beer no good can mean us,
Wine it is the Milk of Venus,
And the Poet's Horſe accounted;
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Plæbeian *Liquor,*
Chears the Brains, makes Wit the quicker.
Pays all Debts, cures all Diſeaſes,
And at once three Senſes pleaſes.

Welcome

Welcome all that lead or follow
To the Oracle of Apollo——

Ben likewise wrote a very diverting Song on the *Devil's Arse* in *Peak*.

Mr. *Cartwright* and the Lord *Falkland* writ excellent Copies of Verses on *Ben Johnson*'s Death.

O.

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

THE Life of this admirable Poet, you'll find in my *Poetical Register*, with an Account of his Plays; and besides these, he has oblig'd the World with the following Poems, *viz.*

I. *The Inchantment.*

II. *On Enjoyment*; an excellent Piece.

III. *The Poet's Complaint of his Muse.* An Ode. This Piece is a severe Satire on himself for indulging his Poetical Genius, and was very famous at the time it was wrote.

IV. *Windsor-Castle, in a Monument to King* Charles *the Second.* This Poem is dedicated to the Immortal Fame of King *Charles* the Second, of Ever-Blessed Memory: And to the Sacred Majesty of the most August and Mighty Prince *James* the Second, now, by the Grace of God, King of *England*, &c.

V. *The 16th Ode of the second Book of* Horace, *translated.* Mr. *Otway* has these Lines on the *first State of Nature*:

Why ſhould dull Law rule Nature, who firſt made
That Law, by which her ſelf is now betray'd?
E'er Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born moſt noble, who was born moſt free:
Each of himſelf was Lord; and unconfin'd
Obey'd the Dictates of his Godlike Mind.
Law was an Innovation brought in ſince,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call their Slavery Safety and Defence.
Why ſhould it be a Stain then on my Blood——

R.

Nicholas Rowe, *Eſq;*

TO this Gentleman's Life, I may further add, * that when he had juſt got to be eaſy in his Fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better, Death ſwept him away, and in him depriv'd the World of one of the beſt of Men, as well as one of the beſt Genius's of the Age. He dy'd like a *Chriſtian* and a *Philoſopher*, in Charity with all Mankind, and with an abſolute Reſignation to the Will of God. He kept up his good Humour to the laſt, and took leave of his Wife and Friends, immediately before his laſt Agony, with the ſame Tranquillity of Mind, and the ſame Indifference for Life, as tho' he had been taking but a ſhort Journey. So that his laſt Moments

* *See Dr.* Wellwood's *Preface to* Lucan.

confirm'd

confirm'd the Juſtneſs of his Thoughts, in theſe excellent Lines in his *Tamerlane*, ſpeaking of Death's dark Shades,

Seem, as we journey on, to loſe their Horror;
At near Approach the Monſters, form'd by Fear,
Are vaniſh'd all, and leave the Proſpect clear.

He dy'd the 6th Day of *December*, 1718. in the 45th Year of his Age, and was bury'd the 19th of the ſame Month in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, in the Iſle where many of our *Engliſh* Poets are interr'd, over againſt *Chaucer*; his Corps being attended by a ſelect Number of his Friends, and the Dean and Choir officiating at the Funeral. Beſides his Dramatick Works, he has written,

I. *A Poem on the Duke of* Marlborough's *Victories.* This is an excellent Piece.

II. *An Ode for the New Year* 1717.

III. *Pythagoras's Golden Verſes. Done from the* Greek. *Inſerted in the Tranſlation of* Dacier's *Life of that Philoſopher.*

IV. *Poems on ſeveral Occaſions.*

V. *His Tranſlation of* Callipœdia.

VI. *Lucan's Pharſalia. Tranſlated into* Engliſh *Verſe, with Notes. Publiſh'd by Dr.* Wellwood (according to Mr. *Rowe*'s Requeſt in his Sickneſs) *ſhortly after his Deceaſe. Dedicated to the King by his Widow, at his Deſire, Folio.* This Poet was a great Lover of Liberty, which inclin'd him to the Tranſlation of *Lucan*; and to give you a Taſte of his handling that Subject, I ſhall here inſert ſome of his Verſes from this Performance. In one place *Cato* animates his Forces, with this ſhort Speech, for Liberty and Virtue.

Fellows in Arms! whose Bliss, whose chiefest Good
Is Rome's *Defence, and Freedom bought with (Blood;*
You, who to die with Liberty, from far
Have follow'd Cato *in this fatal War,*
Be now for Virtue's noblest Task prepar'd——

Virtue, that scorns on Cowards Terms to please,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Ease;
But then she Joys, then smiles upon her State,
Then fairest to her self, then most compleat,
When glorious Danger makes her truly Great.
So Libya's *Plains alone shall wipe away*
The foul Dishonours of Pharsalia's *Day;*
So shall your Courage now, transcend that Fear:
You fled with Glory there, to conquer here.

Pompey's parting with his Wife *Cornelia*, in the fifth Book, is extremely moving; and his last Speech, at the Head of his Soldiers, before his engaging with and Defeat by *Cæsar*, in the seventh Book, is excellent; where he thus begins:

The Time to ease your groaning Country's Pain,
Which long your eager Valour sought in vain;
The great deciding Hour at length is come,
To end the Strivings of distracted Rome:
For this one last Effort exert your Pow'r,
Strike Home to Day, and all your Toils are o'er.
Let none the fav'ring Gods Assistance fear,
They always make the juster Cause their Care.
The flying Dart to Cæsar *shall they guide,*
And point the Sword at his devoted Side:
Our injur'd Laws shall be on him made good,
And Liberty establish'd in his Blood.

Cou'd

Cou'd Heav'n, in Violence of Wrath, ordain
The World to groan beneath a Tyrant's Reign;
It had not ſpar'd your Pompey's *Head ſo long,*
Nor lengthen'd out my Age to ſee the Wrong.
All we can wiſh for, to ſecure Succeſs,
With large Advantage, here, our Arms poſſeſs:
See, in the Ranks of ev'ry common Band,
Where Rome's *illuſtrious Names for Soldiers ſtand.*
Cou'd the great Dead reviſit Life again,
For us, once more, the Decii *wou'd be ſlain;*
The Curii, *and* Camilli, *might we boaſt,*
Proud to be mingled in this nobleſt Hoſt——
Think, from the Summit of the Roman *Wall,*
You hear our loud-lamenting Matrons call;
Think with what Tears, what lifted Hands they ſue,
And place their laſt their only Hopes in you.
Imagine kneeling Age before you ſpread,
Each hoary Reverend Majeſtick Head;
Imagine Rome *herſelf your Aid implor'd,*
To ſave her from a proud imperious Lord.
Think how the preſent Age, how that to come,
What Multitudes from you expect their Doom:
On your Succeſs dependant all rely,
Theſe to be born in Freedom, thoſe to die.
Think you behold (were ſuch a Poſture meet)
E'en me, your Pompey, *proſtrate at your Feet.*
My ſelf, my Wife, my Sons, a ſuppliant Band,
From you our Lives and Liberties demand;
Or conquer you, or I to Exile born,
My laſt diſhonourable Tears ſhall mourn
Your long Reproach, and my proud Father's Scorn.
From Bonds, from Infamy, your Gen'ral ſave,
Nor let this hoary Head deſcend to Earth a Slave.

Thus, while he ſpoke, the faithful Legions round,
Strait as the fatal Signal——

Mr. *May* likewise translated *Lucan*, and publish'd it in eight Books, in the Year 1635. but his Performance does not reach the Spirit or Sense of *Lucan*. The Language and Versification are yet worse, and fall infinitely short of the lofty Numbers and Propriety of Expression, in which Mr. *Rowe* excels.

Mr. *Rowe* wrote the Life of *Shakespear*, prefix'd to his Works; some Account of Monsieur *Boileau* and his Writings, annex'd to the Translation of the *Lutrin*; and an *Essay concerning the manner of Living with Great Men*; written in imitation of Monsieur *Bruyere*, and inserted in the Translation of his Works; all done in Prose.

S.

Mr. William Shakespear.

IN this Place it will be expected for me to give some Account of the Poems writ by the Immortal *Shakespear*; which, tho' inferior to his Dramatick Performances, yet have they numerous Beauties. They are,

I. Venus *and* Adonis, *dedicated to his Great Patron the Earl of* Southampton. This Poem has been very much admir'd; and there are a great many very good and incomparable Lines in it.

II. Tarquin *and* Lucrece. This Piece is not esteem'd so well done as the former; but it has some admirable Verses, such as the following, describing the

the particular Beauties of *Lucrece*, view'd by the Raviſher *Tarquin*:

Her lilly Hand her roſy Cheeks lies under,
Cozening the Pillow of a lawful Kiſs;
Which therefore angry, ſeems to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either Side to want his Bliſs.

III. Mars *and* Venus. In this Poem is deſcrib'd *Vulcan*'s Net, and his ſecuring *Mars* and *Venus* in an amorous Poſture, and thus expoſing them to the Gods.

He calls the Gods, the Lovers naked ſprall,
And cannot riſe; the Queen of Love ſhows all.

IV. *The amorous Epiſtle of* Paris *to* Helen.
V. Helen *to* Paris.
VI. *The Tale of* Cephalus *and* Procris.
VII. Achilles's *Concealment of his Sex in the Court of* Lycomedes.
VIII. *A Lover's Complaint.*
IX. *The Paſſionate Shepherd.*
X. Cupid's *Treachery*: And ſeveral other ſmall Miſcellaneous Poems, particularly on the Subject of Love; which, with its Effects, are often happily touch'd. In one Place he has theſe Verſes:

Take, O! take thoſe Lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe Eyes, the Break of Day,
Lights which do miſlead the Morn.

Hide, O! hide thoſe Hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Boſom bears,
On whoſe Tops the Pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that April *wears.*

Amongſt

Amongſt his Love-Poems, are many Epigrams, perfect in their kind; and which have a peculiar Excellence natural to this Great Man.

T.

Nahum Tate, *Esq;*

THIS Poet liv'd to write the firſt Birth-Day Song after the Acceſſion of his preſent Majeſty King *George*; which, tho' he was in a dejected Condition (occaſion'd by the worſt Circumſtances) he perform'd with a great deal of Spirit; and his Poem on the Death of Queen *Anne*, was not only one of the laſt, but the beſt he ever writ. His Pieces are,

I. *The ſecond Part of* Abſalom *and* Achitophel. Mr. *Dryden* aſſiſted in this Piece, he being himſelf preſs'd to write it; but declin'd the Task, and encourag'd Mr. *Tate* in the Performance.

II. *The Riſe and Progreſs of Prieſtcraft.*

III. Syphilis: *or a Poetical Hiſtory of the* French *Diſeaſe.*

IV. Jeptha's *Vow.*

V. *Mauſoleum: A Poem on the Death of Queen* Mary.

VI. *In Memory of his Grace the Illuſtrious Duke of* Ormond, *and the Earl of* Oſſory. A Paſtoral.

VII. *An Elegy on the Death of the Counteſs of* Dorſet.

VIII. *On the Death of the late Queen, and Acceſſion of his Majeſty to the Throne.*

IX. Miſ-

IX. Miscellanea Sacra, *Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects.*

Mr. *Tate* likewise writ several other Elegiacal Poems; amongst which that on the Death of Sir *George Treby* was very much applauded. He also gave the Publick a great many Translations from *Ovid*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Virgil*, &c.

His Song on his Majesty's Birth-Day has the following Stanza's.

When Kings, that make the Publick Good their Care,
Advance in Dignity and State,
Their Rise no Envy can create;
Their Subjects in the Princely Grandure share:
For, like the Sun, *the higher they ascend,*
The farther their indulgent Beams extend.

Yet long before our Royal Sun
His destin'd Course has run,
We're blest to see a Glorious Heir,
That shall the mighty Loss repair;
When he that Blazes now, shall this low Sphere resign,
In a sublimer Orb eternally to shine.

A Cynthia *too, adorn'd with every Grace,*
Of Person and of Mind;
And happy in a Starry Race
Of that Auspicious kind,
As joyfully presage
No want of Royal Heirs in any future Age.

CHORUS.

Honour'd with the Best of Kings,
And a Set of Lovely Springs,
From the Royal Fountain flowing,
Lovely Streams, and ever growing,

Happy

Happy *Britain*, paſt expreſſing,
Only learn to prize the Bleſſing.

W.

William Whycherley *Eſq;*

THIS ingenious Gentleman publiſh'd a Volume of Poems in *Folio*; but he thereby rather leſſen'd his Fame, than increas'd it; tho' he tells you, in the Poſtſcript to his Preface, that they were written at a time, when 'twas not ſo much his Head's Occaſion to write, as his Pockets; when he deſign'd his Works ſhould have made him live, and not he to have made them live; and that he wrote not to give Pains to his Mind, but to eaſe it from Pains; to play the Fool with ridiculous Thoughts, rather than run mad with anxious ones. He has a Satirical Preface to his Criticks, who were ſuch before they were his Readers: He begins; "To you, I ſay, you Anti-Wits, I direct "my Diſcourſe; who, like Gameſters *ante manum*, "venture your little Stocks of Wit or Credit in "*Parnaſſus*, but to deprive others of theirs, tho' "you have no other ſort of Wit, but what you "firſt borrow, or purloin, from the bold Puſhers "for Fame, the Scribblers, your adventurous Be-"nefactors; whom you, like Rooks at Play (when "youhave got all you can by them) attack and "puſh with their own Coin and Stores of Senſe; "ſo, like the other Rooks, live on the Deſtruc-"tion of your beſt Friends and Maintainers; and "upon gutting a Book, as the Midnight Judica-

"ture

" ture do upon gutting a House." His Preface is long, and full of Wit and pointed Satire against the Criticks; and he has a Dedication to the greatest Friend of the Muses, *Vanity*: which ends with a Satire on himself, and his large Work.

And outward Greatness does confess,
Most often, inward Emptiness,
And great Books, as great Heads (we know)
Contain less, as they make more Show.

To his Bookseller, who desir'd his Picture before his Book, he has these Lines:

To show this Book, my Writing Act and Deed,
You'd have me to it put my Mark or Head.

Of Love he writes thus:

If Love's a Blessing (as it is) you say,
We for it ought not then to pay, but pray;
Since Blessings, as they go for more Divine,
Shou'd more be gain'd by Pray'r, or Praise, than Coin.

This Description of Love I take to be very good;

Know, Love is not by Precept taught,
Nor what it is, can Reason prove,
Above Expression, above Thought,
Instinct, by which our Senses move;
Which, by Denying, is confess'd,
And oft express'd by Dumbness best.

He has these Lines on a Lady's Posteriors, which he discover'd on her falling over a Stile:

My Heart held out againſt your Face and Eyes,
But cou'd no more, againſt your Breech and Thighs,
Which they both took, and wounded, by Surprize;
Who did (as 'twere) till then, in Ambuſh lie
For my poor Life, at leaſt my Liberty;
So ſecret Enemies more Miſchief do,
The leſs ſtill they, their Pow'r to do it, ſhow.
By that Aſſaſſinate my Life's betray'd.——

Mr. *Wycherley*, in his Poems, is very ſatirical on Courtiers, eſpecially in his *Praiſe of Ignorance*, dedicated to the Court; and his *Heroick Epiſtle*, to the Honour of *Pimps and Pimping*, dedicated to the Court, and written at a time when ſuch were moſt conſiderable there. And ſpeaking of Wit recommending a Perſon, he has theſe Verſes:

To Court, to gain Mens, Womens Favour, go,
Be ſure no more Wit than they have to ſhow;
Since each Sex fears Men moſt, of the moſt Wit,
Will ſuch into their Secrets leaſt admit,
For fear of their diſcovering their Shame,
Avoid their Courtſhip, but to 'ſcape their Blame,
And ſtill their Pleaſure loſe, to keep their Fame.

This Gentleman, at the end of his humourous Preface and Contents, has a very particular *Errata*; and, in general, *Errata the whole Book.*

MODERN

MODERN *ENGLISH* POETS; AND AUTHORS OF SINGLE PIECES.

A.

Mr. Nicholas Amhurst.

A YOUNG Gentleman of St. *John's*-College, *Oxford*. He has a great deal of ſprightly Wit, and Poetical Fire; and by the Poems he has publiſh'd, promiſes to be a conſiderable Writer. The Pieces under his Name are,

1. *An Epiſtle from the Princeſs* Sobieski *to the Chevelier de* St. George. This Poem has the following Lines, deſcribing the Paſſion of Love.

Relent-

Relentless Walls and Bolts obstruct my Way,
And Guards as senseless and as deaf as they;
Or to my James *thro' Whirlwinds I would go,*
Thro' burning Deserts, and o'er Alps of Snow,
Pass spacious roaring Oceans undismay'd,
And think the mighty Dangers well repaid.

II. *The Protestant Session.* A State Poem, inscrib'd to Earl *Stanhope.*

III. *To the Memory of Mr.* Rowe: A Poem.

This Gentleman translated *The Resurrection*, and some other of Mr. *Addison*'s *Latin* Pieces.

B.

Mr. Charles Beckingham.

A Young Gentleman likewise of a promising Genius, who besides his Tragedies of *Scipio Africanus*, and *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, has given us two Pieces:

I. *Christ's Sufferings*, a Translation from the *Latin* of *Rapin.* Dedicated to the Archbishop of *York.*

II. *A Poem on the Death of* N. Rowe *Esq*; This is a very good Piece, it concludes with these Lines:

Still, sacred Shade, thy Writings shall be read,
Till even Arts are with their Founders dead:
Whilst Friendship burns within a faithful Breast,
Thy Name be cherish'd, and thy Worth confess'd;
Oblivion is the common mortal Doom,
But thou shalt Live, when Dead, and Flourish in the (Tomb.

Mr.

Mr. BOWDEN.

THIS Gentleman has given the Publick a Poem on a very ſublime Subject.

A Hymn to the Redeemer of the World, &c.

EUSTACE BUDGELL *Eſq;*

A Relation of the late Mr. *Addiſon*, who has had conferr'd on him ſeveral conſiderable publick Employments in the Kingdom of *Ireland*. He is a very ingenious Gentleman, and has writ ſome excellent Epilogues to Plays, and alſo one ſmall Piece *on Love*, which is very pretty.

C.

Mr. PETER CAUSTON.

THIS Gentleman was by Profeſſion a Mercer, and being a Perſon addicted to Pleaſure, he often frequented Places of publick Reſort; particularly *Tunbridge*, *Epſom*, &c. And this gave Birth to a Poem of his, call'd,

Tunbridgalia; *or*, *the Humours of* Tunbridge.

Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

THIS ingenious Gentlewoman, beſides her many Entertaining Plays, has given us the following Pieces of Poetry.

I. *An Epiſtle from a Lady of* Great Britain *to the King of* Sweden, *on the intended Invaſion.* This Piece was anſwer'd by Mrs. *Davis*, but her Performance was very inferiour to Mrs. *Centlivre*'s.

II. *A Paſtoral, on the Death of Mr.* Rowe.

The Lady CHUDLEIGH.

A Lady who has oblig'd the World with a ſmall Volume of Poems lately publiſh'd, and *The Song of the three Children paraphras'd.*

Mr. CHUTE.

A Young Gentleman, deſcended of a good Family, bred to the Law, and at this time of the *Middle Temple.* He is Author of the following Poem.

Beauty and Virtue, a Poem on the Death of the Counteſs of Sunderland. This is an excellent Performance for a young Poet, it has theſe admirable Lines:

Thus

Thus Virtue, tho' from Death it cannot save,
Prepares and fits us to embrace the Grave,
Protracts our Views, and opens to the Sight
A distant Prospect full of new Delight:
Eager to grasp the tempting Prize, the Soul
Smiles at the Gulph between, and rushes to the Goal.

Mr. Charles Cleeve.

A Poet of the last Age, who writ a Volume of Poems, dedicated to the Lord *Churchill*, now Duke of *Marlborough*.

Colonel Codrington.

THIS Gentleman was of the first Rank for Wit and Gallantry. He was educated at *All-Souls College* in the University of *Oxford*, to which he left large Donations by his Will, especially for the building of a new Library. He was many Years Governor of the *Leeward-Islands*, where he dy'd; but was bury'd at *Oxford*. He is mention'd here on Account of some small Pieces of Poetry; among which is an Epilogue to Mr. *Southern*'s Tragedy, call'd, *The Fate of* Capua, which has these Verses:

Wives still are Wives, and he that will be billing,
Must not think Cuckoldom deserves a Killing.
What if the gentle Creature had been kissing,
Nothing the good Man marry'd for was missing.

Had he the Secret of his Birth-Right known.
'Tis odds the faithful Annals wou'd have shown,
The Wives of half his Race more lucky than his own.

The Honourable *Charles Boyle* Esq; wrote a Prologue to this Play.

Mr. HENRY CRISP.

THIS Author was Fellow of *King's-College*, *Cambridge*. He wrote several Pieces of Poetry.

I. *Lesbia's Sparrow*, out of *Catullus*.
II. *On his Imperious Mistress*, from *Propertius*.
III. *On his Perjur'd Mistress*, from *Ovid*.
IV. *Duelling*, a Poem.

The Lord CUTTS.

A Hero, and Poet, who oblig'd us with an excellent Poem on the Death of Queen *Mary*. It begins thus:

She's gone! the Beauty of our Isle is fled,
Our Joy cut off, the Great Maria *dead:*
We faint beneath the Stroke: But weep no more,
Waft not our Sorrow to a foreign Shore;
Lest Albion's *Enemies, with impious Breath,*
Profane our Sighs, and triumph in her Death.

D.

The Reverend Mr. DANIEL.

AUTHOR of a Divine Poem, call'd *God the Creator.*

Mr. DANIEL DE FOE.

THIS Author was formerly a Hoſier, but ſince he has been one of the moſt enterprizing Pamphleteers this Age has produc'd; ſome Parts of his Life his Inclinations have led him to Poetry, which has thrown into the World two Pieces very much admir'd by ſome Perſons, *viz.*

I. *The True-Born Engliſhman.* This is a biting Satire, and ſold many Impreſſions; but his Deſcriptions are generally very low.

II. *Jure Divino*, a Poem of conſiderable Bulk in Folio.

F.

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

THE late Mr. *Farquhar*, in a ſmall Piece written in Proſe, entitled, *The Picture*, gives the following Deſcription of himſelf: "My Out-"ſide (*ſays he*) is neither better nor worſe than "my Creator made it, and the Piece being drawn "by ſo great an Artiſt, 'twould be Preſumption "to ſay there were many Strokes amiſs. I have a "Body qualify'd to anſwer all the Ends of its Cre-"tion, and that's ſufficient. I have very little "Eſtate, but what lies under the Circumference "of my Hat; and ſhould I by any Miſchance come "to loſe my Head, I ſhould not be worth a Groat." This is a Specimen of his Humour out of the Dramatick way, and beſides his Comedies, he has writ ſeveral ſmall Poems, *viz.*

I. *On the Death of General* Schomberg, *kill'd at the Battel of the* Boyne; a Pindarick.

II. *The Lover's Night*; a Poem.

III. *Epilogue ſpoke by Mr.* Wilks, *at his firſt Appearance upon the* Engliſh *Stage.* This Piece, towards the Concluſion, has theſe Verſes;

Void of Offence, tho' not from Cenſure free,
I left a diſtant Iſle too kind to me.
Loaded with Favours I was forc'd away,
Becauſe I'd not accept what I cou'd never pay.
There I could pleaſe, but there my Fame muſt end---

Theſe

These Pieces are printed with his Letters and Essays, which are as full of Humour, and Entertaining, as his Performances for the Stage.

G.

The Reverend Mr. JAMES GARDINER.

THIS learned and ingenious Clergyman is the eldest Son of the Reverend Dr. *James Gardiner*, late Bishop of *Lincoln*. He was born in *Westminster* in the Year 1678. and after he had gone thro' his School-Learning, he was remov'd to *Emanuel-College* in *Cambridge*, into which Society he was admitted in 1694. Here he continu'd till he took his Degree of Batchellor of Arts: Soon after which, removing to *Jesus-College* in the same University, he had conferr'd on him a Fellowship, and was made Master of Arts: During his Residence at *Cambridge*, he was very assiduous in his Studies, and by a frequent Perusal of the Classicks, the Beauty of those Originals gave his Inclinations a Turn to Poetry. He has writ several Copies of Verses, both *Latin* and *English*, publish'd in the Miscellanies, some with, and some without a Name; and before his leaving the University, he oblig'd the World with a Translation of *Rapin of Gardens*, the first Edition whereof very much suffer'd by a hasty Publication; but the second Impression (printed in 1717.) is so excellently well done, that the Author has shewn himself to be a Person of great Learning and Judgment, and an admirable Poet. This Piece he first wrote, and permitted to appear

unfinish'd, as a Farewel to the Muses, upon his entering into Holy Orders, and accepting of the Subdeanery of *Lincoln*, in the Year 1705. Amongst his other Performances, the most celebrated little Piece, for the Justness of the Composure, is a Character of his Father (in three Stanza's) in the middle of a *Latin* Epitaph, never printed, but engraven upon a white Marble Tombstone; where, after a Præfatory Stanza to the Reader, he adds;

Vera, si Cordi est Pietas Fidesq;
Si Pudor priscus, placidusque Mentis
Candor, antiquos imitare Mores
Gardinerumq;
Qui diu Patrum æmulus optimorum
Legibus vitæ, Studiisq; Sanctis,
Duxit Exemplar, Specimenq; primi
Retulit ævi.
Prospera Pectus bene præparatum
Res nec adversæ poterunt movere;
Se parem semper sibi; cæteris q;
Gessit Amicum.

The Reverend Mr. LEWIS GRIFFIN.

A Gentleman born in *Rutlandshire*, and educated in the University of *Cambridge*. He made an excellent Preacher, and after some time he was preferr'd to the Rectory of St. *George*'s Church in *Southwark*; from whence he was remov'd to *Colchester* in *Essex*, where he liv'd during the whole time that a great Pestilence rag'd in that Town; and he dy'd there about the Year 1670. He wrote two Poems, well esteem'd in the last Age.

I. *The Presbyterian Bramble*; a Poem in Defence of the King and the Church.

II. *The Doctrine of the Ass.* This Piece has the two following Lines:

Devil's Pretences always were Divine;
A Knave may have an Angel for his Sign.

H.

JOHN HAMPDEN *Esq*;

THIS Gentleman, who was descended from a Family of Patriots for Liberty, has oblig'd the World with one Poetical Performance, call'd, *The Rising-Sun. A Poem upon Queen* Mary's *Birth-Day.*

The Honourable SIMON HARCOURT *Esq*;

SON to that excellent Lawyer, and great Orator, the late Lord Chancellor *Harcourt.* When he was at *Oxford*, he wrote a Poem *To the Queen*, on her coming to *Christ-church* College.

Mr.

Mr. Aron Hill.

A Poet and Projector, Son of an Attorney at Law, who, has given us several Poems.

I. *The Northern Star.* This Piece was writ in compliment to the Czar of *Muscovy.*

II. *Gideon:* An Heroick Poem; and some other Pieces.

Mr. Edward Holdsworth.

SON of the Reverend Mr. *Thomas Holdsworth,* Rector of the Parish of *North Stoneham* near to *Southampton.* He was educated at *Magdalen*-College in *Oxford,* and has acquir'd immortal Fame by one Piece of *Latin* Poetry, *viz.*

Muscipula, or the Mouse-Trap. A severe Satire on the *Welshmen.*

John How *Esq;*

THIS is the famous Gentleman which made such a Figure in the House of Commons in the Reign of King *William.* He was descended from a very antient Family in *Gloucestershire,* and chosen Knight of the Shire for that County in several Parliaments. He was Paymaster of the Guards and Garisons, and he wrote,

I. *An*

I. *An Ode, in imitation of* Quid Bellicosus. Cantaber, &c. Hor. Od. 11. Lib. 2.

II. *A Panegyrick on King* William. This Piece ends with these Lines;

Rebels (like Witches) having sign'd the Rolls,
Must serve their Master, tho' they damn their Souls.

J.

Mr. G. Jacob.

AN Author bred to the Law, who, between his more laborious Studies has Diverted himself with Poetry. He is a great Admirer of Poets and their Works, which has occasion'd him sometimes to try his Genius that way: And the chief of his Performances are,

I. *A Journey to* Bath *and* Bristol, *&c.* with a Poem call'd, *The Fair Innocent*, and several *Love-Poems.* The second Edition.

II. A Miscellany of Poems, beginning with the *Court-Beauties*; *Cupid's Festival, or the Battel of the Gods*; *the Country-Revel, a Pastoral*, and ending with some Translations from *Horace*; *Rectius vives Licini, &c.*

III. A second Miscellany, call'd, *The Lover's Miscellany*; consisting of Poems on several Occasions, Amorous and Gallant: With a Poem, *Rural and Political*, &c.

IV. *A Poem on the Reconciliation between his Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince of* Wales.

This

This Gentleman has writ in Prose (besides these two Volumes of *The Lives of the Poets*) a small Volume of *Essays relating to the Conduct of Life*; an *Essay on the Usefulness of writing, Criticism, and the Qualification of Authors*; *on Justice and Equity*; and a great many Law-Books, as the *Accomplish'd Conveyancer*, three Volumes; *Modern Justice*, *Lex Constitutionis*, &c. some of which have sold several Impressions.

A short Account of the Life of this Author you'll find in the *Poetical Register*, pag. 318. He has by him a Poem of his writing, in Manuscript, entitled *Human Happiness*, which begins with these Lines:

Awake, my Muse, in Strains melodious show
The various Tracks to Happiness below;
The doubtful Paths which all Mankind must tread--

Mr. Jackson.

THIS Gentleman is Master of Arts, and, if I mistake not, had his Education at *Oxford*. In the *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Miscellany, these two Poems are ascrib'd to him.

I. *Love's Conquest.* In this Piece the Author thus bewails the Absence of his Mistress:

With Grief her Absence kills me too!
I droop, I pine when she's away;
As tender Plants in Winter do,
That want the Sun's reviving Ray.

II. *A Poetical Essay on* Cartesius's *Principle of Philosophy*; I think, therefore I am.

K.

K.

Doctor K.

A Gentleman, Author of a Piece, which ſhews a great Nicety of Subject,
A Poem upon Marriage.

Dr. KENN, *Biſhop of* Bath *and* Wells, *Deprived.*

A Very pious and learned Divine, who refus'd the Oaths to King *William*. He was a Man very much reſpected by all that knew him, particularly thoſe of his own Principles. He retir'd from the World with great Contentment, and ſpent a good part of his Life with the late Lord *Weymouth*, at *Long-Leat*, near *Frome* in *Somerſetſhire*; where he liv'd in great Eſteem, and dy'd in that Family. He wrote ſome Volumes of
Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects, Hymns, &c.

M.

M.

Mr. Manning.

ALL as I know of this Gentleman is, that in the *State-Poems* one Piece is attributed to him, call'd,

Greenwich-Hill; a Poem, written in imitation of Sir *John Denham*'s *Cooper*'s-*Hill*.

N.

Mr. Nevil.

AUTROR of a Piece, entitled, *Holland*; a Poem containing a great deal of low Humour, and describing the various Customs, *&c.* of the *Dutch* Nation.

The Reverend Mr. John Norris.

RECTOR of *Bemerton*, near *Salisbury*, in *Wilts*, and Author of the following Poems.

I. *A Pindarick Ode on the Passion of our Saviour.*
II. *The Consummation.* A Divine Poem.
III. *The* 139 *Psalm Paraphras'd.*

O.

O.

Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON.

THIS Gentleman, beſides his Dramatick Works, has writ a Volume of Poetry, conſiſting of *Heroical Epiſtles*, &c. ſome whereof are very well done.

P.

Mr. WILLIAM PAUL.

THIS Gentleman was educated at *Wadham*-College in *Oxford*; where he took the Degree of Batchellor of Arts. He wrote the following Piece:

A Pindarick Ode, ſacred to the Memory of her late moſt excellent Majeſty Queen Anne.

Dr.

Dr. WALTER POPE.

A Physician of *Salisbury*, Author of a Piece, call'd,

The Salisbury Ballad: A Poem which has a great deal of Humour, particularly on building the Steeple, *&c.* with learned and critical Notes.

Mr. PURNEY.

THIS Gentleman has lately taken Orders; he is Author of the following Pieces.

I. *Pastorals*, after the simple manner of *Theocritus*. The first entitled, *Love and Innocence*; and the other, *The Tender Shepherdess*.

II. *The Chevalier* de St. George. This Piece is writ in an extraordinary Stile.

R.

Mr. REYNOLDS.

A Gentleman, who has writ a Poem, entitled, *Death's Vision*. The Author desires some Spirit to inform him what 'tis to die. *&c.*

Mr.

Mr. RIDOUT.

THIS Author is by Profeſſion a Chirurgeon, and has a good Character in his Buſineſs. He is a Man of Wit and Learning, and has lately publiſh'd,

A ſmall Volume of Poems and Tranſlations, dedicated to the Princeſs of *Wales*. In this Collection he has a *Poem to Sir* Richard Blackmore, *on his Creation.*

Mr. DAVID RUSSEL.

A Nonjuror, now living, educated at *Univerſity* College in *Oxford*, Author of the two following Poems.

I. *The Loves of* Hero *and* Leander. *Tranſlated from the* Greek *of* Muſæus.

II. *The Impeachment, a State-Poem; writ on Dr.* Sacheverel's *Trial.*

S.

HENRY ST. JOHN, *late Lord Bollingbroke.*

A Statesman and Poet, Author of *A Pindarique Ode, in Honour of* Almahide *and the Muses.*

HENRY SAVILL *Esq;*

THIS Gentleman, has written a Piece, call'd, *The Duel: A Poem.* This Poem is chiefly on Tilting with a beautiful Lady.

WILLIAM SHIPPEN *Esq;*

THIS Gentleman is Member of Parliament for *Saltash* in *Cornwall.* He is a famous Speaker in the House of Commons, and not only an excellent Orator, but a good Poet. He has publish'd two Pieces.

I. *Faction Display'd:* A Satire on the Whigs.

II. *Moderation Display'd:* A State Poem.

The first Poem, taking notice of the Death of the Duke of *Glouceſter*, concludes with this Simile.

So by the Course of the revolving Spheres,
Whene'er a new-discover'd Star appears;

Astro-

Astronomers, with Pleasure and Amaze,
Upon the Infant Luminary gaze.
They find their Heav'n inlarg'd, and wait from (thence,
Some blest, some more than common Influence;
But suddenly, alas! the fleeting Light
Retiring, leaves their Hopes involv'd in endless (Night

Dr. SPEED.

A Doctor of Physick of *Southampton*, who writ a very Humerous Diverting Poem, entitled, *Batt upon Batt. To the Laud and Praise of* Bartholomew Kempster, *Clerk, Poet, and Cutler, of* Holy-Roods *in* Southampton. This Piece begins thus:

Had I! O had I! Batt, *thy Face and Throat,*
Could I betune the Flock with such sweet Note,
Could I with equal Metre Hopkins *fit,*
Our famous Sternhold *in his Verse outwit;*
Then would I venture to set forth thy Praise,
And rob Church-Pews to crown thy Head with Bays.

Lower the Poet speaking of *Apollo* and *Vulcan:*

Now Batt *does all that both these Gods could do,*
Hammers out Verses, and hard Iron too.
To sheath strong Sense in metaphorick Words,
Is but the making Scabbards for his Swords.

Mr. STONESTREET.

AUTHOR of two Poems,
I. *Against the Fear of Death:* An Ode.
II. *The Story of Ants chang'd to Men: From the 7th Book of* Ovid's Metamorphoses.

T.

Mr. TOLAND.

THIS eminent Pamphleteer, and Dealer in Controversy, sometime since wrote a Poem, call'd,

Clito: on the Force of Eloquence.

Mr. CHARLES TOOKE.

A Gentleman, I think, now living, who has writ several entertaining Poems interspers'd in the Miscellanies; the chief of them are the following:

I. *To the Right Honourable Sir* George Rook, *Vice-Admiral of* England, *at his Return from his Glorious Enterprize near* Vigo, 1702. This is a very good Poem, and speaking of Sir *George*'s Fame in general, he supplies Particulars with this Couplet:

Virtue;

Virtue, like solid Gold, securely shines,
Nor needs the gaudy Varnish of our Lines.

II. *A Poem, in Imitation of the 23d Ode of* Anacreon, *on Gold to a Miser.*

III. *Part of the fourteenth Book of* Homer. In this is describ'd the Contrivance of *Juno* to lull *Jupiter* to Sleep, that *Neptune* the mean time might assist the *Grecians.*

IV. *To* Lesbia.

V. *The Stolen Kiss.*

VI. *The Wedding-Night.*

VII. *The State of Nature.* A Poem.

JOHN TUTCHIN *Esq*;

A Gentleman severely us'd by the Lord Chief Justice *Jefferies*, for writing a Political Piece at the time of *Monmouth*'s Rebellion: His Sentence was so very uncommon, and so rigorously executed, that he petition'd King *James* to be hang'd. After the abdicating of that Prince, he wrote the *Observator*, in Defence of the Revolution, which enrag'd his Enemies to a great Degree. At last he was assaulted in the Night, and his Tragedy compleated in a barbarous Assassination. He wrote the following Pieces of Poetry:

I. *The* British *Muse.* A Satire, exposing Tyranny, on all the Poems and Elegies written upon the Death of King *James.*

II. *The Earthquake of* Jamaica: A Poem.

III. *The Foreigners:* A Poem. *The True-Born Englishman* was occasion'd by this Piece.

W.

Mr. THOMAS WARD.

A Romish Priest, Author of a Poem, call'd, *England's Reformation, from the time of King* Henry *VIII. to the end of* Oates's *Plot. In four Canto's.*

Mrs. WHARTON.

A Lady of excelling Wit and Sense, who besides several small Poems, has written, *The Lamentation of* Jeremiah.

Sir HENRY WOTTON.

THIS celebrated Gentleman, so well known in the last Age, has given us one small Piece of Poetry very much commended, entitled, *A Character of a Happy Life.*

POEMS

Written by

Anonymous Authors.

A.

I. ADAM *Pos'd.* This Piece was written by the Author of the Poems on the *Spleen.* Lady *W.*

II. *The Addreſs,* 1704. A State-Poem.

III. *Advice to a Painter, upon the Defeat of the Rebels in the* Weſt, *and the Execution of the Duke of* Monmouth.

IV. Æſop *at* Tunbridge ; *or ſelect Fables in Verſe. Some whereof on State-Affairs.*

V. Amor omnibus idem ; *or the Force of Love in all Creatures ; from* Virgil's Georgicks.

VI. *The Anniverſary (firſt) of the Government under* Oliver Cromwell.

VII. *The Audience.* A State-Poem.

B.

I. *Bacchanalia: or, a Description of a Drunken Club.* This Poem has a great deal of Humour.

II. Bajazet *to* Gloriana, *Anno* 1683.

III. *The Battel-Royal*; a Dream.

IV. *The Beau.*

V. *Beauty and Muſick.* Both of theſe have powerful Charms.

VI. *On a Bluſh.*

VII. *Satire againſt Brandy.*

VIII. *The Brawny Biſhop's Complaint.* This is a Ballad made on Dr. *B*——*t.*

IX. *The Brazen Head.*

X. *Brutus.*

C.

I. *Cæſar's Ghoſt.* A State Poem.

II. *The Caprice.* By Mr. *R*——

III. *The Celebrated Beauties.* An excellent Poem, occaſion'd upon the Author's being ſuſpected of writing the *Britiſh* Court.

IV. *Charge to the Grand Inqueſt of* England, *Anno* 1674. This Piece very much expoſes the Parliament: It has theſe Lines,

Thus

Thus when your Prayer, tho' not your Pride abates,
Your Purſes grown as empty as your Pates,
'Tis time to ſend you home to your Eſtates.

V. *The Church-Scuffle*; An Heroick Poem, in four Cantos. Shewing the Folly, Foppery, Luxury, Lazineſs, Pride, Ambition, and Contention of the *Romiſh* Clergy. Taken Chiefly from *Boileau's Lutrin*. Dedicated to the Earl of *Mulgrave* by Mr. *Crowne*.

VI. *Clarendon's Houſe-Warming*. A State-Poem.

VII. *The Combat*.

VIII. *The Convert*.

IX. *The Convocation*: A Poem, in five Cantos. This Piece is a Satire upon the High-Church Clergy, and all the Writers who employ'd their Pens againſt the Biſhop of *Bangor*.

X. *To a Coquet Beauty*. This Piece is aſcrib'd to the Duke of *B*——

XI. *The Court of Love*. A Tale from *Chaucer*.

XII. *Cupid's Review*. The Poet, in this Piece, brings moſt of the Ladies of the Court on the Stage.

XIII. *Cure for the Green-Sickneſs*.

She cry'd, in th' height of Joy, O! I'm undone I fear,
O kill me, ſtick me, ſtick me; kill me quite, my Dear.

XIV. *The Curſe*. A State Poem.

D.

I. *Dangerfield's Ghoſt, to* Jefferies.

II. *Delia.* A Paſtoral Eclogue, lamenting the Death of the beautiful Mrs. *Tempeſt.* It begins:

Ye gentle Swains! who paſs your Days and Nights
In Love's ſincere and innocent Delights!
Ye, tender Virgins, who with Pride diſplay
Your Beauty's Splendor, and extend your Sway!
Lament with me! with me your Sorrows join!
And mingle your united Tears with mine!

Delia, *the Queen of Love, let all deplore,*
Delia, *the Queen of Beauty, now no more.*

III. *The Deponents.* A State Poem, on the Pretender's Birth.

IV. *Deſcription of Hell.*

V. *A Deſcription of the Tombs in* Weſtminſter-Abbey. This Piece is full of diverting Humour.

VI. *Deſire.* A Pindarick.

VII. *A Dialogue between Father* Petre *and the Devil.*

VIII. *The Diſſolution.* A State Poem.

IX. *Dr.* Wild's *Ghoſt. On King* James's *Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience.*

X. *The Dog in the Wheel.* A Satire, 1705.

XI. *The Dream of the Cabal.* A Prophetick Satire, 1672.

XII. *On the Duke of* Ormond's *Succeſs at* Vigo.

E.

I. *SIR* Edmunbury Godfrey's *Ghoſt.*

II. *The Elevation.* A Divine Poem.

III. *Epiſtle from* Roſamond *to* Henry. An excellent Piece, written by a Lady.

IV. *Epiſtle to* Climene. By Mr. *R*——

V. *An Epiſtle to the Chevalier* de St. George. By Mr. *A.* This Piece is writ with a great deal of Spirit.

VI. *An Epiſtle from his Holineſs the Pope to the Reverend Dr.* Snape.

VII. *Epithalamium on the Marriage of* Palladius *and* Celerina. *From* Claudian.

VIII. *Euchariſticon. A Poem on the Faſt-Day of St.* Simon *and* Jude.

IX. *An Evening Thought. A Philoſophical Poem. Written by* W. S. *Eſq; Barriſter at Law.*

F.

I. *A Fable on K.* W. *by the L*——*d J*——*s.* This is one of *Æſop*'s Tales ſeverely apply'd.

II. *Fable of the Pot and the Kettle.* Adapted to the two Parties of Whig and Tory.

III. *The Fart: A Poem.* Mr. *Durfey* has writ a humorous Song on this Subject.

IV. *The Fancy: Or, the Duke of* York's *laſt Farewel.*

V. *Farewel*

V. *Farewel to the Church of* England.
VI. *Upon the* French *King.* A Satire.
VII. *The Friend.* A Poem. By *J. D.* Esq;

G.

I. *THE Gelding of the Devil.* A merry Tale.
II. *The Giants Wars, out of a* Greek *Fragment.* By Dr. *B*——
III. *Ghost of King* Charles *the Second.*
IV. *Ghost of* Rochester, *address'd to* Julian, *Secretary of the Muses.*
V. *The Golden Age. From the fourth Eclogue of* Virgil.
VI. *The Golden Age Revers'd.* Both State-Poems. The first in favour of the Tories, and the last of the Whigs.
VII. *Upon the Gout.*

H.

I. HArry Care's *last Will and Testament.*
II. *The Hieroglyphick.*
III. *The Hobgoblin.*
IV. *The Husband.* Written by a Lady.
V. *The Hoop-Petticoat.* An Heroi-comical Poem, in two Books. By Mr. *Joseph Gay.*
VI. Hounslow-*Heath.* A Satire upon King *James*'s Army, 1686.
VII. *Hymn to* Venus, *from the* Greek *of* Sapho.

VIII. *A Hymn to the three* Eastern *Magi, adoring our Saviour at his Nativity, guided by the Star.*

IX. *Hymn on Heaven.*

J.

I. THE *Jovial Tinker.*

II. *The Jubilee Necklace.* A Satire.

III. *St.* Julian's *Prayer. A Tale in* La Fontain *imitated.*

IV. *Justice in Masquerade.*

K.

I. KING James's *Declaration.*

II. *To the King, from the Duke of* Monmouth.

III. *Kisses. A Poem.*

L.

I. THE *Lady of Pleasure.*

II. *The Laureat.* This is a very severe Satire on Mr. *Dryden*; particularly upon account of his changing his Religion.

III. *The Leather-Bottle.*

IV. *A new Litany.* This is a State-Poem, it begins with these Lines:

From

From all the Women we have Whor'd;
From being bound to keep our Word,
From Civil Broils, and Foreign Sword,
Libera nos Domine.

V. *Love and Folly.* These seem to be agreeably coupled.

VI. *Love's Martyr.*

VII. *Love's Relief.*

VIII. *The Lover's Prayer.*

IX. *The Lover's Session. In Imitation of Sir* John Suckling's *Session of the Poets.*

M.

I. MArs *stript of his Armour.*

II. *To one who twice ventur'd to marry.* This Piece is a little severe on the Female Sex. It begins:

The Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in Danger, she always in Motion;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcass,
Twice ventures the Drowning, and Faith that's a
(*hard Case.*

III. *To* Mecænas. Horace, lib. 2. Ode 12.

IV. *The Metamorphoses.* A State Poem.

V. *Midsummer-Moon; or, the Liveryman's Complaint.* A State Poem.

VI. *The Miracle.* This is a merry Piece on the Birth of the pretended Prince of *Wales.*

VII. *The*

VII. *The Mock-Mourners.* A Satire, by way of Elegy, on King *William.*

VIII. *On Muſick.* A Poem.

N.

I. TO *the Nightingal in Spring.*

II. *Nature of Women.* See Letter W.

O.

I. THE *Obſcure Prince.*

II. *Occaſional Conformity.* A State Poem.

III. *October, a Poem.* This Piece is well done, and the Author ſeems to have taken his Hint from Mr. *Philip's Cyder.*

IV. *On* Oliver's *Porter in* Bedlam.

V. *Ovid in Maſquerade*; being a Burleſque Poem upon the 13th Book of his Metamorphoſes; containing the celebrated Speeches of *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes.* Deſign'd for the Entertainment of thoſe who had rather Laugh and be Merry, than be Merry and Wiſe.

VI. *The* Oxfordſhire *Nine.* This Poem is a Satire on the Parliament Tackers.

P.

I. PAckington's *Pound.*

II. Pandora's *Box.* A Poem on Snuff.

III. *The Paradox.* A State-Poem.

IV. *The Parallel,* 1682.

V. *The Parliament-House to be Let.* A State-Poem, 1678.

VI. *The Parson's Daughter.* A Tale, written by Mr. *C. W.*

VII. *The Patriots*, A Poem.

VIII. *The Pensioners.*

IX. *The Picture.* This Piece contains Instructions for drawing a *Venus.*

X. *Poetry, its Cure.* This Poem ends with this Couplet:

Seven wealthy Towns contend for Homer *dead,*
Thro' which the living Homer *beg'd his Bread.*

XI. *The Prodigal.*

XII. *On Purgatory.* A Poem.

R.

I. THE *Rape of the Smock, an Heroic-Comical Poem, in two Books.* By Mr. *G. F.*

II. *Reformation of Manners.* A Satire.

III. *The Relapse.* A Poem.

IV. *The*

IV. *The Reſignation.*

IV. *The River* Nile, *from the tenth Book of* Lucan's Pharſalia. *By Mr.* H——

V. *The Rival Muſes*, 1701. This Piece contains Characters of moſt of the Poets, at the time it was written.

VI. *The Roundheads.* A Poem.

VII. *The Royal Buſs.* This is on King *Charles* and his Miſtreſſes.

VIII. *The Royal Game.* A State Poem.

IX. *The Royal Gameſters.* The Game play'd between moſt of the Princes in *Europe.*

X. *The Royal Ramble*, 1697.

S.

I. THE Salisbury *Ghoſt.*

II. *Seraphick Love.* A Divine Poem.

III. *The Seſſion of the Poets.* This is an Imitation of Sir *John Suckling*, writ ſince his time.

IV. *The Sigh.* A Poem.

V. *The Smock-Race.*

VI. *Spring.* A Poem.

VII. *Stafford's Ghoſt.* A State-Poem.

VIII. *The Stateſman's Almanack.* A very merry Piece.

IX. *The Story of* Erminia, *tranſlated from* Taſſo's Jeruſalem. *Inſcrib'd to the Lady* Weymouth.

X. *Strephon's Revenge.* A Satire.

T.

I. *Tarquin and Tullia.* A State Poem.

II. *Thought:* A Poem. This Piece has the following Stanza on Thought:

The Hermit's Solace in his Cell,
The Fire that warms the Poet's Brain;
The Lover's Heaven or his Hell,
The Madman's Sport, the Wiseman's Pain.

III. *The Toasters.* These were of the Kit-Kat Club, on all the celebrated Ladies at Court, *&c.*

IV. *On a Tobacco-Box.*

V. *The Toilet,* A Poem on the Court-Ladies.

VI. *The Town-Assemblies.* A Satire. By Mr. *G. J.*

VII. *The Town-Life.*

VIII. *The Tribe of* Levi. This is a bitter Satire on the Priests.

IX. *The Trimmer.*

X. *The Triumph of Love.*

XI. *The* Tunbridge *Prodigy.*

XII. *The Twin-Shams.* A famous State-Poem on *Monarchy* and the *Church*, ridiculing the popular Cry and prostituted Use of those Words.

XIII. *On* Tyburn. A Poem.

V.

I. *Venus Lacrymans.*

II. *The Vision.* A State Poem.

III. *Vox & Lachryma Anglorum: or, the* Engliſhman's *Complaint,* Anno 1667.

IV. *Voyage to the* Eaſt-Indies.

W.

I. *THE Wandering Beauty.*

II. *Way to Heaven in a String.* This Piece was writ to explode Mr. *Aſgill*'s *Argument.*

III. *The Wiſh.* A Poem.

IV. *Woman All in All.* This is an excellent Poem; and after a Deſcription of the Creation, and *Adam*'s Deſire of a Partner, which at laſt is granted, are theſe Verſes:

Woman, the choice Reſerve of God above,
The largeſt Inſtance of his Pow'r and Love;
Woman, that can each Soul with Love inſpire,
The welcome Mover of that pleaſing Fire;
Woman's the happy Centre of Deſire.

And lower, when *Adam* awakes, and ſees *Eve*:

He's now ſurpriz'd at what he thinks Divine——
Such Charms he ſaw, that whatſoe'er ſhe prov'd,
He had been more than Man, had he not Lov'd.

V. *Woman's Nature, from the fourth Eclogue of* Mantuan. This is a very ſevere Satire on the Fair Sex, and I preſume the original Author had very much ſuffer'd by ſome Woman he had Marry'd; by theſe extraordinary Lines, with which the Poem begins:

Woman, that Slave to her own Appetite,
That does in nothing Juſt or Good delight:
In vain would Man preſcribe Laws to the Fool,
Whoſe Cruelty and Pride's her only Rule;
Who ne'er conſiders what is Wrong or Right,
But all ſhe does is pure Deſign and Spite.
When ſhe ſhould Run, ſhe's apteſt to ſit ſtill,
Ready to fly to contradict your Will:
Her Temper ſo extravagant we find,
She hates, or is moſt troubleſomely kind,
Wou'd ſhe be grave, ſhe then looks like a Devil,
And like a Fool, or Whore, when ſhe'd be Civil;
Can ſmile, or weep, be fooliſh, or ſeem wiſe,
Or any thing, ſo ſhe may Tyrannize.
What ſhe will now, anon ſhe will not do;
Had rather croſs herſelf, than not croſs you.

This Piece is more biting as it proceeds; and it is as heavy upon Woman, as *Rocheſter*'s Satire upon Man, tho' not Writ with the ſame Spirit.

N. B. Theſe anonymous Poems, are chiefly to be found in *Dryden*'s *Miſcellanies*; *the State-Poems*: *Sir* R. Steel's *Poetical Miſcellanies*; Oxford *and* Cambridge *Miſcellany*. &c.

Addenda

Addenda & Corrigenda.

Mr. NICHOLAS AMHURST.

SINCE the Printing off my Account of this Gentleman, he has Publiſhed a Collection of Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, beginning with.

The Moſaical Creation; *Deſtruction of* Pharaoh *in the* Red-Sea; *on the Death of Mr.* Addiſon, *Imitations of* Catullus, *&c.*

JOHN BULKLEY *Eſq*;

AUTHOR of the Letters to the Reverend Dr. *Clarke.* on *Liberty and Neceſſity*; and late of *Clare-Hall* in *Cambridge.* He was a very ingenious Gentleman, and has written a Poem, call'd,

The Laſt Day. In Blank Verſe, contain'd in twelve Books.

Mr. CONGREVE.

THIS Gentleman has lately oblig'd us with two Tales from *Fontaine*, entitled,

I. *The Impoſſible Thing.*

II. *The Man that loſt his Heifer.*

Mr. DART.

A Gentleman, who has given us a Tranſlation of the Works of *TIBULLUS.*

Mrs. Martha Fowke.

An accompliſh'd Young Lady now living. Her Poetical Works, have been generally publiſh'd under the Name of *Clio*; and the moſt of them that have appear'd together, are contain'd in a ſmall Volume Entitled the *Epiſtles of* Clio *and* Strephon. A few excellent Copies are to be met with in the Ingenious Mr. *Hammond*'s Miſcellany, the chief whereof, addreſs'd to Him, ſhe calls *Clio*'s *Picture*.

By the Pieces this Lady has written, ſhe ſeems to be poſſeſs'd of ſuch a Genius, as would well Enable her to ſhew her ſelf no leſs an Ornament to the *Britiſh*, than Madam *Dacier* is to the *French* Nation.

Anthony Hammond *Eſq*;

A Gentleman deſcended from a good Family, of *Somerſham-Place*, in the County of *Hutingdon*. He has long ſince, by his great Eloquence, diſtinguiſh'd himſelf in the Houſe of Commons; and his Merit has recommended him to very conſiderable publick Employments; particularly that of being one of the Commiſſioners of the Royal Navy, &c. His Character is juſtly deſcrib'd by the ingenious Mr. *Southern*, * "If Generoſity, (ſays he) with Friendſhip, Learning with "ſound Senſe, True Wit and Humour, with good "Nature, be Accompliſhments to qualify a Gen"tleman for a Patron, I am ſure I have hit right in "Mr. *Hammond*."

* *See The Innocent Adultery, Dedicated to Mr.* Hammond.

The

He has just now oblig'd the Publick with a *Miscellany of Original Poems* by the most Eminent Hands, in which Himself has no small Share. As to his own Pieces, he acknowledges, in his Preface, that they were written at very different Times, and are now Own'd by him, lest hereafter they should be ascrib'd to other Persons to their Prejudice; As the *ODE ON SOLITUDE* has lately been in wrong to the Earl of *Roscommon*, and as some of the rest have been to others.

JOHN HUGHES *Esq;*

MR. *John Hughes* dy'd the 17th Day of *February* last, of a lingring Disease, very much lamented; and 'twas remarkable, that he expir'd the very Night his Play, call'd, *The Siege of* Damascus, which has incomparable Lines in it on Death, was first acted with great Approbation. He left behind him the best Character; that of an ingenious, modest, inoffensive Man. He was bury'd in St. *Andrew*'s Church, *Holbourn*, with great Privacy, at his own Request. There have been publish'd of his, since his Death, the following Pieces.

I. *The Ecstasy.* An Ode. This is an excellent Performance.

II. *A Monumental Ode to the Memory of Mrs.* Elizabeth Hughes.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH.

THIS Lady dy'd the Wife of *George Monk* Esq;

Dr. PATRICK,

A Learned Divine, late Lord Biſhop of *Ely*. There has been publiſh'd, ſince his Death, of his Lordſhip's Writing, a Volume of Poems, *On Divine and Moral Subjects.*

Mr. POMFRET.

OMitted in this Gentleman's Account, a Poem, entitled,

Reaſon. A Satire. Written and Printed in the Year 1700. occaſion'd by the *Trinitarian* Controverſy then on foot.

Mr. PRIOR.

THIS celebrated Poet has lately publiſh'd a ſmall Piece, call'd,

The Converſation. A Tale.

Mr. SEWELL.

OMitted in the Account of this Gentleman, a Miſcellany of Poems, *viz. On Conſcience*; *Beauty*; *The Force of Muſick*; *Song of* Troilus, *&c.* Dedicated to the Duke of *Newcaſtle.*

Dr. SMALRIDGE, *late Biſhop of* Briſtol.

THIS eminent Divine and Poet, dy'd at *Chriſt-Church* College in *Oxford*, on the 27th day of *September*, 1719. and was interr'd in *Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

INDEX

INDEX

OF THE

Moſt Celebrated POEMS.

A.

ABſalom *and* Achitophel. pag. 262, 282
Adam *Pos'd.* 311
Æneas *meeting* Dido *in the* Elizian *Fields.* 237
Æſop *at Court.* 239
Æſop *at* Tunbridge. 311
Albion's England. 226
Alma, or the Progreſs of the Mind. 163
Almanack of Montmelion. 133
Amor omnibus idem. 311
Amoret *to* Phillis. 222
Anatomy of Atheiſm. 42
Anniverſary. 311
Annus Mirabilis, *the Year of Wonders.* 262
Argalus *and* Parthenia. 166
Art of Cookery. 89
Art of Love. 75, 88
Aſtrea Redux. 262
Aſtrophel *and* Daphnis. 15
Aſtrophel *and* Stella. 187
Audience. 312
Auſtrian *Eagle.* 206

B.

Bacchanalia. 312
Bajazet *to* Gloriana. ib.
Battle Royal. ibid.
Battle of Creſſy *and* Poictiers. 1
Battle of Blenheim. 260
Battle of Ramellies. 261
Battle of the Summer Iſlands. 220
Batt *upon* Batt. 307
Baucis *and* Philemon. 209
Beau. 312
Beauties. 16
Beauty and Muſick. 312

Beauty and Virtue. 290
Bibliotheca. 119
Bion. 121
Birth of the Muſe. 249
Blenheim. 135
Blood's *ſtealing the Crown.* 99
Boſworth-Field. 5
Bowling-Green. 245
Brawny Biſhop's Complaint. 312
Brazen Head. ibid.
Britiſh *Muſe.* 309
Brutus. 312

C.

CÆſar's *Ghoſt.* 312
Callipædia *tranſlated.* 277
Cambridge *Duns.* 170
Campaign. 246
Canterbury *Tales.* 28
Caprice. 312
Carmen ſeculare. 160
Carmen in obitum, &c. 173
Caſtle-Combat. 68
Catullus *tranſlated.* 326
Cavalcade. 226
Cave of Poverty. 211
Celebrated Beauties. 312
Cephalus *and* Procris. 281
Charge to the Grand Inqueſt of England. 312
Charity. 163
Charm. 6
Chevalier de St. George. 304
Choice. 141
Chriſt's Sufferings. 288
Chriſt's Victory. 57
Church-Scuffle. 313
Church-yard's Dream. 32
Cignea Cantio. 89
City-Mouſe and Country-Mouſe. 112
Clarendon's *Houſe-Warming.* 313
Claremont. 59
Clio's *Epiſtles.* 326
Clito. 308
Combat. 313
Cowmittee-Man. 35
Conflagration. 141
Conſummation. 302
Converſation. 328
Convert. 313
Convocation. ibid.
Cooper's-Hill. 254
Coquer Beauty. 313
Counteſs of Pembroke's *Ivy-Church.* 57
Counteſs of Dorſet's *Petition.* 184
Court-Beauties. 299
Court of Death. 259
Court of Fairies. 49
Court of Love. 313
Court of Neptune. 82
Court of Venus. 52
Court-Proſpect. 75
Creation. 11
Critical Minute. 162
Cupid's *Court.* 97
Cupid's *Proclamation.* 178
Cupie's *Review.* 313
Cupid's *Feſtival.* 299
Cupid's *Treachery.* 281
Cure for the Green-Sickneſs. 313
Curſe. 168, 313
Cyder. 135

D.

DAvideis. 252
Death's Viſion. 304
De Bello Trajano. 53
Delights of the Muſes. 38
Deponents. 314
Deſcription of the Tombs in Weſtminſter-Abbey. ibid.
Deſcription of Hell. ibid.

Deſire. ibid.
Diſcovery. 268
Diſappointment. 223
Diſpenſary. 58
Diſſolution. 314
Divine Attributes. 141
Divine Love. 223
Doctrine of the Aſs. 297
Dr. Wild's *Ghoſt.* 314
Dog in the Wheel. ibid.
Don Carlos *Prince of* Spain. 11
Doris. 250
Dove. 157
Dream. 121
Dryades. 43
Dryden's *Satire to his Muſe.* 193
Duel. 306
Duel of the Stags. 79
Duelling. 292
Duke of Marlborough's *Victories.* 277

E.

Earl Robert's *Mice.* 162
Ecſtacy. 327
Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's *Ghoſt.* 315
Elevation. ibid.
Eliza. 10
Eloiſa *to* Abelard. 150
Elegy on Conſtantine *the Great.* 118
Elegy, Silvia *to* Amintor. 131
Elenchichus. 228
England's *Heroical Epiſtles.* 49
England's *Reformation.* 310
Engliſh *Padlock.* 158
Epiſtle to the Earl of Dorſet *and* Middleſex. 111
Epiſtle to the Earl of Halifax. 206, 248
Epiſtle to my Lord Lanſdown. 242
Epiſtle to Mr. Addiſon. 178
Epiſtle to the Duke of Chandois. 228
Epiſtle to the Duke of Buckingham. ibid.
Epiſtle from Roſamond *to* Henry. 315
Epiſtle from a Lady in England, *to a Gentleman at* Avignon. 213
Epiſtle from a Lady of Great Britain *to the King of* Sweden. 290
Epiſtle to the Chevalier de St. George. 315
Epiſtle from the Princeſs Sobieski *to the Chevalier* de St. George. 287
Epiſtle from the Pope to Dr. Snape. 315
Epiſtle to Julian *Secretary of the Muſes.* 218
Epithalamium Thameſis. 202
Epithalamium *on the Marriage of* Palladius *and* Celerina. 315
Eſſay on Poetry. 182
Eſſay on tranſlated Verſe. 44
Eſſay on Criticiſm. 147
Eſſay on unnatural Flights in Poetry. 267
Eſſay upon Death. 219
Eſther. 73
Euchariſticon. 315
Evening-Thought. ibid.

F.

Fable of the Pot and Kettle. 315
Faction Diſplay'd. 306
Fair Innocent. 299
Fair Nun. 55
Fairy Queen. 196, 200
Fan. 3, 60

Fancy's Theatre. 210
Farewel to the Church. 316
Female Reign. 36
Force of Jealousy. 240
Force of Musick. 328
Force of Religion, or vanquish'd Love. 242
Foreigners. 309
Forest. 274
Fortune. 218
Friend. 316
Friendship. 17, 130
Fruition. 208

G.

Gelding of the Devil. 316
Geraldine. 76
Ghost of King Charles *II.* 316
Ghost of Rochester. ibid.
Giant's Wars. 316
Gideon, *or Restoration of* Israel. 298
Girdle. 222
God the Creator. 293
Godfrey *of* Bologne. 54
Golden Age. 316
Golden Age Revers'd. ibid.
Golden Age Restor'd. 224
Greenwich-Hill. 302
Grove. 45
Gunpowder Treason. 101

H.

HAns Carvel. 158
Happy Night. 182
Happy Life. 310
Harry Care's *last Will and Testament.* 316
Henry *and* Emma. 161
Hermaphrodite. 35
Hero *and* Leander. 52
Heroick Virtue. 82
Heroick Epistles. 303
Heroick Epistle in Honour of Pimps. 286
Hieroglyphick. 316
Highlander. 17
Hind and Panther. 263
History of the Bible. 51
Hobgoblin. 316
Holland. 302
Homer *translated.* 151
Hoop Petticoat. 316
Horace *translated.* 39
Horace's *Art of Poetry.* 45
House of Nassau. 82
Hudibras. 19
Human Happiness. 300
Husband. 316
Hymn to the Sun. 155
Hymn to the Morning. 240
Hymn to the Light of the World. 10
Hymn to the Redeemer of the World. 289
Hymn to Heaven. 317
Hymn on Contemplation. 132
Hymn to Harmony. 250
Hymn to Venus. 250, 316

J.

JAnuary *and* May, 149
Jeptha's *Vow.* 282
Job. 166
Jonah. ibid.
Impeachment. 305
Imperious Mistress. 292
Iter Boreale. 37
St. Julian's *Prayer.* 317
Judgment of Venus. 326
Jure Divino. 293
Justice in Masquerade. 317
Juvenale *translated.* 71

The INDEX.

K.

King Arthur. 10
King James's *Declaration.* 317
Kiſſes. ibid.
Kit-Cats. 10

L.

Ladle. 159
Lady of Pleaſure. 317
Ladies Looking-Glaſs. 156
Lamentation of Jeremiah. 310
Laſt-Day. 241, 325
Laureat. 317
Life of St. Edmund. 168
Life and Death of Hector. 93
Life of King Henry *VII.* 1
Litany. 317
Love. 268
Love and Friendſhip. 190
Love Triumphant over Reaſon. 141
Love Diſarm'd. 157
Love given over. 65
Love and Folly. 318
Love's Martyr. ibid.
Love's Relief. ibid.
Love's Conqueſt. 300
Loves of Hero *and* Leander. 305
Lover's Miſcellany. 299
Lover's Night. 294
Lover's Parting. 130
Lover's Prayer. 318
Lover's Seſſion. ibid.
Lucan *Tranſlated.* 277
Lucretius. 39

M.

MAck Flecknoe. 262
Man of Honour. 112
Marinda. 106
Mars *and* Venus. 281
Mars *ſtript of his Armour.* 318
Marvel's *Ghoſt.* 3
Mauſoleum, on the Death of Queen Mary. 282
Mecenas. 318
Medal. 262
Meſſiah. 146
Metamorpheſes. 318
Midſummer Moon. ibid
Miller's Tale. 36
Miracle. 318
Mirth and Melancholly. 106
Miſcellanea Sacra. 283
Miſtreſs. 251
Mock-Mourners. 319
Moderation Diſplay'd. 306
Monument. 260
Moſaical Creation. 325
Mourning Muſe of Alexes. 248
Mourning Poet. 17
Muſcipula. 298
Muſick's Empire. 99
Muſes Mount. 40
Myra. 267

N.

NAture of *Dreams.* 206
Nature of Man. 10
Nature of Woman. 324
Nereides. 43
Nightingal. 319
Ninnies. 175
Northern Star. 298
Nothing. 233
Nut-Brown Maid. 161

O.

Obſcure Prince. 319
Oceana *and* Britannia. 99
Occaſional Conformity. 319
October. ibid.
Ode to the Creator. 82
Ode in Praiſe of Muſick. ibid.
Ode for St. Cecilias *Day.* 240
Ode of Brutus. 182
Ode on Divine Vengance. 171
Ode on Exodus 3d. 154
Ode on Solitude. 45
Ode to the Sun. 55
Ode on the Victories of the D. *of* Marlborough. 249
Original Nature of the Soul. 41
Orpheus. 15
Ovid *in Maſquerade.* 316
Ovid *Tranſlated.* 175 250

P.

PAllas *and* Venus. 157
Pandora's *Box.* 320
Paradiſe Loſt. 104
Paradiſe Regain'd. 106
Paris *to* Helen. 281
Parliament Houſe to be Let. 320
Parſon's Daughter. ibid.
Parting of Hector *with* Andromache. 31.
Paſſion of Dido *for* Æneas. 64
Paſſion of Sappho. 71
Paſſion of Byblis. 259
Paſtorals, Alluding to the four Seaſons. 146
Patriots. 320
Paulo Purganti. 159
Peace of Reſwick. 244
Penſioners. 320
Perfect Enjoyments. 233
Phœbus *and* Daphne. 221
Phœnix *Park.* 225
Pharaoh *Deſtroy'd in the Red Sea.* 325
Pierce Gaveſton. 49
Picture. 320
Platonick. 185
Plague of Athens. 195
Poema eſt Pictura Loquens. 24
Poet's Complaint to his Muſe. 275
Poetry, it's Cure. 320
Poly-Albion. 49
Praiſe of Ignorance. 286
Presbyterian Bramble. 297
Prince Arthur. 10
Proceſſion. 208
Progreſs of Beauty. 268
Prophecy of Nereus. 212
Proſpect of Peace. ibid.
Proſpect of Death. 141
Proteſtant Seſſion. 288
Proteus. 13
Pſyche, or Love's Myſtery. 7
Puppet-ſhow. 245
Purgatory. 320
Purple Iſland. 56

R.

RAmble. 170
Ramble thro' the Heavens. 226
Rape of the Lock. 147
Rape of the Smock. 320
Rapture. 182
Rapin of Gardens Tranſlated. 295
Reaſon. 328
Reconciliation. 299
Reformation of Manners. 320
Relapſe. ibid.
Religio Laici. 262
Religion and Philoſophy. 131

Religious

Religious Solitude. 130
Remedy of Love. 6
Resignation. 321
Resurrection. 244
Review. 50
Rise of Priestcraft. 282
Rising Sun. 297
River Nile. 321
Rival Muses. ibid.
Roundheads. ibid.
Royal Bust. 321
Royal Game. ibid.
Royal Ramble. ibid.
Ruins of Time. 197
Rules for Tavern Academy. 274
Runaway Love. 107

S.

ST. James's *Park.* 223
Salisbury *Ballad.* 304
Salmacis & Hermaphroditus. 6
Sampson. 165
Satire against Man. 232
Satire against Woman. 16, 324
Satire against Marriage. 232
Satire against Virtue. 121
Satire against Hypocrisy. 133
Satire upon the Jesuits. 121
Satire upon Nobility. ibid.
Satire upon Wit. 101
Scots *Apostacy.* 35
Seraphick Love. 321
Sessions of the Poets. 208, 321
Shepherd's Calendar. 196
Shepherd's Week. 60
Sigh. 321
Silenus. 45
Smellymnuus. 35
Smock Race. 321
Solomon. 163
Song of the Three Children. 290
Song of Troilus. 328
Speech of Pluto *to* Proserpine. 52
Splendid Shilling. 135
Spring. 321
Stage. 171
State Dialogue &c. 99
Statesmans Almanack. 321
Stella. 92
Stolen Kiss. 309
Story of Erminia. 321
Strephons *Revenge.* ibid.
Susanna *and the Two Elders.* 162
Sybilis, or History of the French Disease. 282

T.

TArquin *and* Lucrece. 280
Tarquin *and* Tullia. 322
Tears of Amaryllis *for* Amyntas 249
Temple. 73
Temple of Fame. 148, 239
Temple of Death. 182
Thought. 322
Timon. 218
Toasts. 139
Toasters. 322
Toilet. ibid.
Town Assemblies. ibid.
Town Life. ibid.
Tribe of Levi. ibid.
Trimmer. ibid.
Triumph of Love. ibid.
Triumph of Peace. 81
Triumvirate. 227
Trivia, or Art of Walking London-*streets,* 60
Troilus *and* Cressida. 28
True born Englishman. 293
Tunbridgalia. 289
Tunbridge *Prodigy.* 322
Tunbridge *Wells.* 292
Turning of Elianor Rumming. 192
Twin Shams. 322

Two Pitchers. 236
Tyburn. 322

V.

VEnus *and* Adonis. 280
Venus Lacrymans 323
Virgin's Desire. 233
Vision. 40, 323
Voiture's Urania. 265
Vox & Lachrymæ Anglorum. 323
Voyage. 274
Voyage to the East-Indies. 323

W.

WAndring Beauty. 323
Wars between Houses of York *and* Lancaster. 253
Way to Heaven in a String. 323
Wedding Night. 309
Widows Wile. 55
Wife. 127
Wife of Bath. 149
Windsor *Forest.* 146
Windsor *Castle.* 275
Wish. 323
Woodstock *Park.* 71
Woman All in All. 323
Woman's Nature. 324

FINIS.

E R R A T A.

Page 4. Line 15. *dele* who liv'd in, and *Read* wrote of the Reign of, &c. P. 40. l. 11. for Hampton, r. Walton. p. 68. l. 8. for Edw. m. r. Edw. III. p. 82. l. 12. Heroick Verſe, r. Heroick Virtue. p. 89. l. 6. r. in, which are. p. 126. l. 1. for Humanities, r. Human ties. p. 178. l. 6. for Catullus, r. Tibullus. p. 218, l. 22. for Joys, r. Toys. p. 293. l. 8. Parts, r. Part.

Urania
Muoth

Urania
Mallia

Urano

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

SEP 17 1963

DEC 26 1963

REC'D LD-URL
APR 14 1970
LD URL

DEC 1 1970
DISCHARGE

OL SEP 25 1972

APR 10 1978

OL APR 12 2004

REC'D FEB 25 2004

Form L9–40m-7,'56(C790s4)444

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 057 938 3

